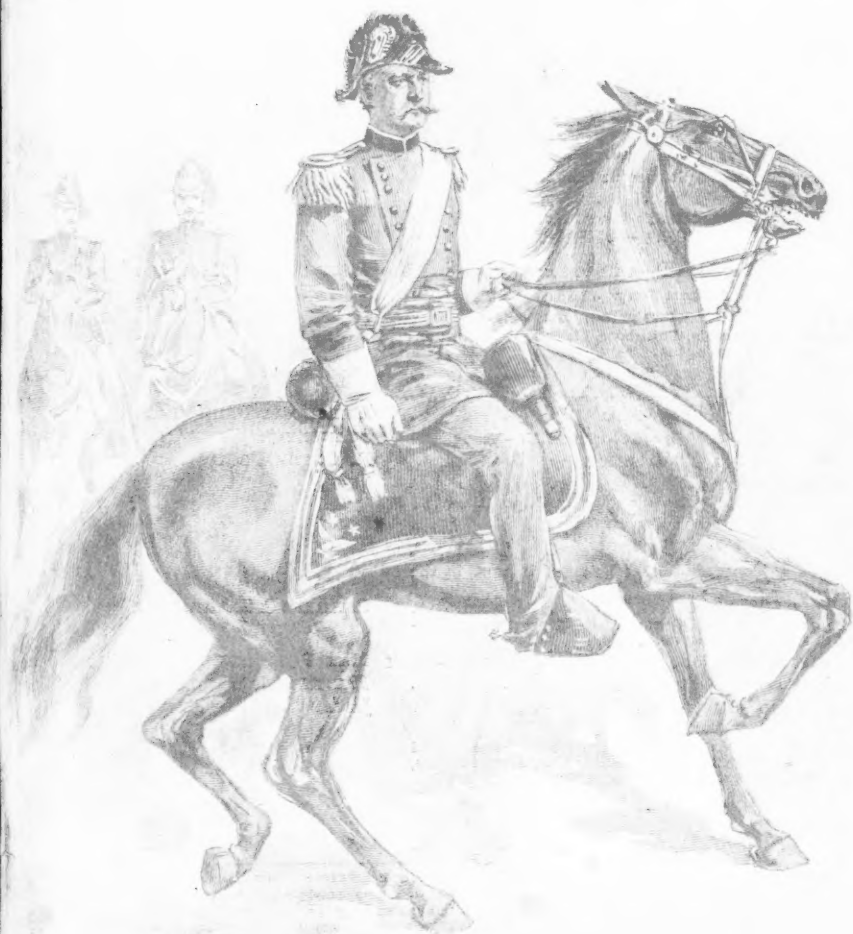


THE MUNSEY



MAJOR GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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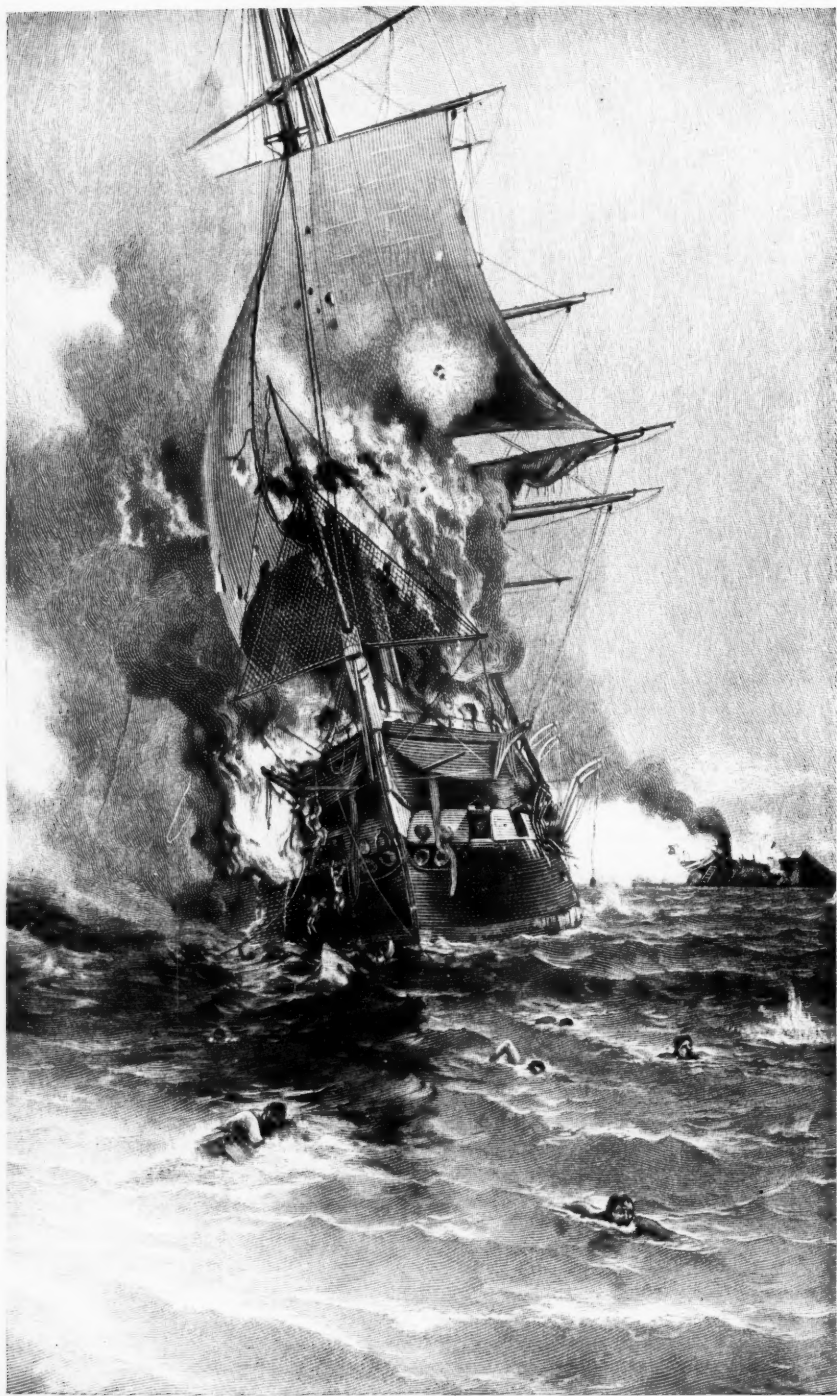
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THE BURNING OF THE CONGRESS OFF NEWPORT NEWS, MARCH 8, 1862.

From the painting by J. O. Davidson—By permission of C. Klackner, 7 West Twenty Eighth Street, New York

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JUNE, 1898.

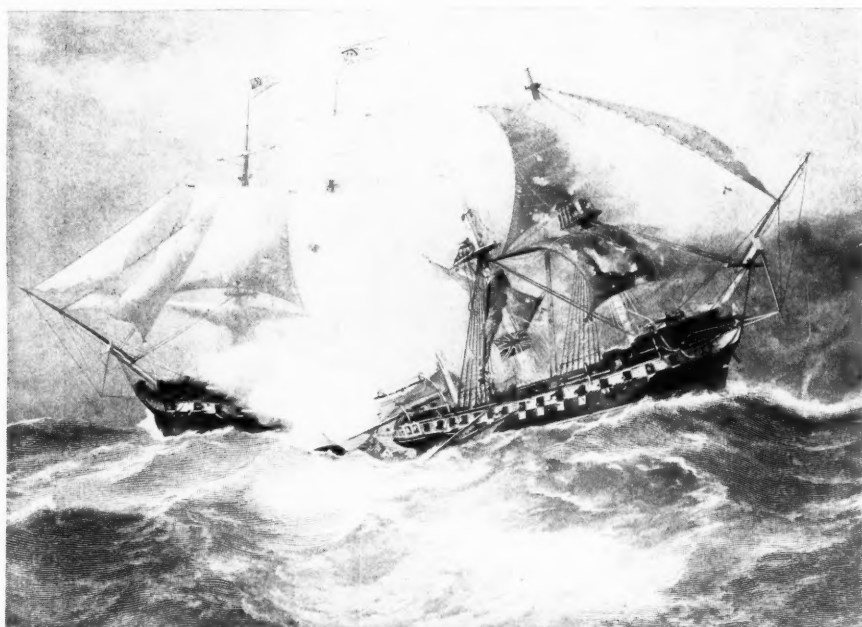
No. 3.

HISTORIC NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.

Glimpses of Famous Old War Ships in Battle—Decisive Moments in Great Sea Fights of the Past.

THE old time war ships were vastly more picturesque than the modern fighting machines, grim and fierce as they are, when stripped for battle. With all its canvas spread and its colors streaming from masthead the old ship of war was a thing of beauty. But history shows that she was a fighter as well. Compared, though, with an ironclad

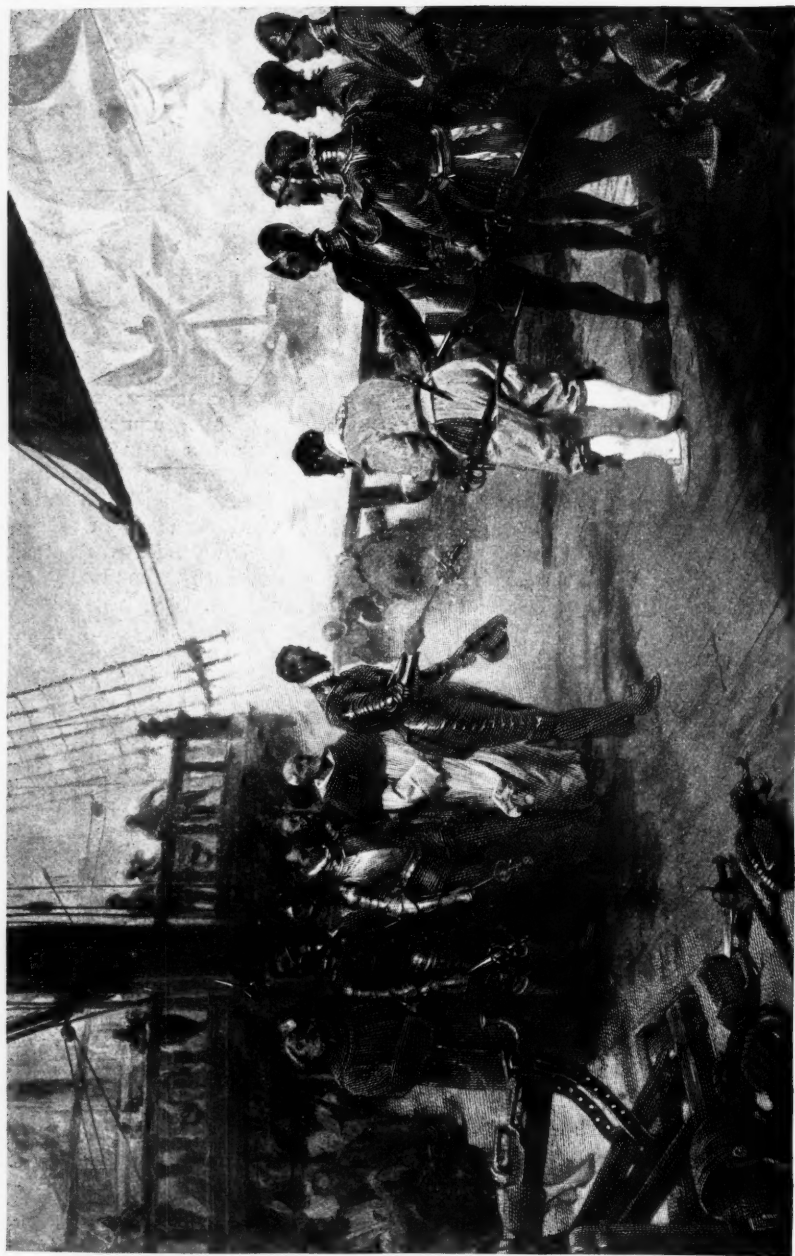
of today, with her modern armament, she was hardly more than a toy gun-boat. Reproductions from the paintings of some of the most celebrated naval engagements of history will be especially interesting at this time when all eyes are turned to our splendid war ships in this contest with Spain and all hopes centered upon them.



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ENGAGEMENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE MACEDONIAN, OCTOBER 25, 1812, NEAR THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

From the painting by J. O. Davidson—By permission of C. Kluckner, 7 West Twenty Eighth Street, New York.



ADMIRAL DRAKE RECEIVING THE SPANISH ADMIRAL'S SWORD ON BOARD H. M. SHIP THE REVENGE, JULY 21, 1588.

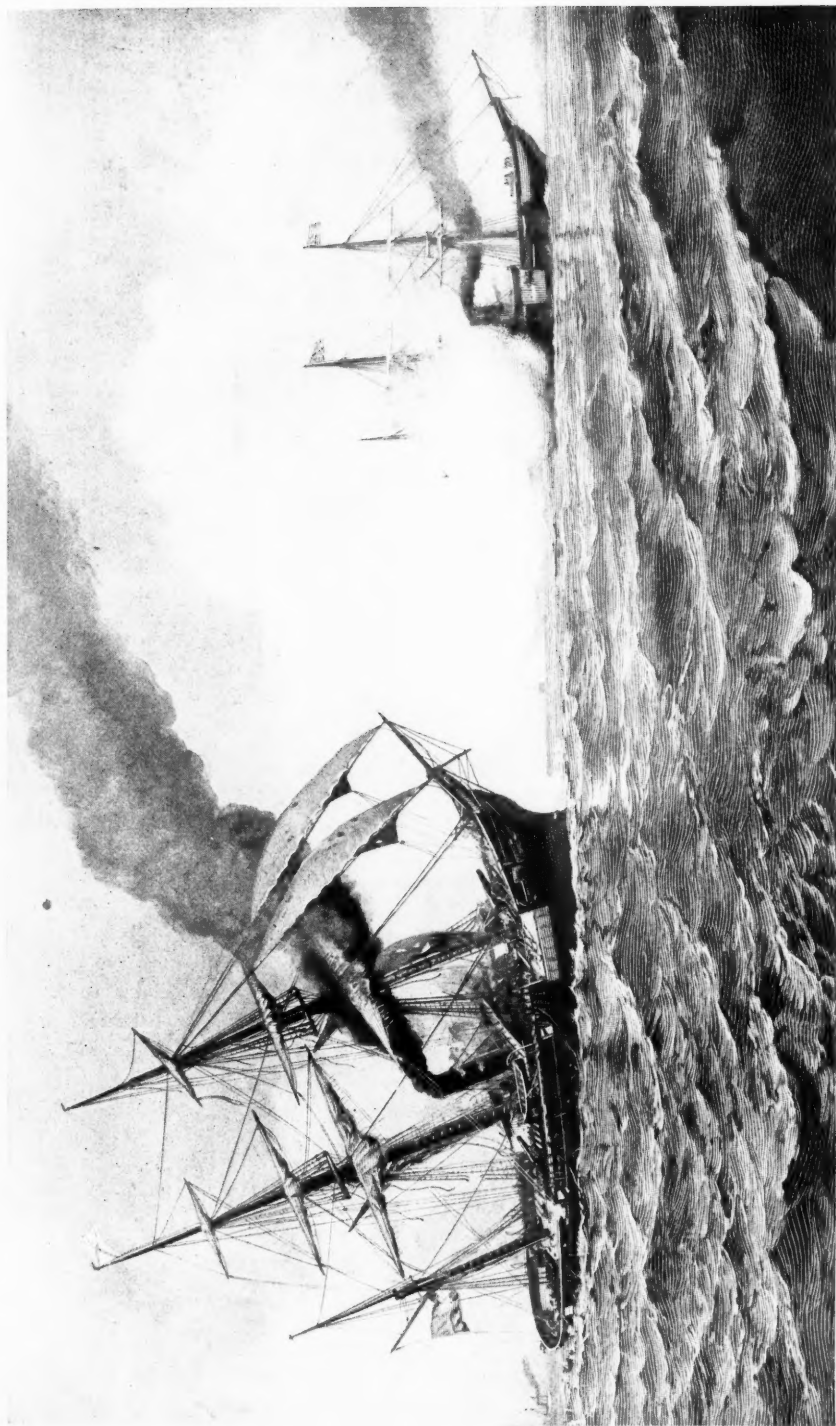
From the painting by Seymour Lucas, A. R. A.



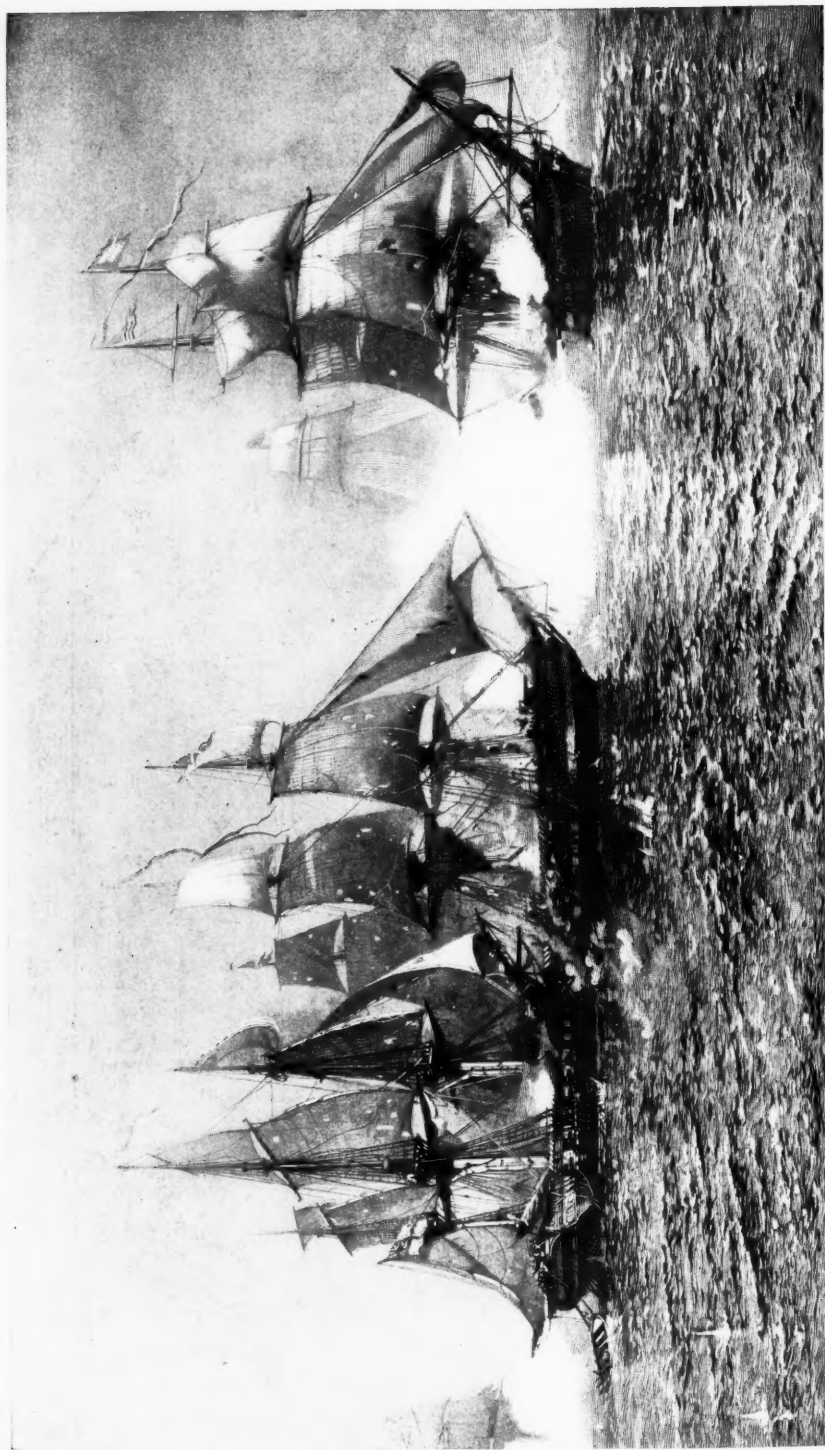
THE FAMOUS VICTORY OF JOHN PAUL JONES—BATTLE OF THE BON HOMME RICHARD AND SERAPIS, SEPTEMBER 23, 1779.
From the painting by James Hamilton—By permission of Fisher, Allen & Schmitt, New York.



THE DECISIVE ACTION WITH THE ARMADA, OFF GRAVELINES, JULY 30, 1588—DRAKE IN THE REVENGE ATTACKING MEDINA SIDONIA IN THE SAN MARTIN.
From the painting by Oswald W. Brerly, R. W. S.

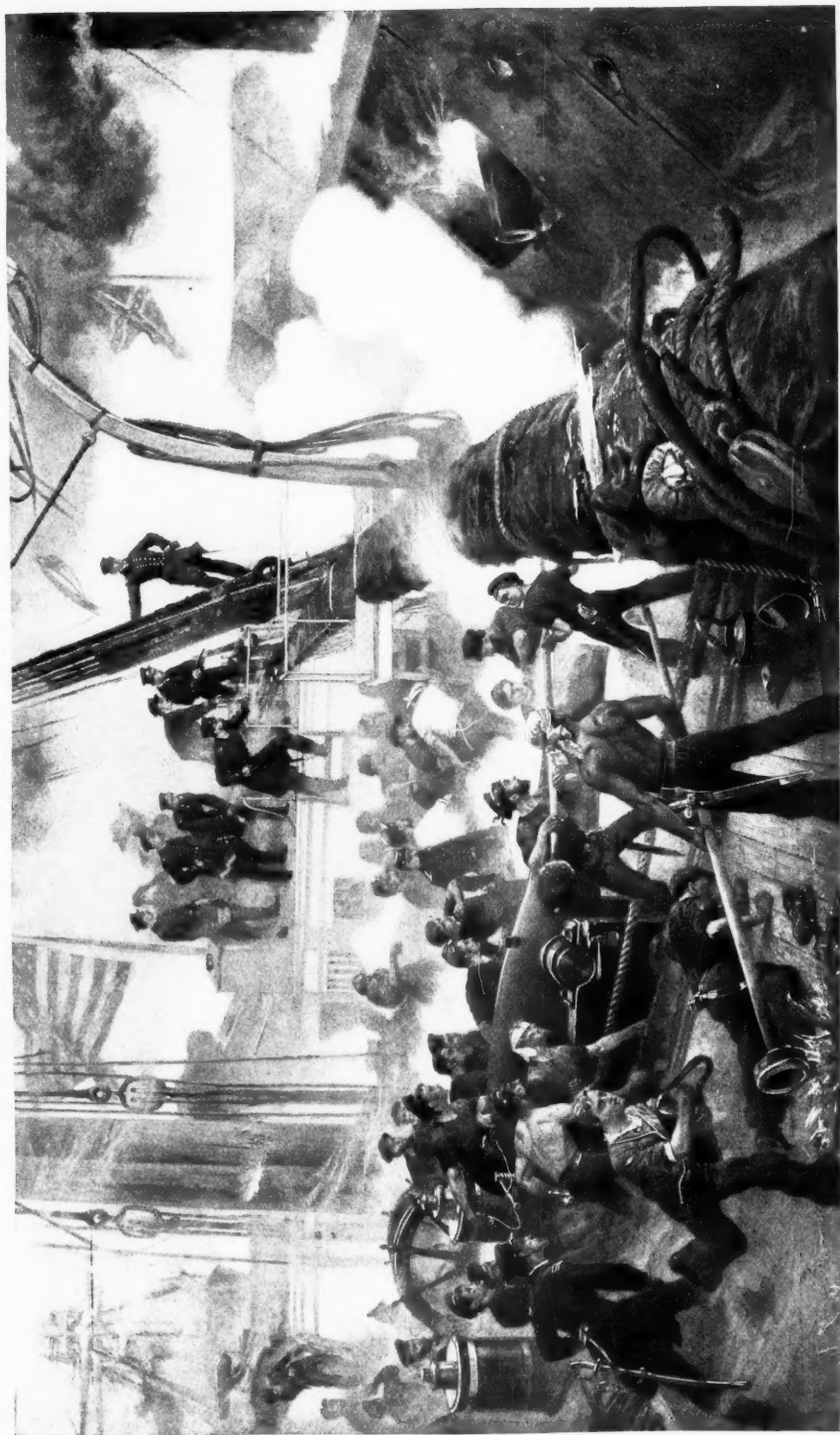


SINKING OF THE ALABAMA BY THE KEARSARGE, JUNE 19, 1864.
From the painting by J. O. Davidson—By permission of C. Kluckner, 7 West Twenty Eighth Street, New York.



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THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE—COMMODORE PERRY, FLYING HIS FAMOUS MOTTO "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP," DASHING THROUGH THE BRITISH LINE.
From the painting by J. O. Davidson—By permission of C. Klockner, 7 West Twenty Eighth Street, New York.



THE HARTFORD AND TENNESSEE AT CLOSE QUARTERS. FARRAGUT OVERSEEING THE FIGHT IN MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864.
From a painting by W. H. Overend—By courtesy of William Fane & Company, New York.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

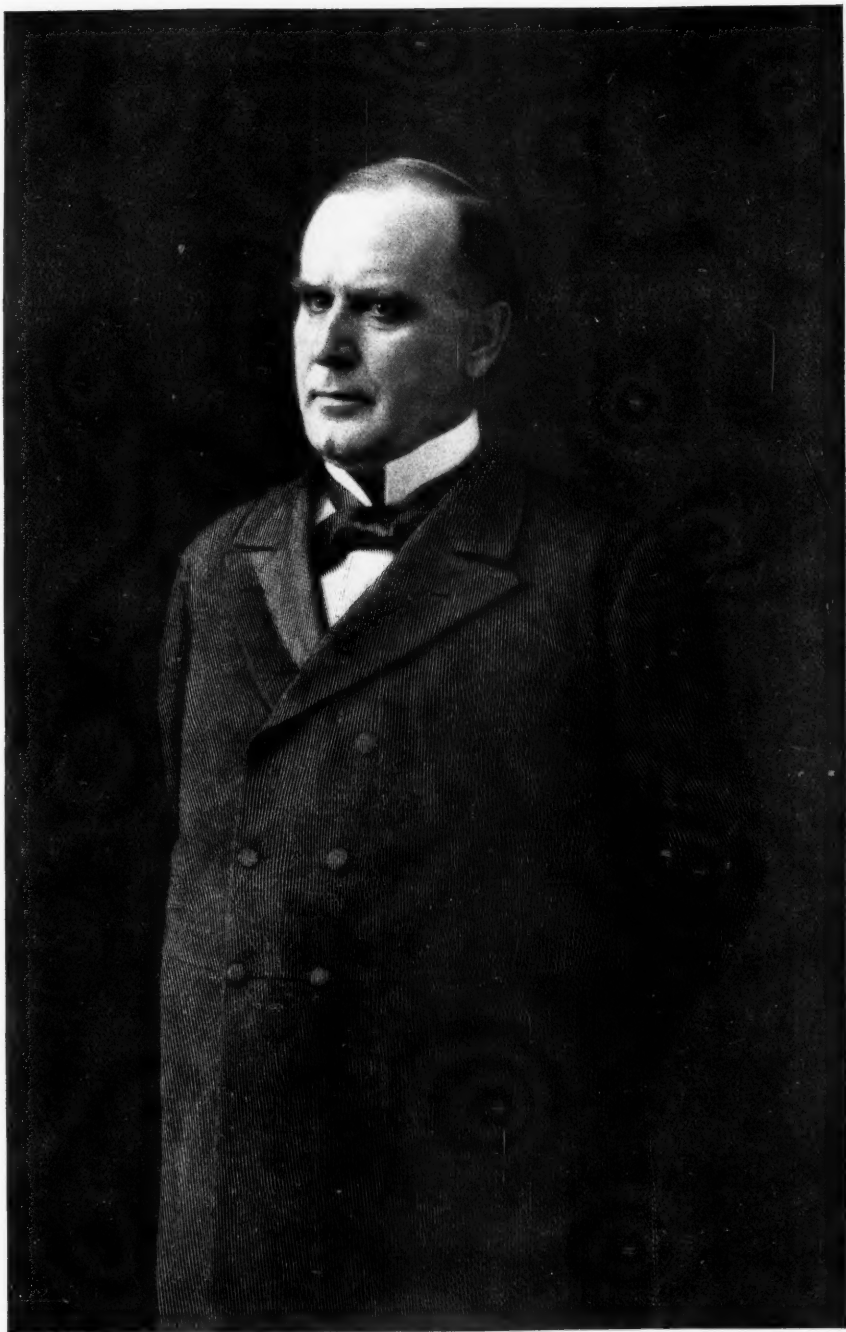
These are the days when a good many men are very much in the public eye, and chief among them is William McKinley, the President of the United States. He has had to face a more serious problem

than any President in our history with the one exception of Lincoln. It is an easy matter to come to hasty decisions when the decisions have no bearing whatsoever. But when decisions carry responsibility with them, the responsibility of



MAJOR GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, UNITED STATES ARMY.

From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
From a photograph—Copyrighted by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.



JOHN W. GRIGGS, ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph by Clinckinst, Washington.

plunging a great nation into war, with all that war means, it is quite another matter. Different view points lead to different conclusions. The banker, the merchant, the manufacturer, the farmer, the clerk, the laborer—not one of these can possibly reason as the President of the United States reasons, because the problems forced upon him are not seen by any one of these men from the same point of view. He has before him a thousand facts of which they know nothing, and which necessarily determine his course. Of the tremendous pressure brought to

bear upon him for peace or for war, or for this move or that or the other, they are wholly ignorant.

To form hasty conclusions, then, of the President's acts, to talk flippantly, knowingly, critically, without an intimate knowledge of the situation as he sees it, is not the wisest thing in the world. It does not show the thought, the breadth of consideration, the reasoning that typifies a logical, rational mind. For the blasé clubman or the exquisite society youth to lay down laws for the Executive to follow in a crisis like this is



THOMAS BRACKETT REED, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

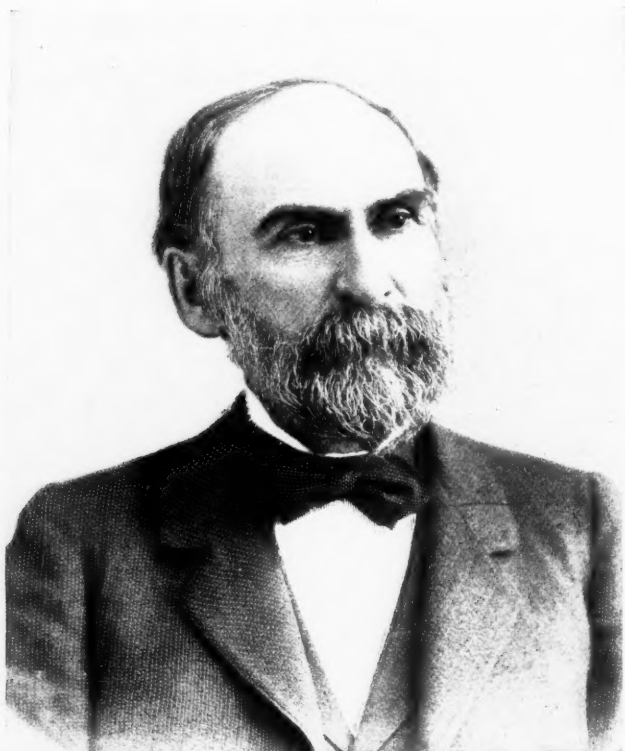
From a photograph—Copyrighted by Charles Parker, Washington.

just about as absurd as it is for the millionaire, surrounded in his home by all the luxuries and comforts of wealth, to criticise the acts of the starving explorer in the frozen north. Wined and dined to his heart's content, he sits before his glowing fire and tells with

words, idle criticisms. It will temper many expressions with consideration, kindness, and justice.

TARGETS FOR CRITICISM.

The President is only one of the men in the exciting war drama, now being



NELSON DINGLEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE.

From a photograph by the Notman Photographic Company, Boston.

profound wisdom just what the starving explorer should do or shouldn't do. To him the thought of the latter eating the flesh of his fellow man is horrible, criminal, inhuman. He cannot denounce it sufficiently. Criticisms like these are the merest nonsense. The well fed man hasn't the same point of view as the starving one, and he cannot reason as the other reasons except he be placed in a precisely similar position.

The view point is a pretty good thing to keep in mind, always to keep in mind, and especially at this time. It will save the utterance of a good many foolish

enacted, subjected to passionate criticism, either favorable or otherwise, from every one in all stations of life from one end of the country to the other. Reed is almost as conspicuous a target as the President himself. The powers of the Speaker of the House of Representatives are scarcely less than those of the Executive. In some ways they are even greater. He controls legislation, and Reed, of all men, particularly controls it. A splendid exhibition of his strength was seen in his masterful grasp of the situation during the fight for peace in the House, burning as it was with war passion. It was a wonderful



MAJOR GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, UNITED STATES ARMY.

From his latest photograph.

example of mental equipment and great personal force. In the President's long, hard struggle for peace Reed stood shoulder to shoulder with him, and together they exhausted every resource in the effort to keep the country from war. The

times of peace, is something appalling, but in time of war it is so tremendous that no one can comprehend it. There seems to have been little change in the system in the Executive Mansion since our country numbered but a few millions.



CHARLES EMORY SMITH, POSTMASTER GENERAL.

From a photograph by Gutkaunst, Philadelphia.

President delayed decisive action too long to suit the war party; he acted too quickly to meet the approval of the peace party. There is a middle ground between these two extremes. Calm, impassioned history will sustain President McKinley in taking the course he did; other nations (Spain excepted) have already sustained him.

APPALLING BURDENS OF THE PRESIDENT.

The amount of work that the President of the United States has to do, even in

In every great business enterprise reorganization takes place constantly as the business broadens. The largest corporations and the great trusts have almost a perfect military system. The man at the head of any one of these concerns could not possibly handle it with intelligence without his officers and aids. The President of the United States, on the other hand, has no aids save his private secretary, or, as the title reads now, the Secretary to the President. Of course the Cabinet officers in a way are his aids, but

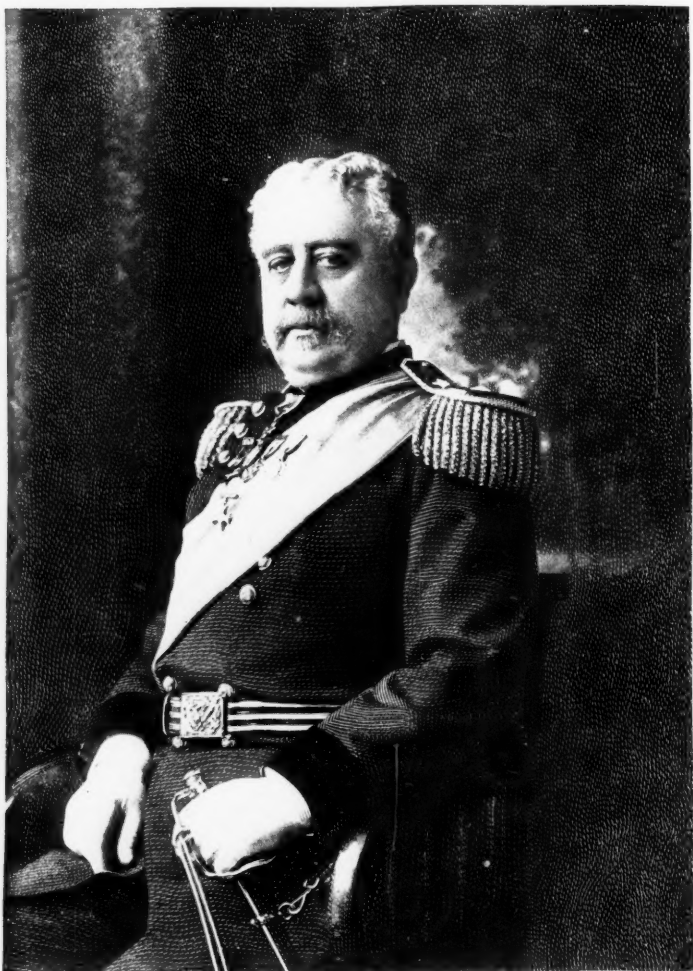


WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, REAR ADMIRAL, U. S. N., COMMANDING THE KEY WEST SQUADRON.

From a photograph taken aboard the Mangrove in Havana Harbor by J. C. Hemment.

their own duties in running the enormous departments over which they are placed are quite sufficient for them. But whether the duties of the executive

could be simplified, whether a systematic reorganization could be made that would lessen his work, is a problem. If it were a private business it could be done and



MAJOR GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE, U. S. A., IN CHARGE OF THE MOBILIZATION OF TROOPS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

would be done, but changes in governmental matters come slowly and are regarded with great concern. President McKinley, however, seems to have a marvelous capacity for hard work. He stands up under it as few men could.

TWO GOOD MEN FOR THE CRISIS.

Another man with a marvelous capacity for hard work is Nelson Dingley, who will play an important part in this struggle with Spain, as it falls to him to devise ways and means of providing the sinews of war. He is one of the keenest, clearest

business men in Congress. He has an exceptionally accurate mind, and is a close, safe reasoner. The country is particularly fortunate in having so able a man as Dingley at the head of the Ways and Means Committee.

Judge Day, our new Secretary of State, has already proved himself a strong, conservative, level headed man. For more than six months he has practically been the Secretary, Sherman's failing health making it impossible for him to perform the duties of the office. Judge Day has been a life long friend of the President,



HENRY C. CORBIN, ADJUTANT GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Aimé Dupont.

and it is solely because of this friendship that he has sacrificed his law practice to remain in office. In fact, he would have resigned and gone back to his practice several months ago but for the threatened hostilities with Spain. The President felt that he could not spare him. There are many things that one will intrust to a friend, whose friendship has been tried in season and out and never found wanting, that he would not intrust to a business or political associate.

AS TO CABINET RUMORS.

In the selection of John W. Griggs and Charles Emory Smith for members of his cabinet the President not only secured

the services of men of recognized ability, but of men who are personally staunch supporters of him and his administration.

At this writing there are numerous rumors to the effect that Secretaries Alger and Long will very soon leave the cabinet, but without any information to sustain these rumors there is no very good reason to believe them. General Alger is a war veteran, and his record both in service and out would suggest that he is a first rate man for the head of the War Department. Long, too, ought to be as good a man for the Navy portfolio as almost any untrained man in the service could be. He has had broad experience in execu-



CHARLES DWIGHT SIGSBEE, U. S. N., FORMERLY CAPTAIN OF THE MAINE.

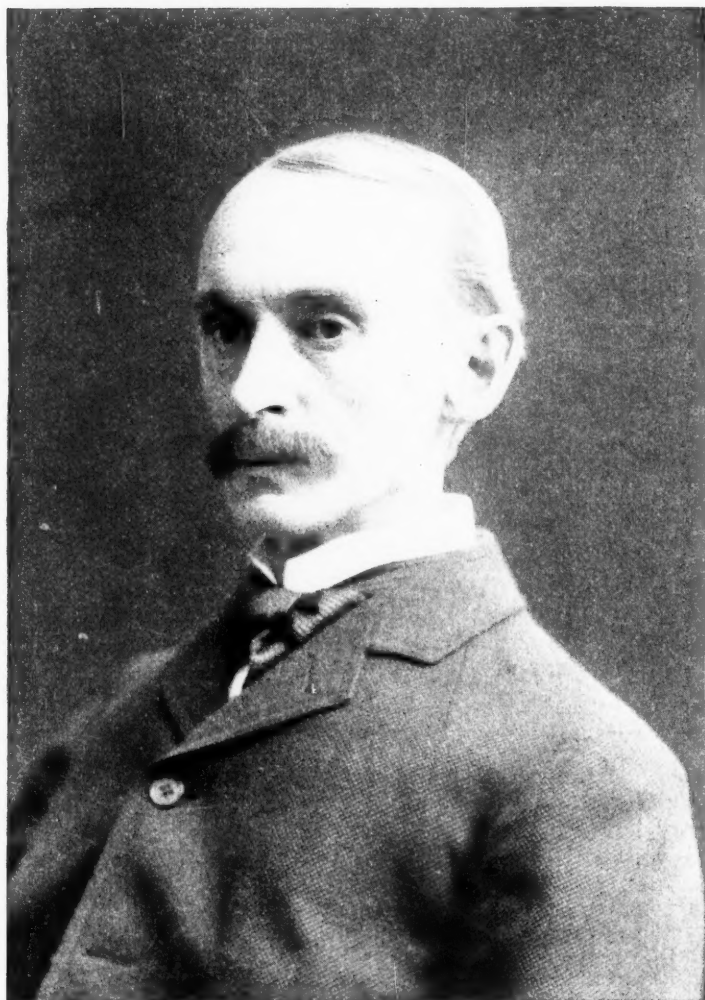
From a photograph taken April 2, 1868, by Clinedinst, Washington.

tive positions, is a scholar and an able lawyer.

THE MEN WHO DO THE REAL WORK OF THE WAR.

All eyes are just now fixed upon Miles, Merritt, Sampson, and Schley, the four men at the head of our military and naval forces. It is they who will do the real work of this war. Washington is but the executive center. The field of battle is the decisive point—the point that tells the story, that makes history. It is doubtful if America ever produced a bet-

ter, braver fighter than General Miles. He is a soldier in all that the word means, rising from a clerkship in a Boston store to the command of the United States army. The direct road to this high position runs through West Point. Miles never knew this road. He reached the goal over cross lots—the battlefields of the Civil War and the Western retreats of the savage. It was a steep, rugged, jagged course, and to have arrived by such a course, with all the prejudice of West Point arrayed against “the general from the ranks,” speaks eloquently of General



WILLIAM R. DAY, OF OHIO, SECRETARY OF STATE, SUCCEEDING JOHN SHERMAN.

From a photograph by Vignos, Canton, Ohio.

Miles' sterling qualities and soldierly endowments.

LEADERS IN THE ARMY.

Only six men since the nation was born have held the title of lieutenant general. They were Washington, Scott, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Schofield. A bill was recently presented to Congress to add General Miles to this list. This honor was to be conferred upon him not only because he is the senior major general of the army, but because of his almost matchless record in the service.

General Wesley Merritt also has the rank of major general. Many military men, and especially West Point men, regard him as the greatest genius of the army. Others give the first place to Miles. Merritt is the older man, and had the advantage of the West Point training. He is a brave, hard fighter, and has had a similar experience to that of Miles, working himself up from grade to grade in the Civil War and afterwards in the Indian campaigns. At one time he was Superintendent of the West Point Academy. Should Miles and Merritt go to



WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, COMMODORE U. S. N., COMMANDING THE FLYING SQUADRON.

From a photograph by Jackson, Norwalk, Connecticut.

the front in this contest with Spain they will bring great credit to American arms.

John R. Brooke, commander of the camp at Chickamauga, is another officer who, like Miles, has gained the heights without passing through the gates of West Point. When he fights he wins, is the reputation he has acquired among those who have served under him. A farmer boy of twenty three when he enlisted in 1861, he was made a colonel before the year was out.

General Brooke is in command of the Department of the Missouri, and until

his transference to the South was stationed at Chicago.

BIG MEN IN THE NAVY.

In selecting Schley as commander of the Flying Squadron, America has probably opened the path to glory for a new naval hero. A native of Maryland, Winfield Scott Schley was graduated from the Annapolis Academy in time to enter active service at the breaking out of the Civil War. Even after the surrender of Richmond he managed to find fighting to do: first in suppressing a revolt of Chinese



GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER, SECRETARY OF WAR.

From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit.

coolies, and later in the capture of some Korean forts. He is a man of tireless activity, with a brain fertile in expedients. In short, he is not to be "rattled" by the call for sudden decisions that warfare, and particularly naval warfare, involves.

To be placed in command of the first fleet of war vessels to go into action under the conditions prevalent in modern naval conflicts, is an honor, indeed; the man thus honored is William T. Sampson, who worked himself up from the masses to the captaincy of the *Iowa*. His record as a sailor justly entitles him to the distinction accruing from the control of the North Atlantic fleet, while, as president of the Maine Board of In-

quiry, his judicial qualities challenged the admiration of the entire country. It looks as if he were going to be a leader among leaders.

THE HERO OF THE MAINE.

Captain Charles Dwight Sigsbee had already had an interesting and eventful career before the *Maine* disaster made him a national hero. The choice of two professions was open to him, for besides his strong bent for the sea, he had marked talent as an illustrator. A number of his sketches appeared in a New York paper some twenty five years ago, and the editors repeatedly offered him a position as staff artist, not knowing that their contributor was even then a lieu-

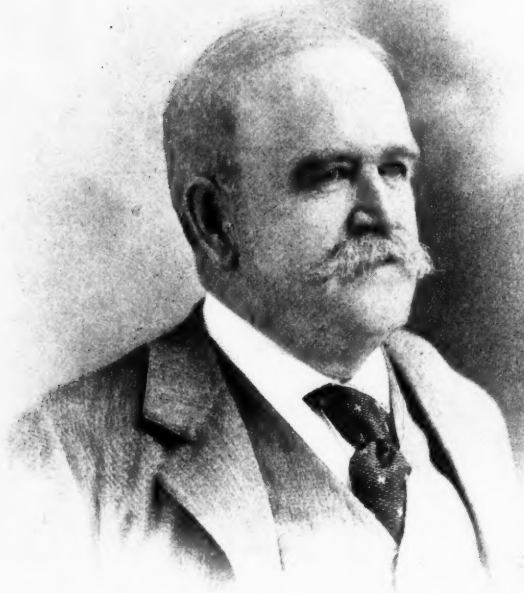
tenant commander, on duty at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Though his drawing was at first merely an easy way of earning pin money, Captain Sigsbee has found it a very valuable gift in his work as a naval officer. Through his efforts, the pres-

He was appointed to the command of the Maine about a year ago.

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

There are few busier men in the present crisis than Henry Clarke Corbin, Adjutant General of the United States Army.



JOHN D. LONG, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1897, by William Taylor, Hingham.

ent course of drawing at Annapolis was founded and developed. The imaginative quality of mind which it represented was further evinced by an invention which has proved of great value in naval matters. This was a deep sea sounding machine. But the chief qualities characterizing him in which Americans are most deeply interested are his undaunted courage, fearless pluck, and indomitable will.

During the last war he served on the Monongahela and the Brooklyn, and in the battle of Mobile Bay, with Farragut, he distinguished himself for gallant conduct.

His duties include a multifarious amount of detail work that only a clear head and steady nerve can compass. He is the right hand of the commanding general in the execution of military orders. He was a school teacher in Ohio when he responded to Lincoln's call for volunteers in 1861, and when the war was over he became a second lieutenant in the regular army. He aided in the capture of Geronimo, but is equally useful in managing soldiers for such peaceful musterings as those that distinguished the New York Washington centennial celebration and the dedication of the Grant monument.

TWO MILES OF MILLIONAIRES.

New York's new section of Fifth Avenue residences that make a concentration of wealth and splendor not equaled in any other capital of the world—Some of the well known people whose homes stand for the plutocratic side of the metropolis.

THERE are a good many miles of millionaires in New York. The Bowery, the east side and the west side, downtown and up town, and every neighborhood of the borough of Manhattan, and the boroughs of Brooklyn, Queens, Rich-

mond, and the Bronx—all these have their millionaires. In some sections there are few, in others many; but if all the millionaires living in Greater New York could be gathered together and were to reside on a single street there would be



THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY NINTH STREET.



THE RESIDENCE OF MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, FIFTH AVENUE FROM FIFTY SEVENTH STREET TO FIFTY EIGHTH STREET.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.



RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY FIFTH STREET.



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, FIFTH AVENUE EXTENDING FROM FIFTIETH TO FIFTY FIRST STREETS.
From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.



HOTELS NETHERLAND AND SAVOY, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY NINTH STREET.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

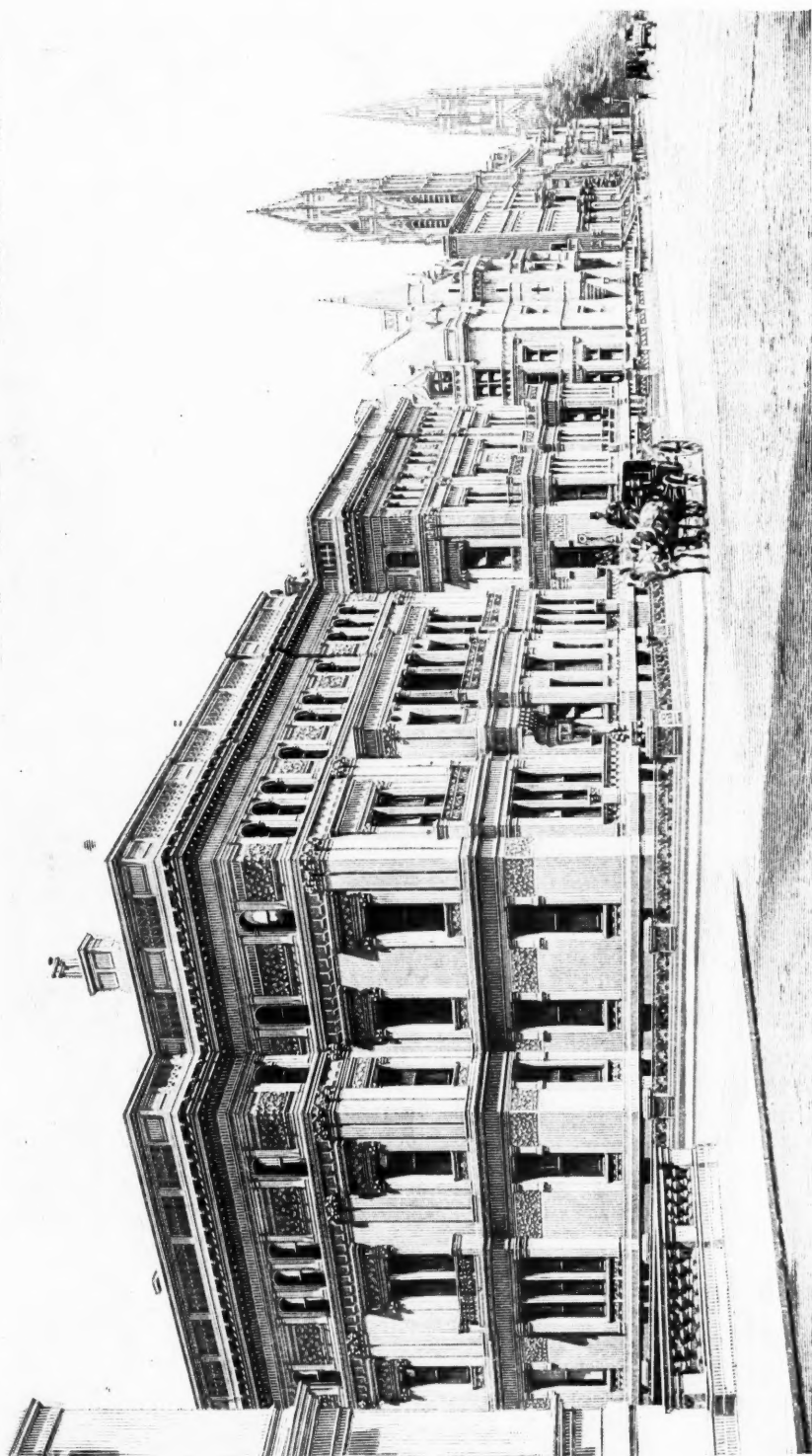
twenty continuous miles of them—perhaps more, possibly forty miles. But as these rich men are scattered all over the town, and as there is only one section where a very great number of them are congregated, it is of this section we speak.

Fifth Avenue is the backbone of New York, the spinal column. This is not only true geographically, but socially and financially as well. The two miles under consideration extend from Murray Hill to Eightieth Street, and in these two miles there is more wealth than can be found in any other residential two miles of any city of the world. It was only a

few years ago that the strictly millionaire line ran from Washington Square to Murray Hill; today it begins at Murray Hill and stretches northward almost as far as Harlem.

We have pictured only a few of the imposing buildings and handsome residences included in this new fashionable quarter. We could not give them all without devoting the entire magazine to this one article. Many of the buildings that we haven't pictured are quite as attractive architecturally as those we have.

This is the section of clubs and of palatial hotels, as well as of the homes of



THE VANDERBILT RESIDENCES, FIFTH AVENUE EXTENDING FROM FIFTY FIRST TO FIFTY SECOND STREETS.

From a copy-righted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

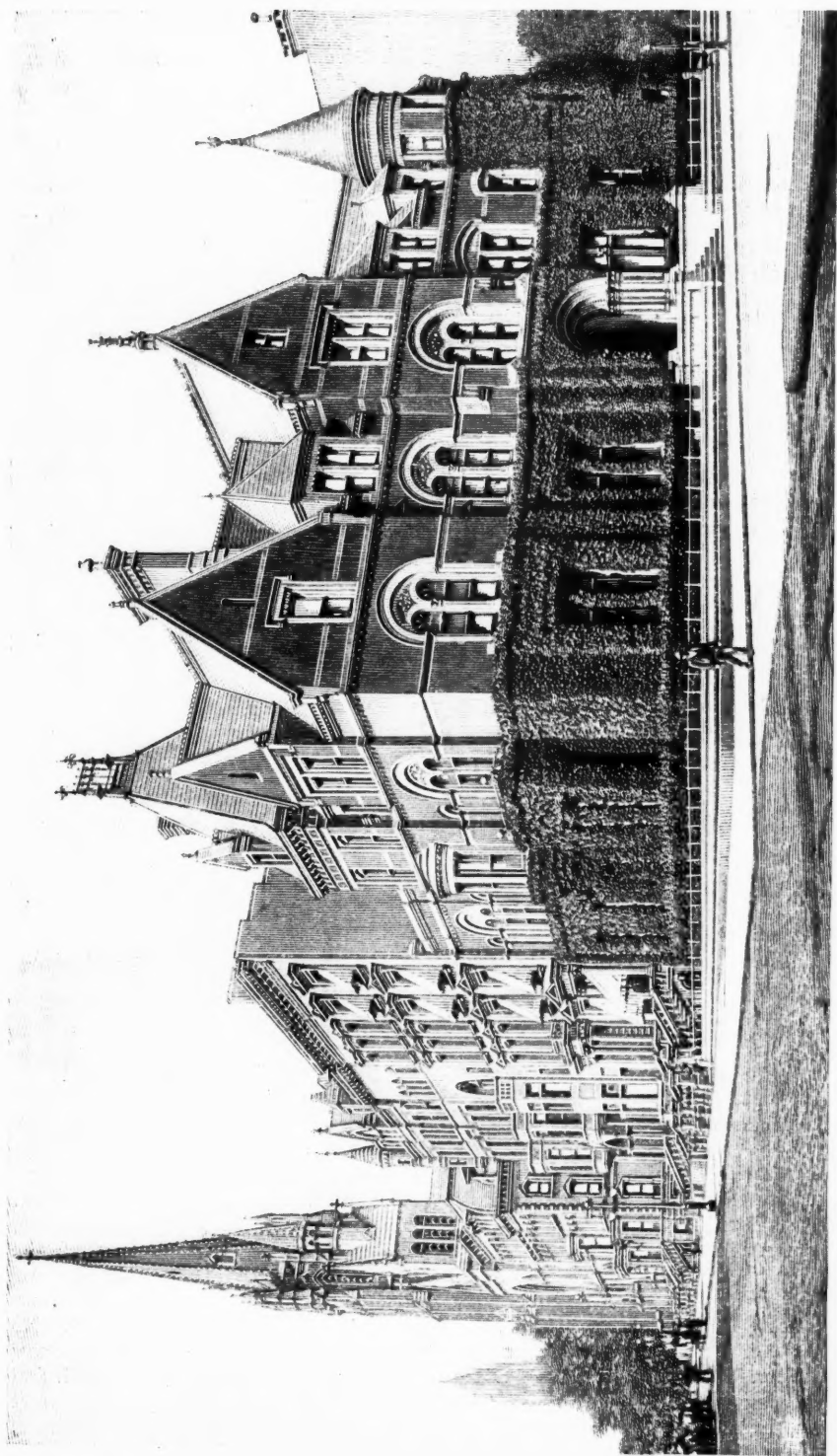


RESIDENCE OF MR. H. O. HAVEMEYER, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY SIXTH STREET.

From a photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.



RESIDENCE OF MR. COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY SEVENTH STREET.



RESIDENCE OF MR. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY, SOUTHWEST CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY SEVENTH STREET.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

the Cræsus of the metropolis. No poor men reside within the limits of this plutocratic district. They cannot afford to do so. The aristocracy of descent and the aristocracy of brains are no more to be found here, except, perchance, the god of gold has smiled upon them, than are the

Fifth Avenue as in Piccadilly, and are the joy of the feminine heart. The whole avenue is alive with them. They flit here and there and everywhere—down in the shopping district, up among the big hotels and the clubs and the palaces that stir the passion of the socialist to envy.



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE JAY GOULD, FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY SEVENTH STREET.

longshoremen or the draymen. And the reason for this is that none but the very wealthy can maintain homes on this the most expensive residential avenue of any capital.

The repaving of Fifth Avenue with asphalt last fall made it at once the delight of the bicyclist and the parade ground of the pleasure driver, and, in fact, of every one who can command a hansom. The hansom, by the way, has literally captured New York. They are as thick on

From 59th Street to 110th, Fifth Avenue runs along the east side of Central Park. This is the newest, the most exclusive, and the most fashionable part of the avenue. Here the lavish expenditure of money on the homes of the multimillionaires makes all the world marvel. No such row of palaces can be found in any other city—new, modern, beautiful, and all facing Central Park, with its soft green grass, its graceful and stately trees, its lakes and its walks and its drives.



RESIDENCE OF MR. CHARLES T. YERKES, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY EIGHTH STREET.



RESIDENCE OF MR. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY EIGHTH STREET.



THE METROPOLITAN CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTIETH STREET.



RESIDENCE OF MR. W. K. VANDERBILT, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY SECOND STREET.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.



RESIDENCE OF MR. GEORGE GOULD, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY SEVENTH STREET.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

Here are a few of the names that go to make up the two miles of millionaires :

Frederick W. Vanderbilt	John W. Mackay	George Gould	Colonel Oliver H. Payne
Marshall Orme Wilson	William T. Aston	Isaac Stern	H. H. Cooke
Colonel Lawrence Kip	James Tolman Pyle	Charles F. Yerkes	Isaac V. Brokaw
Russell Sage	George W. Vanderbilt	William C. Whitney	H. M. Flagler
Henry B. Plant	William D. Sloane	John H. Inman	H. V. Newcomb
Mrs. Ogden Goelet	William K. Vanderbilt	H. R. Bishop	George A. Morrison
General Daniel Butterfield	Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard	John Sloane	William Rockefeller
William Ziegler	H. McK. Twombly	James A. Burden	Levi P. Morton
D. O. Mills	William S. Webb	James D. Layng	Calvin S. Brice
R. T. Wilson	F. Gallatin	Elbridge T. Gerry	James Everard
General Thomas T. Eckert	Harry Payne Whitney	W. V. Brokaw	Benjamin Brewster
Miss Helen Gould	Cornelius Vanderbilt	Isaac Wormser	Robert D. Evans
Frederick Roosevelt	Mrs. Moses Hopkins	H. O. Havemeyer	Herman Oelrichs
James B. Haggin	F. H. Benedict	Ogden Mills	Collis P. Huntington
Robert Goelet	Andrew Carnegie	John Jacob Astor	William E. Iselin

A single dozen of these names stand in round numbers for twelve hundred million dollars, or an average of one hundred million dollars each. These are startling



RESIDENCE OF MR. ISAAC V. BROKAW, FIFTH AVENUE AND SEVENTY NINTH STREET.

From a photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

figures, but how much more startling would they be if the total wealth of these Two Miles of Millionaires could be accurately stated. For instance, the combined Vanderbilt fortunes as represented by the Vanderbilts, the Webbs, the Sloanes, the Shepards, and the Twomblys, is perhaps five hundred million dollars. The wealth of the Astors, not including William Waldorf Astor, who now resides in England, is fully half as much more. William Rockefeller's fortune is a good second to that of the Astors, and he is followed closely by John W. Mackay, Colonel Oliver H. Payne, H. M. Flagler, Collis P. Huntington, George Gould, and Russell Sage. The foregoing represent the colossal fortunes of Fifth Avenue, but there are a good many estates and individual fortunes here that run up to possibly as much as thirty or forty million dollars each. Of course all the residents of this Two Miles of Millionaires are not on a par with the Vanderbilts,

the Astors, the Mackays, and the Huntingtons, but they are all rich. There is not enough known publicly, however, of the fortunes of the quieter families for us to give anything like an accurate estimate of the total wealth of this particular residential section. The man who is undoubtedly the richest in New York, and the richest in America, and the richest in the world as to that matter, is not included in this article, as he does not live on Fifth Avenue. We refer to John D. Rockefeller. He lives just off Fifth Avenue on West Fifty Fourth Street. We have not included in this article any of the rich men living on the cross streets running out of Fifth Avenue. We could not include them, as

they would not come strictly under the heading of the Two Miles of Millionaires we are discussing. If we were to diverge at all we should certainly have



PROGRESS CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY THIRD STREET.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.



TEMPLE BETHEL, FIFTH AVENUE AND SEVENTY SIXTH STREET, FROM ACROSS THE LILY POND IN CENTRAL PARK.

From a photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

to take in J. Pierrepont Morgan, whose home is one block east on Madison Avenue.

But this section of Fifth Avenue is

the Windsor, the Buckingham, the Plaza, the Savoy, and the Netherland are the palatial hotels on this stretch of Fifth Avenue, and on this same stretch are the



ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY THIRD STREET.

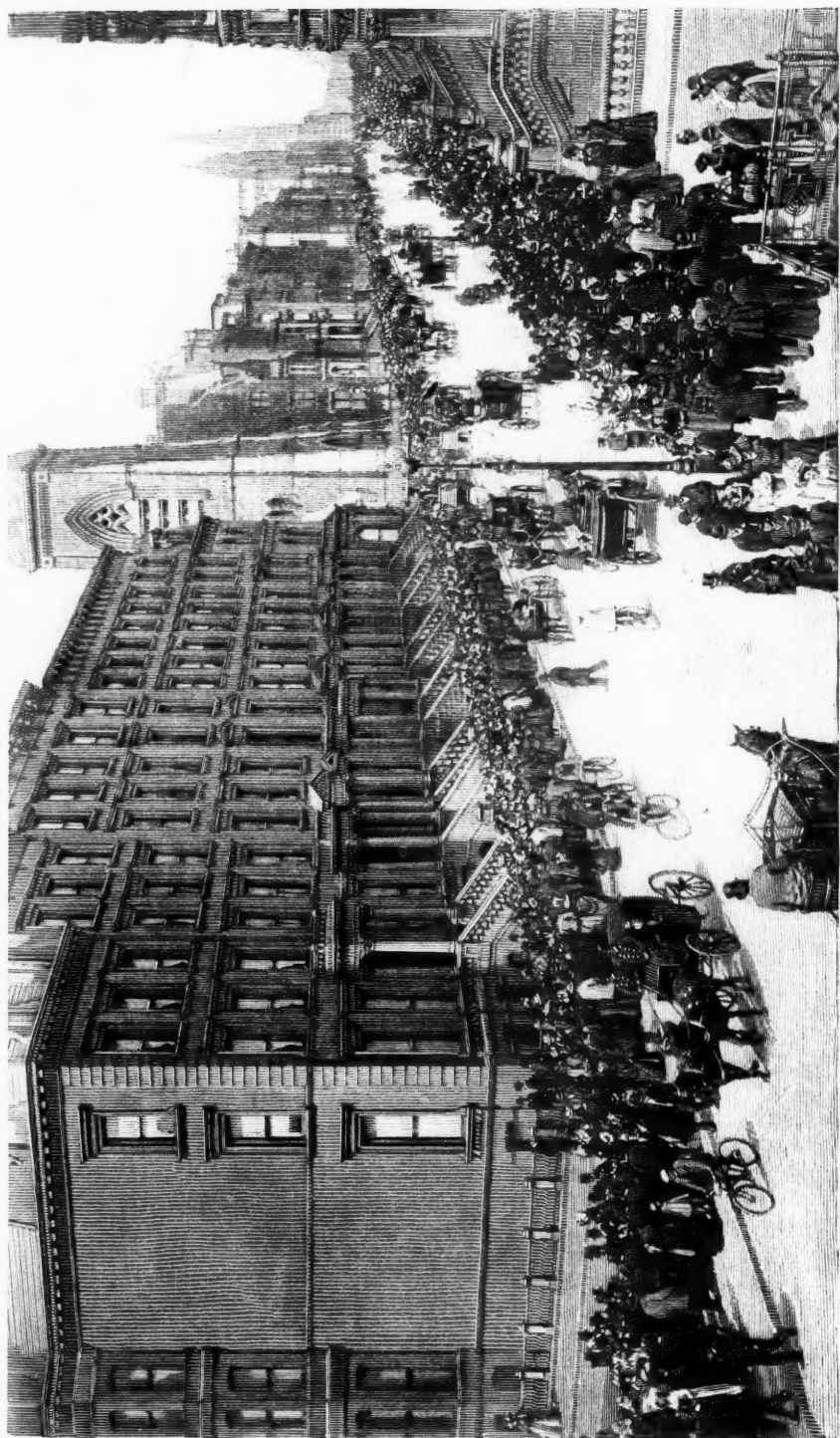
From a photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

relatively quite as strong socially as financially. The Astors, perhaps, head the list, of which the Vanderbilts, the Wilsons, the Goetts, the Whitneys, the Oelrichs, the Millses, the Twomblys, the Sloanes, the Webbs, the Bishops, the Gerrys, and the Mortons are among the most notable—all "Four Hundreders."

The Waldorf-Astoria, the Renaissance,

following clubs: the Manhattan, the New York, the Union League, the Republican, the Lotos, the Democratic, the University, the Military, the Metropolitan, and the Progress.

We made the statement that none but rich men, and we meant men of a good deal of wealth, lived in this district. So far as the individual homes go, this is



A VIEW OF FIFTH AVENUE LAST EASTER SUNDAY, FROM THE WINDSOR HOTEL, FORTY SIXTH STREET, LOOKING NORTH TOWARDS CENTRAL PARK.
From a photograph by R. F. Turnbull, New York.



RESIDENCE OF MR. H. H. COOKE, FIFTH AVENUE AND SEVENTY EIGHTH STREET.



A GLIMPSE OF FIFTH AVENUE OPPOSITE LENOX LIBRARY.

true, but an exception must be made regarding the residents of hotels and clubs. A man does not necessarily have to be a millionaire to make either of these his home. The cost of living in them, to be sure, is vastly in excess of that required in other sections of the town, but it is not so great as to be prohibitory to the man with a handsome income. The clubs in particular make it possible for him to reside in this ultra fashionable quarter and at a comparatively moderate outlay. They, however, can furnish a home only for the bachelor, or the man living as a bachelor. All these are denied to women. The hotels, then, are the only retreat for

the family man who aspires to live on Fifth Avenue and hasn't the means to support an individual establishment. And they make no mean homes either. They are in very fact palaces, luxuriously and artistically furnished. Indeed, so homelike and attractive are they that not a few families prefer them to housekeeping—families, too, who have the means to keep up first class independent residences. Since it has become the thing to own country places, a good many people find that the big modern hotel serves their purposes for the few winter months they elect to be in town better than housekeeping.



SAND HOUSES.

THE summer sun is fair today
Upon the sandy beach ;
The sails are white upon the bay
As far as eye can reach.

With pail and shovel here we build
Frail houses out of sand,
Forgetting that the restless tide
Is creeping up the strand.

We build and still we build, and then
Alas for our array !
A wave runs higher than the rest
And sweeps them all away.

A brief lament, then farther back
We fashion them once more,
Till once again the wave comes in
And takes them as before.

Dear little heart, through life we build
Frail houses out of sand,
And watch the tide of years roll in
And sweep them from the strand ;

Yet keep on building day by day,
Still higher up the beach,
While hope sails white across the bay
As far as eye can reach.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

SWALLOW.*

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"Swallow" is a story of South Africa, where Anglo Saxon, Boer, and Kaffir still struggle for supremacy, and the reader is like to forget his environment and imagine that real life is being enacted before him; that he, too, lives and loves and suffers with Ralph Kenzie and Suzanne, the Boer maiden—This is one of the best stories from Mr. Haggard's pen since "King Solomon's Mines," "She," and "Allan Quartermain."

I.

IT is a strange thing that I, an old Boer *crowe*, should even think of beginning to write a book when there are such numbers already in the world, most of them worthless, and many of the rest a scandal and offense in the face of the Lord. Notably is this so in the case of those called novels, which are stiff as mealie pap with lies that fill the heads of silly girls with vain imaginings, causing them to neglect their household duties and to look out of the corners of their eyes at young men of whom their elders do not approve. In truth, my mother and those whom I knew in my youth, fifty years ago, when women were good and worthy and never had a thought beyond their husbands and their children, would laugh aloud could any whisper in their dead ears that Suzanne Naudé was about to write a book. Well might they laugh, indeed, seeing that to this hour the most that I can do with pen and ink is to sign my own name very large—in this matter alone not being the equal of my husband Jan, who, before he became paralyzed, had so much learning that he could read aloud from the Bible, leaving out the names and long words.

No, no, I am not going to write; it is my great-granddaughter, who is named Suzanne after me, who writes. And who that had not seen her at the work could even guess how she does it? I tell you that she has brought up from Durban a machine about the size of a pumpkin that goes tap tap like a woodpecker, and prints as it taps. Now, my husband Jan was always very fond of music in his youth, and when first the girl began to tap upon this strange instrument, he, being almost blind and not able to see it, thought that she was playing on a spinet

such as stood in my grandfather's house away in the old colony. The noise pleases him and sends him to sleep, reminding him of the days when he courted me and I used to strum upon that spinet with one finger, and therefore I am dictating this history that he may have plenty of it, and that Suzanne may be kept out of mischief.

There, that is my joke. Still, there is truth in it, for Jan Botmar, my husband, he who was the strongest man among the fathers of the great trek of 1836, when, like the Israelites of old, we escaped from the English, our masters, into the wilderness, crouches in the corner yonder a crippled giant with but one sense left to him, his hearing, and a little power of wandering speech. It is strange to look at him, his white hair hanging upon his shoulders, his eyes glazed, his chin sunk upon his breast, his great hands knotted and helpless, and to remember that at the battle of Vechtkop, when Moselikatse sent his regiments to crush us, I saw those same hands of his seize the only two Zulus who broke a way into our laager and shake and dash them together till they were dead.

Well, well, who am I that I should talk? For has not the dropsy got hold of my legs, and did not that doctor, who, though an Englishman, is no fool, tell me but yesterday that it was creeping up towards my heart? We are old and soon must die, for such is the will of God. Let us, then, thank God that it is our lot to pass thus easily and in age, and not to have perished in our youth, as did so many of our companions, the voortrekkers, they and their children together, by the spear of the savage, or by starvation and fever and wild beasts in the wilderness. Ah, I think of them often, and in my sleep, which has grown light of late, I see them

* Copyright, 1898, by H. Rider Haggard.

often, and hear those voices that none but I would know today! I think of them and I see them, and since Suzanne has the skill to set down my words, a desire comes upon me to tell of them and their deeds before God takes me by the hand and I am borne through the darkness by the wings of God.

Also, there is another reason. The girl, Suzanne Kenzie, my great-granddaughter, who writes this, alone is left of my blood, since her father and grandfather, who was our adopted son, and the husband of our only child, fell in the Zulu war fighting with the English against Cetewayo. Now, many have heard the strange story of Ralph Kenzie, the English castaway, and of how he was found by our daughter Suzanne. Many have heard also the still stranger story of how this child of ours, Suzanne, in her need, was sheltered by savages, and for more than two years lived with Sihamba, the little witch doctress and ruler of the Tribe of the Mountains, till Ralph, her husband, who loved her, sought her out and rescued her, that by the Mercy of the Lord during all this time had suffered neither harm nor violence. Yes, many have heard of these things, for in bygone years there was much talk of them as of events out of nature and marvelous, but few have heard them right. Therefore, before I die, I, who remember and know them all, would set them down that they may be a record forever among my descendants, and the descendants of Ralph Kenzie, my foster son, who, having been brought up among us Boers, was the best and bravest Englishman that ever lived in Africa.

And now I will tell of the finding of Ralph Kenzie many years ago.

To begin at the beginning, my husband, Jan Botmar, is one of the well known Boer family of that name, the most of whom lived in the Graafreinet district in the old Colony till some of them trekked into the Transkei, when I was still a young girl, to be as far as they could from the heart of the British power. Nor did they trek for a little reason. Listen and judge.

One of the Bezuidenhouts, Frederick, was accused of treating one of his black slaves cruelly, and a body of the accused pandours, the Hottentots, whom the English had made into a regiment, were sent to arrest him. He would not suffer that these black creatures should lay hands upon a Boer, so he fled to a cave and fought there till he was shot dead. Over his open grave his brethren and friends swore to take vengeance for his murder, and fifty of them raised an insurrection. They were pursued by the pandours and burghers, more law abiding or more cautious, till Jan Bezuidenhout, the

brother of Frederick, was shot also, fighting to the last, while his wife and little son loaded the rifles. Then the rest were captured and put upon their trial, and to the rage and horror of all their countrymen the brutal British governor of that day, who was named Somerset, ordered five of them to be hanged, among them my husband's father and uncle. Petitions for mercy availed nothing, and these five were tied to a beam like Kaffir dogs yonder at Slagter's Nek, they who had shed the blood of no man. Yes, yes, it is true, for Jan, my man, saw it; he saw his father and his uncle hanged like dogs. When they pushed them from the beam four of the ropes broke; perhaps they had been tampered with, I know not, but still the devils who murdered them would show no mercy. Jan ran to his father and cast his arms about him, but they tore him away.

"Do not forget, my son," he gasped, as he lay there on the ground with the broken rope about his neck, nor did Jan ever forget.

It was after this that the Botmars trekked into the Transkei, and with them some other families, among whom were the Naudés, my parents. Here in the Transkei the widow Botmar and my father were near neighbors, their steads being at a distance from each other of about three hours upon horseback, or something over twenty miles. In those days—I may say it without shame now—I was the prettiest girl in the Transkei, a great deal prettier than my granddaughter Suzanne there, although some think well of her looks, though not so well as she thinks of them herself, for that would be impossible. I have been told that I have noble French blood in my veins, though I care little for this, being quite content to be one of the Boers, who are all of noble blood. At least, I believe that my great-grandfather was a French Huguenot count who fled from his country to escape massacre because of his religion. From him and his wife Suzanne, so it is said, we women of the Naudés get our beauty, for we have always been beautiful, though by far the loveliest of the race was my daughter Suzanne, who married the Englishman, Ralph Kenzie, from which time our good looks have begun to fall off, though it is true that he was no ill favored man.

Whatever the cause, I was not like the other Boer girls, who for the most part are stout, heavy, and slow of speech, even before they are married, nor did I need to wear a *kapje* to keep a pink and white face from burning in the sun. I was not tall, but my figure was rounded, and my movements were as quick as my tongue. Also I had

brown hair that curled and brown eyes beneath it, and full red lips, which all the young men of that district—and there were six of them who can be counted—would have given their best horse to kiss, with the saddle and bridle thrown in. But remember this, Suzanne, I never suffered them to do so, for in my time girls knew better what was right.

Well, among all the suitors I favored Jan Botmar, the old cripple who sits yonder, though in those days he was no cripple, but the properest man a girl could wish to see. My father was against such a match, for he had the old French pride of race in him, and thought little of the Botmar family, as though we were not all the children of one God—except the black Kaffirs, who are the children of the devil. But in the end he gave way, for Jan was well to do, so after we had *opsitted* several times according to our customs, and burned many very long candles, we were married and went to live on a farm of our own at a distance. For my part, I have never regretted it, although doubtless I might have done much better for myself; and if Jan has, he has been wise enough not to say so to me. In this country most of us women must choose a man to look after—it is a burden that Heaven lays upon us—so one may as well choose him one fancies, and Jan was my fancy, though why he should have been I am sure I do not know. Well, if he had any wits left he would speak up and tell what a blessing I have been to him, and how often my good sense has supplied the lack of his, and how I forgave him, yes, and helped him out of the scrape, when he made a fool of himself with—but there, I will not write of that, for it makes me angry, and as likely as not I should throw something at him before I had finished, which he would not understand.

No, no; I do not regret it, and, what is more, when my man dies I shall not be long behind him. Ah, they may talk, all these wise young people; but, after all, what is there better for a woman than to love some man, the good and the bad of him together, to bear his children and to share his sorrows, and to try to make him a little better and a little less selfish and unfortunate than he would have been alone? Poor men, without us women their lot would be hard indeed, and how they will get on in heaven, where they are not allowed to marry, is more than I can guess.

So we married, and within a year our daughter was born, and christened Suzanne after me, though almost from her cradle the Kaffirs called her "Swallow." I am not sure why. She was a very beautiful child from the first, and she was the only one, for

I was ill at her birth, and never had any more children. The other women, with their coveys of eight and ten and twelve, used to condole with me about this, and get a sharp answer for their pains. I had one which always shut their mouths, but I won't ask the girl here to set it down. An only daughter was enough for me, I said, and if it wasn't I shouldn't have told them so, for the truth is that it is best to take these things as we find them, and, whether it be one or ten, to declare that that is just as we should wish it. I know that when we were on the great trek and I saw the "kinderchies" of others dying of starvation, or massacred in dozens by the Kaffir devils, ah, then I was glad that we had no more children! Heartaches enough my ewe lamb Suzanne gave me during those bitter years when she was lost; and when she died, having lived out her life just before her husband, Ralph Kenzie, went on commando with his son to the Zulu war, whither her death drove him, ah, then it ached for the last time! When next it aches it shall be with joy to find them both in heaven.

II.

OUR farm where we lived in the Transkei was not very far from the ocean; indeed, any one seated on the kopje at the back of the house, from the very top of which bubbles a spring of fresh water, can see the great rollers striking the straight cliffs of the shore and spouting into the air in clouds of white foam. Even in warm weather they spout thus, but when the southeasterly gales blow the sight and the sound of them are terrible as they rush in from the black water one after another for days and nights together. Then the cliffs shiver beneath their blows, and the spray flies up as though it were driven from the nostrils of a thousand whales, and is swept inland in clouds, turning the grass and the leaves of the trees black in its breath. Woe to the ship that is caught in those breakers and ground against those rocks, for soon nothing is left of it save scattered timbers, shivered as though by lightning.

One winter—it was when Suzanne was seven years old—such a southeast gale as this blew for four days, and on a certain evening after the wind had fallen, having finished my household work, I went to the top of the kopje to rest and look at the sea, which was still raging terribly, taking with me Suzanne. I had been sitting there ten minutes or more when Jan, my husband, joined me, and I wondered why he had come, for he, as brave a man as ever lived in all other things, was greatly afraid of the

sea, and, indeed, of any water. So afraid was he that he did not like the sight of it in its anger, and that he would wake at nights at the sound of a storm—yes, he whom I have seen sleep through the trumpetings of frightened elephants and the shouting of a Zulu impi.

"You think that sight fine, wife," he said, pointing to the spouting foam; "but I call it the ugliest in the world. Almighty! it turns my blood cold to look at it and to think that Christian men, aye, and women and children, too, may be pounding to pulp in those breakers."

"Without doubt the death is as good as another," I answered; "not that I would choose it, for I wish to die in my bed with the predicant saying prayers over me, and my husband weeping—or pretending to—at the foot of it."

"Choose it!" he said. "I had sooner be speared by savages, or hanged by the English government as my father was."

"What makes you think of death in the sea, Jan?" I asked.

"Nothing, wife, nothing; but there is that old fool of a Pondo witch doctress down by the cattle kraal, and I heard her telling a story as I went by to look at the ox that the snake bit yesterday."

"What was the story?"

"Oh, a short one! She said she had it from the coast Kaffirs—that far away, up towards the mouth of the Umzimbubu, when the moon was young, great guns had been heard fired one after the other, minute by minute, and that then a ship was seen, a tall ship with three masts and many 'eyes' in it—I suppose she meant port holes with the light shining through them—drifting on to the coast before the wind, for a storm was raging, with streaks of fire like red and blue lightnings rushing up from her decks."

"Well, and then?"

"And then, nothing. Almighty! that is all the tale. Those waves which you love to watch can tell the rest."

"Most like it is some Kaffir lie, husband."

"Maybe, but among these people news travels faster than a good horse, and before now there have been wrecks upon this coast. Child, put down that gun. Do you want to shoot your mother? Have I not told you that you must never touch a gun?" and he pointed to Suzanne, who had picked up her father's *roer*—for in those days, when we lived among so many Kaffirs, every man went armed—and was playing at soldiers with it.

"I was shooting buck and Kaffirs, papa," she said, obeying him with a pout.

"Shooting Kaffirs, were you? Well, there will be a good deal of that to do be-

fore all is finished in this land, little one. But it is not work for girls; you should have been a boy, Suzanne."

"I can't; I am a girl," she answered; "and I haven't any brothers, like other girls. Why haven't I any brothers?"

Jan sighed and looked at me.

"Won't the sea bring me a brother?" went on the child, for she had been told that little children come out of the sea.

"Perhaps, if you look for one very hard," I answered with a sigh, little knowing what fruit would spring from this seed of a child's talk.

On the morrow there was a great to do about the place, for the black girl whose business it was to look after Suzanne came in at breakfast time and said that she had lost the child. It seemed that they had gone down to the shore in the early morning to gather big shells, such as are washed up there after a heavy storm, and that Suzanne had taken with her a bag made of springbok hide in which to carry them. Well, the black girl sat down under the shadow of a rock, leaving Suzanne to wander to and fro looking for the shells, and not for an hour or more did she get up to find her. Then she searched in vain, for the spoor of the child's feet led from the sand between the rocks to the pebbly shore above, which were covered with tough sea grasses, and there was lost. Now, at the girl's story I was frightened, and Jan was both frightened and so angry that he would have tied her up and flogged her if he had found time. But of this there was none to lose, so, taking with him such Kaffirs as he could find, he set off for the seashore to hunt for Suzanne. It was near sunset when he returned, and I, who was watching from the *stoep*, saw with a shiver of fear that he was alone.

"Wife," he said in a hollow voice, "the child is lost. We have searched far and wide and can find no trace of her. Make food ready to put in my saddle bags, for should we discover her tonight or tomorrow she will be starving."

"Be comforted," I said; "at least, she will not starve, for the cook girl tells me that before Suzanne set out this morning she begged of her a bottle of milk and with it some biltong and meal cakes, and put them in her bag."

"It is strange," he answered. "What could the little maid want with these—unless she was minded to make a journey?"

"At times it comes into the thoughts of children to play truant, husband."

"Yes, yes, that is so; but pray God that we may find her before the moon sets."

Then while I filled the saddle bags Jan swallowed some meat, and, a fresh horse

having been brought, he kissed me and rode away into the twilight.

Oh, what hours were those that followed! All night long I sat there on the *stoep*, though the wind chilled me and the dew wet my clothes, watching and praying as, I think, I never prayed before. This I knew well—that our Suzanne, our only child, the light and joy of our home, was in danger so great that the Lord alone could save her. The country where we lived was lonely, savages still roamed about it who hated the white man, and might steal or kill her; also it was full of leopards, hyenas, and other beasts of prey which would devour her. Worst of all, the tides on the coast were swift and treacherous, and it well might happen that if she was wandering among the great rocks the sea would come in and drown her. Indeed, again and again it seemed to me that I could hear her death cry in the sob of the wind.

At length the dawn broke, and with it came Jan. One glance at his face was enough for me. "She is not dead?" I gasped.

"I know not," he answered; "we have found nothing of her. Give me brandy and another horse, for the sun rises, and I return to the search. The tide is down; perhaps we shall discover her among the rocks;" and he sobbed and entered the house with me.

"Kneel down and let us pray, husband," I said; and we knelt down weeping and prayed aloud to the God, Who, seated in the heavens, yet sees and knows the need and griefs of His servants upon the earth; prayed that He would pity our agony and give us back our only child. Nor, blessed be His name, did we pray to Him vainly, for presently, while we still knelt, we heard the voice of that girl who had lost Suzanne, and who all night long had lain sobbing in the garden grounds, calling to us in wild accents to come forth and see. We rushed out, hope burning up suddenly in our hearts like a fire in dry grass.

In front of the house, not more than thirty paces from it, was the crest of a little wave of land upon which at this moment the rays of the rising sun struck brightly. And there full in the glow of them stood the child Suzanne, wet, disarrayed, her hair hanging about her face, but unharmed and smiling, and leaning on her shoulder another child, a white boy, somewhat taller and older than herself. With a cry of joy we rushed towards her, and reaching her the first, for my feet were the swiftest, I snatched her to my breast and kissed her, whereon the boy fell down, for it seemed that his foot was hurt and he could not stand alone.

"In the name of Heaven, what is the meaning of this?" gasped Jan.

"What should it mean," answered the little maid proudly, "save that I went to look for the brother whom you said I might find by the sea if I searched hard enough? And I found him, though I do not understand his words or he mine. Come, brother, let me help you up, for this is our home, and here are our father and mother."

Then, filled with wonder, we carried the children into the house, and took their wet clothes off them. It was I who undressed the boy, and noted that though his garments were in rags and foul, yet they were of a finer stuff than any that I had seen, and that his linen, which was soft as silk, was marked with the letters "R. M." Also I noted other things: namely, that so swollen were his little feet that the boots must be cut off them, and that he was well nigh dead of starvation, for his bones almost pierced his milk white skin. Well, we cleansed him, and having wrapped him in blankets and soft tanned hides, I fed him with broth, a spoonful at a time, for had I let him eat all he would, so famished was he, I feared lest he should kill himself. After he was somewhat satisfied, sad memories seemed to come back to him, for he cried and spoke in English, repeating the word "mother," which I knew, again and again, till presently he dropped off to sleep, and for many hours slept without waking. Then, little by little, I drew all the tale from Suzanne.

It would seem that the child, who was very venturesome and full of imaginings, had dreamed a dream in her bed on the night of the day when she had played with the gun, and Jan and I had spoken together of the sea. She dreamed that in a certain kloof, an hour's ride and more away from the stead, she heard the voice of a child praying, and that, although it prayed in a tongue unknown to her, she understood the words, which were: "O Father, my mother is dead, send some one to help me, for I am starving." Moreover, looking round her in her dream, though she could not see the child from whom the voice came, yet she knew the kloof, for as it chanced she had been there twice, once with me to gather white lilies for the funeral of a neighbor who had died, and once with her father, who was searching for a lost ox. Now, Suzanne, having lived so much with her elders, was very quick, and she was sure when she woke in the morning that if she said anything about her dream we should laugh at her, and should not allow her to go to the place of which she had dreamed. Therefore it was that she made the plan of seeking for the shells upon the seashore, and of slipping

away from the woman who was with her, and therefore also she begged the milk and the biltong.

Now, before I go further, I would ask, what was this dream of Suzanne's? Did she invent it after the things to which it pointed had come to pass, or was it verily a vision sent by God to the pure heart of a little child, as aforetime He sent a vision to the heart of the infant Samuel? Let each solve the riddle as he will, only, if it were nothing but an imagination, why did she take the milk and food? Because we had been talking on that evening of her finding a brother by the sea, you may answer. Well, perhaps so; let each solve the riddle as he will.

When Suzanne escaped from her nurse she struck inland, and thus it happened that her feet left no spoor upon the hard, dry veldt. Soon she found that the kloof she sought was further off than she thought for, or perhaps she lost her way to it, for the hillsides are scarred with such kloofs, and it might well chance that a child would mistake one for the other. Still she went on, though she grew frightened in the lonely wilderness, where great bucks sprang up at her feet, and baboons barked at her as they clambered from rock to rock. On she went, stopping only once or twice to drink a little of the milk and eat some food, till, towards sunset, she found the kloof of which she had dreamed. For a while she wandered about in it, following the banks of a stream, till at length, as she passed a dense clump of mimosa bushes, she heard the faint sound of a child's voice—the very voice of her dream. Now she stopped, and, turning to the right, pushed her way through the mimosas, and there beyond them was a dell, and in the center of the dell a large flat rock, and on the rock a boy praying, the rays of the setting sun shining in his golden, tangled hair. She went to the child and spoke to him, but he could not understand our tongue, nor could she understand his. Then she drew out what was left of the bottle of milk and some meal cakes and gave them to him, and he ate and drank greedily.

By this time the sun was down, and as they did not dare to move in the dark, the children sat together on the rock, clasped in each other's arms for warmth, and as they sat they saw yellow eyes staring at them through the gloom, and heard strange snoring sounds, and were afraid. At length the moon rose, and in its first rays they perceived standing and walking within a few paces of them three tigers, as we call leopards, two of them big and one half grown. But the tigers did them no harm, for God forbade them; they only looked at them a

little and then slipped away, purring as they went. Now Suzanne rose, and taking the boy by the hand began to lead him homeward, very slowly, since he was footsore and exhausted, and for the last half of the way could only walk resting upon her shoulder. Still through the long night they crawled forward, for the kopje at the back of our stead was a guide to Suzanne, stopping from time to time to rest a while, till at the breaking of the dawn, with their last strength, they came to the house, as has been told.

Well it was that they did so, for it seems that the searchers had already sought them in the very kloof where they were hidden, without seeing anything of them behind the thick screen of the mimosas, and having once sought, doubtless would have returned there no more, for the hills are wide and the kloofs in them many.

III.

"WHAT shall we do with this boy whom Suzanne has brought to us, wife?" asked Jan of me that day while both the children lay asleep.

"Do with him, husband?" I answered. "We shall keep him; he is the Lord's gift."

"He is English, and I hate the English," said Jan, looking down.

"English or Dutch, husband, he is of noble blood, and the Lord's gift, and to turn him away would be to turn away our luck."

"But how if his people come to seek him?"

"When they come we will talk of it, but I do not think that they will come; I think that the sea has swallowed them all."

After that Jan said no more of this matter for many years; indeed, I believe that from the first he desired to keep the child; he who was sonless.

Now while Ralph lay asleep Jan mounted his horse and rode for two hours to the stead of our neighbor, the Heer van Vooren. This Van Vooren was a very rich man, by far the richest of us outlying Boers, and he had come to live in these wilds because of some bad act that he had done; I think that it was the shooting of a colored person when he was angry. He was a strange man and much feared, sullen in countenance, and silent by nature. It was said that his grandmother was a chieftainess among the red Kaffirs, but if so the blood showed more in his son, and only child, than in himself. Of this son, who in after years was named Swart Piet, and his evil doings, I shall have to tell later in my story, but even then his dark face and savage temper had earned for him the name of "the little Kaffir." The wife of the

Heer van Vooren was dead, and he had a tutor for his boy Piet, a poor Hollander body who could speak English. That man knew figures also, for once when, thinking that I should be too clever for him, I asked him how often the wheel of our big wagon would turn round traveling between our farm and Cape Town Castle, he took a rule and measured it, then having set down some figures on a bit of paper, and worked at them for a while, he told me the answer. Whether it was right or wrong I did not know, and said so, whereon the poor creature got angry, and lied in his anger, for he swore that he could tell me how often the wheel would turn in traveling from the earth to the sun or moon, and also how far we were from those great lamps, a thing that is known to God only. Who made them for our comfort. It is little wonder, therefore, that with such unholy teaching Swart Piet grew up so bad.

Well, Jan went to beg the loan of this tutor, thinking that he would be able to understand what the boy said, and in due course the creature came in a pair of blue spectacles and riding on a mule, for he dared not trust himself to a horse. Afterwards, when the boy woke up from his long sleep and had been fed and dressed, the tutor spoke with him in that ugly English tongue, of which I could never even bear the sound, and this was the story that he drew from him.

It seems that the boy, who gave his name as Ralph Kenzie, though I believe that it was really Ralph Mackenzie, was traveling with his father and mother and many others from a country called India, which is one of those places that the English have stolen in different parts of the world, as they stole the Cape and Natal and all the rest. They traveled for a long while in a big ship, for India is a great way off, till, when they were near this coast, a storm sprang up, and after the wind had blown for two days they were driven on rocks a hundred miles or more away from our stead. So fierce was the sea and so quickly did the ship break to pieces that only one boat was got out, which, except for a crew of six men, was filled with women and children. In this boat the boy Ralph and his mother were given a place, but his father did not come, although the captain begged him, for he was a man of importance, whose life was of more value than that of common people. But he refused, for he said that he would stop and share the fate of the other men, which shows that this English lord, for I think he was a lord, had a high spirit. So he kissed his wife and child and blessed them, and the boat was lowered to the sea, but before another

could be got ready the great ship slipped back from the rock upon which she hung and sank (for this we heard afterwards from some Kaffirs who saw it), and all aboard of her were drowned. May God have mercy upon them!

When it was near to the shore the boat was overturned and some of those in it were drowned, but Ralph and his mother were cast safely on the beach, and with them others. Then one of the men looked at a compass, and they began to walk southwards, hoping doubtless to reach some country where white people lived. All that befell afterwards I cannot tell, for the poor child was too frightened and bewildered to remember, but it seems that the men were killed in a fight with natives, who, however, did not touch the women and children. After that the women and the little ones died one by one of hunger and weariness, or were taken by wild beasts, till at last none was left save Ralph and his mother. When they were alone they met a Kaffir woman, who gave them as much food as they could carry, and by the help of this food they struggled on southward for another five or six days, till at length one morning, after their food was gone, Ralph woke to find his mother cold and dead beside him.

When he was sure that she was dead he was much frightened and ran away as fast as he could. All that day he staggered forward, till in the evening he came to the kloof, and being quite exhausted knelt upon the flat stone to pray, as he had been taught to do, and there Suzanne found him. Such was the story, and so piteous it seemed to us that we wept as he listened; yes, even Jan wept, and the tutor sniveled and wiped his weak eyes.

That it was true in the main we learned afterwards from the Kaffirs, a bit here and a bit there. Indeed, one of our own people, while searching for Suzanne, found the body of Ralph's mother and buried it. He said that she was a tall and noble looking lady, not much more than thirty years of age, but we did not dig her up again to look at her, as perhaps we should have done, for the Kaffir declared that she had nothing on her except some rags and two rings, a plain gold one and another of emeralds, with a device carved upon it, and in the pocket of her gown a little book bound in red, that proved to be a Testament, on the fly leaf of which was written in English, "Flora Gordon, the gift of her mother, Agnes Janey Gordon, on her confirmation," and with it a date.

All these things the Kaffir brought home faithfully, also a lock of the lady's fair hair, which he had cut off with his assagai. That

lock of hair labeled in writing—remember it, Suzanne, when I am gone—is in the wagon box which stands beneath my bed. The other articles Suzanne has, as is right, and with them one thing which I forgot to mention. When we undressed the boy Ralph, we found hanging by a gold chain to his neck, where he said his mother placed it the night before she died, a large locket, also of gold. This locket contained three little pictures painted on ivory, one in each half of it and one with a plain gold back on a hinge between them. That to the right was of a handsome man in uniform, who, Ralph told me, was his father (and indeed he left all this in writing, together with his will); that to the left of a lovely lady in a low dress, who, he said, was his mother; that in the middle a portrait of the boy himself, as any one could see, which must have been painted not more than a year before we found him. This locket and the pictures Suzanne has also.

Now, as we have said, we let that unhappy lady lie in her rude grave yonder by the sea, but my husband took men and built a cairn of stone over it and a strong wall about it, and there it stands to this day, for not long ago I met one of the folk from the old Colony who had seen it, and who told me that the people that live in those parts now reverence the spot, knowing its story. Also, when some months afterwards a minister came to visit us, we led him to the place and he read the burial service over the lady's bones, so that she did not lack for Christian burial.

Now, this wreck made a great stir, for many were drowned in it, and the English government sent a ship of war to visit the place where it happened, but none came to ask us what we knew of the matter, and, indeed, we never learned that the frigate had been there till she was gone again. So it came about that the story died away, as such stories do in this sad world, and for many years we heard no more of it.

For a while the boy Ralph was like a haunted child. At night, and now and again even in the daytime, he would be seized with terror, and sob and cry in a way that was piteous to behold, though not to be wondered at by any who knew his history. When these fits took him, strange as it may seem, there was but one who could calm his heart, and that one Suzanne. I can see them now as I have seen them thrice that I remember, the boy sitting up in his bed, a stare of agony in his eyes, and the sweat running down his face, damping his yellow hair, and talking rapidly, half in English, half in Dutch, with a voice that at times would rise to a scream, and at times

would sink to a whisper, of the shipwreck, of his lost parents, of the black Indian woman who nursed him, of the wilderness, the tigers, and the Kaffirs who fell on them, and many other things. By him sits Suzanne, a soft kaross of jackal skins wrapped over her nightgown, the dew of sleep still showing upon her childish face and in her large dark eyes. By him she sits, talking in some words which for us have little meaning, and in a voice now shrill, and now sinking to a croon, while with one hand she clasps his wrist, and with the other strokes his brow, till the shadow passes from his soul, and, clinging close to her, he sinks back to sleep.

But as the years went by these fits grew rarer, till at last they ceased altogether, since, thanks be to God, childhood can forget its grief. What did not cease, however, was the lad's love for Suzanne, or her love for him, which, if possible, was yet deeper. Brother may love sister, but that affection, however true, yet lacks something, since nature teaches that it can never be complete. But from the beginning—yes, even while they were children—these twain were brother and sister, friend and friend, lover and lover; and so they remained till life left them, and so they will remain for ay in whatever life they live. Their thought was one thought, their heart was one heart; in them was neither variableness nor shadow of turning; they were each of each, to each and for each, one soul in their separate spirits, one flesh in their separate bodies. I who write this am a very old woman, and though in many things I am most ignorant, I have seen much of the world and of the men who live in it, yet I say that never have I known any marvel to compare with the marvel and the beauty of the love between Ralph Kenzie, the castaway, and my sweet daughter, Suzanne. It was of heaven, not of earth; or, rather, like everything that is perfect, it partook both of earth and heaven. Yes, yes, it wandered up the mountain paths of earth to the pure heights of heaven, where now it dwells forever.

The boy grew up fair and brave and strong, with keen gray eyes and a steady mouth, nor did I know any lad of his years who could equal him in strength and swiftness of foot; for, though in youth he was not over tall, he was broad in the breast and had muscles that never seemed to tire. Now, we Boers think little of book learning, holding, as we do, that if a man can read the Holy Word it is enough. Still, Jan and I thought that, as Ralph was not of our blood, though otherwise in all ways a son to us, it was our duty to educate him as much in the fashion of his own people as our circum-

stances would allow. Therefore, when one day, after he had been with us some two years, the Hollander tutor man, with the blue spectacles, of whom I have spoken, rode up to our house upon his mule, telling us that he had fled from the Van Voorens because he could no longer bear to witness the things that were practised at their stead, we engaged him to teach Ralph and Suzanne. He remained with us six years, by which time both the children had got much learning from him; though how much it is not for me, who have none, to judge. They learned history and reading and writing, and something of the English tongue, but I need scarcely say that I would not suffer him to teach them to pry into the mystery of God's stars, as he wished to do, for I hold that such lore is impious and akin to witchcraft.

I asked this man why he had fled from the Van Voorens, but he would tell me little more than it was because of the wizardries practised there. If I might believe him, the Heer Van Vooren made a custom of entertaining Kaffir witch doctors and doctresses at his house, and of celebrating with them secret and devilish rites, to which his son, Swart Piet, was initiated in his presence. That this last story was true I have no doubt indeed, seeing that the events of after years proved it to have been so.

Well, at last the Hollander left us to marry a rich old *vrouw* twenty years his senior, and that is all that I have to say about him, except that, if possible, I disliked him more when he walked out of the house than when he walked into it; though why I should have done so I do not know, for he was a harmless body. Perhaps it was because he played the flute, which I have always thought contemptible in a man.

IV.

Now I will pass on to the time when Ralph was nineteen or thereabouts, and, save for the lack of hair upon his face, a man grown, since in our climate young people mature quickly in body if not in mind. I tell of that year with shame and sorrow, for it was then that Jan and I committed a great sin, for which afterwards we were punished heavily enough.

At the beginning of winter Jan trekked to the nearest dorp, some fifty miles away, with a wagon load of mealies and of buckskins, which he and Ralph had shot, purposing to sell them and to attend the Nachtmahl, or Feast of the Lord's Supper. I was somewhat ailing just then and did not accompany him, nor did Suzanne, who stayed to nurse me, or Ralph, who was left to look after us both. Fourteen days later he returned, and

from his face I saw at once that something had gone wrong.

"What is it, husband?" I asked. "Did not the mealies sell well?"

"Yes, yes, they sold well," he answered, "for that fool of an English storekeeper bought them and the hides together for more than their value."

"Are the Kaffirs going to rise again, then?"

"No, they are quiet for the present, though the accursed missionaries of the London society are doing their best to stir them up;" and he made a sign to me to cease from asking questions, nor did I say any more till we had gone to bed, and everybody else in the house was asleep.

"Now," I said, "tell me your bad news, for bad news you have had."

"Wife," he answered, "it is this. In the dorp yonder I met a man who had come from Port Elizabeth. He told me that there at the port were two Englishmen, who had recently arrived, a Scotch lord, and a lawyer with red hair. When the Englishmen heard that he was from this country they fell into talk with him, saying that they came upon a strange errand. It seems that when the great ship was wrecked upon this coast ten years ago there was lost in her a certain little boy who, if he had lived, would today have been a very rich noble in Scotland. Wife, you can guess who that little boy was without my telling you his name."

I nodded and turned cold all over my body, for I could guess what was coming.

"Now, for a long while those who were interested in him supposed that this lad was certainly dead with all the others on board that ship, but a year or more ago, how I know not, a rumor reached them that one male child who answered to his description had been saved alive and adopted by some Boers living in the Transkei. By this time the property and the title that should be his had descended to a cousin of the child's, but his relation, being a just man, determined before he took them to come to Africa and find out the truth for himself; and there he is at Port Elizabeth, or, rather, by this time he is on his road to our placé. Therefore, it would seem that the day is at hand when we shall see the last of Ralph."

"Never!" I said; "he is a son to us and more than a son, and I will not give him up."

"Then, they will take him, wife. Yes, even if he does not wish it, for he is a minor and they are armed with authority."

"Oh!" I cried, "it would break my heart, and, Jan, there is another heart that it would break also;" and I pointed towards the chamber where Suzanne slept.

He nodded, for none could live with them

and not know that this youth and maiden loved each other dearly.

"It would break your heart," he answered, "and her heart; yes, and my own would be none the better for the wrench; yet how can we turn this evil from our door?"

"Jan," I said, "the winter is at hand; it is time that you and Ralph should take the cattle to the bush veldt yonder, where they will lie warm and grow fat, for so large a herd cannot be trusted to the Kaffirs. Had you not better start tomorrow? If these English meddlers should come here I will talk with them. Did Suzanne save the boy for them? Did we rear him for them, although he was English? Think how you will feel when he has crossed the ridge yonder for the last time, you who are sonless, and you must go about your tasks alone, must ride alone and hunt alone, and, if need be, fight alone, except for his memory. Think, Jan, think!"

"Do not tempt me, woman," he whispered back in a hoarse voice, for Ralph and he were more to each other than any father and son that I have known, since they were also the dearest of friends. "Do not tempt me," he went on; "the lad himself must be told of this, and he must judge; he is young, but among us at nineteen a youth is a burgher grown, with a right to take up land and marry; he must be told, I say, and at once."

"It is good," I said; "let him judge;" but in the wickedness of my heart I made up my mind that I would find means to help his judgment, for the thought of losing him filled me with blind terror, and all that night I lay awake thinking out the matter.

Early in the morning I rose and went on to the *stoep*, where I found Suzanne drinking coffee and singing a little song that Ralph had taught her. I can see her now as she stood in her pretty, tight fitting dress, a flower wet with dew in her girdle, swinging her *kapje* by its strings, while the first rays of the sun glistened on the waves of her brown and silk-like hair. She was near eighteen then, and so beautiful that my heart beat with pride at her loveliness, for never in my long life have I seen a girl of any nation who could compare with Suzanne in looks. Many women are sweet to behold in this way or in that; but Suzanne was beautiful every way, yes, and at all ages of her life; as a child, as a maiden, as a matron, and as a woman drawing near to old, she was always beautiful, though, like that of the different seasons, her beauty varied. In shape she was straight and tall and rounded, light footed as a buck, delicate in limb, wide breasted, and slender necked. Her face was rich in hue as a kloof lily, and her eyes—ah, no antelope ever had eyes darker, tenderer,

or more appealing than were the eyes of Suzanne! Moreover, she was sweet of nature, ready of wit, and good hearted—yes, even for the Kaffirs she had a smile.

"You are up betimes, Suzanne," I said, when I had looked at her a little.

"Yes, mother; I rose to make Ralph his coffee; he does not like that the Kaffir woman should boil it for him."

"You mean that *you* do not like it," I answered, for I knew that Ralph thought little of who made the coffee he drank, or, if he did, it was mine that he held to be the best, and not Suzanne's, who in those days was a careless girl, thinking less of household matters than she should have done. "Did Swart Piet come here yesterday?" I asked. "I thought that I recognized his horse as I walked back from the sea."

"Yes, he came."

"What for?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, mother, do you ask me? You know well that he is always troubling me, bringing me presents of flowers, and asking me to *opsit* with him, and what not."

"Then you don't want to *opsit* with him?"

"The candle would be short that I should burn with Swart Piet," answered Suzanne, stamping her foot; "he is an evil man, full of dark words and ways, and I fear him, for I think that since his father's death he has become worse, and the most of the company he keeps is with those Kaffir witch doctors."

"Ah, the mantle of Elijah has fallen upon Elisha, but inside out! Well, it is what I expected, for sin and wizardry were born in his blood. Had you any words with him?"

"Yes, some. I would not listen to his sweet talk, so he grew angry and began to threaten; but just then Ralph came back and he went away, for he is afraid of Ralph."

"Where has Ralph gone so early?" I asked, changing the subject.

"To the far cattle kraal to look after the oxen which the Kaffir bargained to break into the yoke. They are choosing them this morning."

"So! He makes a good Boer for one of English blood, does he not? And yet I suppose that when he becomes English again he will soon forget that he ever was a Boer."

"When he becomes English again, mother? What do you mean by that saying?" she asked quickly.

"I mean that like will to like, and blood to blood; also that there may be a nest far away which this bird that we have caged should fill."

"A nest far away, mother? Then, there is one here which would be left empty—in your heart and father's, I mean;" and dropping

her sunbonnet she turned pale and pressed her hands upon her own, adding, "Oh, speak straight words to me! What do you mean by these hints?"

"I mean, Suzanne, that it is not well for any of us to let our love wrap itself too closely about a stranger. Ralph is an Englishman, not a Boer. He calls me mother, and your father, father, and you he calls sister; but to us he is neither son nor brother. Well, a day may come when he learns to understand this, when he learns to understand that he has other kindred, true kindred, far away across the sea, and when those birds call who will keep him in the strange nest?"

"Ah!" she echoed, all dismayed, "who will keep him then?"

"I do not know," I answered; "not a foster father or mother. But I forgot. Say, did he take his rifle with him to the kraal?"

"Surely, I saw it in his hand."

"Then, daughter, if you will, get on a horse, and if you can find him tell him that I shall be very glad if he can shoot a small buck and bring it back with him, as I need fresh meat."

"May I stay with him while he shoots a buck, mother?"

"Yes, if you are not in his way and do not stop too long."

Then, without more words, Suzanne left me, and presently I saw her cantering across the veldt upon her gray mare that Ralph had broken for her, and wondered if she would find him, and what luck he would have with the hunt that day.

Now it seems that Suzanne found Ralph and gave him my message, and that they started together to look for buck on the strip of land which lies between the seashore and the foot of the hills, where sometimes theblesbok and springbok feed in thousands. But on this day there was none to be seen, for the dry grass had already been burned off, so that there was nothing for them to eat.

"If mother is to get her meat today," said Ralph at length, "I think that we must try the hillside for a *duiker* or a bushbuck."

So they turned inland and rode towards that very kloof where, years before, Suzanne had discovered the shipwrecked boy. At the mouth of this kloof was a patch of marshy ground where the reeds still stood thick, since being full of sap they had resisted the fire.

"That is a good place for a reitbok," said Ralph, "if only one could beat him out of it, for the reeds are too tall to see to shoot in them."

"It can be managed," answered Suzanne.

"Do you go and stand in the neck of the kloof while I ride in the reeds towards you."

"You might get bogged," he said doubtfully.

"No, no, brother; after all this drought the pan is nothing more than spongy, and if I should get into a soft spot I will call out."

To this plan Ralph at length agreed, and having ridden round the pan, which was not more than fifty yards across, he dismounted from his horse and hid himself behind a bush in the neck of the kloof. Then Suzanne rode in among the reeds, shouting and singing, and beating them with her sjambok, in order to disturb anything that might be hidden there. Nor was her trouble in vain, for suddenly, with a shrill whistle of alarm, for which this species of antelope is noted, up sprang two reitboks and dashed away towards the neck of the kloof, looking large as donkeys and as red as lions as they vanished into the thick cover. So close were they to Suzanne that her mare took fright and bucked; but the girl was the best horsewoman in those parts, and kept her seat, calling the while to Ralph to make ready for the buck. Presently she heard a shot, and, having quieted the mare, rode out of the reeds and galloped round the dry pan, to find Ralph looking disconsolate, with no reitbok in sight.

"Have you missed them?" she asked.

"No, not so bad as that, for they passed within ten yards of me; but the old gun hung fire. I suppose that the powder in the pan was a little damp, and instead of hitting the buck in front I caught him somewhere behind. He fell down, but has gone on again, so we must follow him, for I don't think that he will get very far."

Accordingly, when Ralph had reloaded his gun, which took some time—for in those days we had scarcely anything but flintlocks—yes, it was with weapons like these that a handful of us beat the hosts of Dingaan and Moselikatse—they started to follow the blood spoor up the kloof, which was not difficult, as the animal had bled much. Near to the top of the kloof the trail led them through a thick clump of mimosas, and there in the dell beyond they found the reitbok lying dead. Riding to it they dismounted and examined it.

"Poor beast!" said Suzanne. "Look how the tears have run down its face. Well, I am glad that it is dead and done with;" and she sighed and turned away, for Suzanne was a silly and tender hearted girl, who never could understand that the animals—yes, and the heathen Kafirs, too—were given to us by the Lord for our use and comfort.

Presently she started and said, "Ralph, do you remember this place?"

He glanced round and shook his head, for he was wondering whether he would be able to lift the buck on the horse without asking Suzanne to help him.

"Look again," she said; "look at that flat stone, and the mimosa tree lying on its side near it."

Ralph dropped the leg of the buck and obeyed her, for he would always do as Suzanne bade him, and this time it was his turn to start.

"Almighty!" he said, "I remember now. It was here that you found me, Suzanne, after I was shipwrecked, and the tigers stared at us through the boughs of that fallen tree;" and he shivered a little, for the sight of the spot brought back to his heart some of the old terrors that had haunted his childhood.

"Yes, Ralph, it was here that I found you. I heard the sound of your voice as you knelt praying on that stone, and I followed it. God heard that prayer, Ralph."

"And sent an angel to save me in the shape of a little maid," he answered; adding: "Don't blush so red, dear, for it is true that ever since that day, whenever I think of angels, I think of you; and whenever I think of you I think of angels, which shows that you and the angels must be close together."

"Which shows that you are a wicked and silly lad to talk thus to a Boer girl," she answered, turning away with a smile on her lips and tears in her eyes, for his words had pleased her mind and touched her heart.

He looked at her and she seemed so sweet and beautiful as she stood thus, smiling and weeping together, as the sun shines through summer rain, that, so he told me afterwards, something stirred in his breast, something soft and strong and new, which caused him to feel as though of a sudden he had left his boyhood behind him and become a man, aye, and as though this fresh found manhood sought but one thing more from Heaven to make it perfect, the living love of the fair maiden who, until this hour, had been his sister in heart though not in blood.

"Suzanne," he said in a changed voice, "the horses are tired; let them rest, and let us sit upon this stone and talk a little, for though we have never visited it for many years the place is lucky for you and me, since here it was that our lives first came together."

V.

PRESENTLY they were seated side by side upon the stone, Ralph looking at Suzanne, and Suzanne looking straight before her,

for nature warned her that this talk of theirs was not to be as other talks.

"Suzanne," he said at length.

"Yes," she answered; "what is it?" But he made no answer, for though many words were bubbling in his brain, they choked in his throat and would not come.

"Suzanne," he said again presently, and again she asked him what it was, and again he made no answer. Now she laughed a little and said:

"Ralph, you remind me of the blue jay in the cage upon the *stoep*, which knows but one word and repeats it all day long."

"Aye," he replied, "it is true; I am like that jay, for the word I taught it is 'Suzanne,' and the word my heart teaches me is 'Suzanne,' and, Suzanne, I love you."

Now she turned her head away and looked down and answered:

"I know, Ralph, that you have always loved me since we were children together, for are we not brother and sister?"

"No," he answered bluntly; "it is not true."

"Then, that is bad news for me," she said, "who till today have thought otherwise."

"It is not true," he went on, and now his words came fast enough, "that I am your brother or that I love you as a brother. We are no kin, and if I love you as a brother that is only one little grain of my love for you—yes, only as one little grain is to the whole seashore of sand. Suzanne, I love you as—as a man loves a maid—and if you will it, dear, all my hope is that one day you will be my wife;" and he ceased suddenly and stood before her trembling, for he had risen from the stone.

For a few moments she covered her face with her hands, and when she let them fall again he saw that her beautiful eyes shone like the large stars at night, and that, although she was troubled, her trouble made her happy.

"Oh, Ralph," she said at length, speaking in a voice that was different from any he had ever heard her use, a voice very rich and low and full—"oh, Ralph, this is new to me, and yet, to speak the truth, it seems as old as—as that night when first I found you, a desolate, starving child, praying upon this stone! Ralph, I do will it with all my heart and soul and body, and I suppose that I have willed it ever since I was a woman, though until this hour I did not quite know what it was I willed. Nay, dear, do not touch me, or at least, not yet. First hear what I have to say, and then, if you desire it, you may kiss me—if only in farewell."

"If you will it and I will it, what more can you have to say?" he asked in a quick whisper, and looking at her with frightened eyes.

"This, Ralph: that our wills, who are young and unlearned, are not all the world; that there are other wills to be thought of, the wills of our parents, or of mine rather, and the will of God."

"For the first," he answered, "I do not think that they will stand in our path, for they love you and wish you to be happy, although it is true that I, who am but a wanderer picked up upon the veldt, have no fortune to offer you—still, fortune can be won," he added doggedly.

"They love you also, Ralph, nor do they think overmuch of wealth, either of them, and I do not think that they would wish you to leave us to go in search of it."

"As for the will of God," he continued, "it was the will of God that I should be wrecked here, and that you should save me here, and that the life you saved should be given to you. Will it not, therefore, be the will of God also that we who can never be happy apart should be happy together, and thank Him for our happiness every day till we die?"

"I trust so, Ralph; yet although I have read and seen little, I know that very often it has been His will that those who love each other should be separated by death or otherwise."

"Do not speak of it," he said, with a groan.

"No, I will not speak of it, but there is one more thing of which I must speak. Strangely enough, only this morning my mother was talking of you; she said that you are English, and that soon or late blood will call to blood and you will leave us. She said that your nest is not here, but there, far away across the sea, among those English; that you are a swallow that has been fledged with sparrows, and that one day you will find the wings of a swallow. What put it in her mind to speak thus, I do not know; but I do know, Ralph, that her words filled me with fear, and now I understand why I was so much afraid."

He laughed aloud very scornfully. "Then, Suzanne," he said, "you may banish your fears, for this I swear to you, before the Almighty, that whoever may be my true kin, were a kingdom to be offered to me among them, unless you could share it, it would be refused. This I swear before the Almighty, and may He reject me if I ever forget the oath."

"You are very young to make such promises, Ralph," she said doubtfully, "nor do I hold them binding on you. At nineteen, so I am told, a lad will swear anything to the girl who takes his fancy."

"I am young in years, Suzanne, but I grew old while I was yet a child, for sorrow

aged me. You have heard my oath; let it be put to the test, and you shall learn whether or no I speak the truth. Do I look like one who does not know his mind?"

She glanced up at the steady gray eyes and the stern, set mouth, and answered, "Ralph, you look like one who knows his mind, and I believe you. Pray God I may not be deceived, for though we are but lad and girl, if it prove so, I tell you that I shall live my life out with a broken heart."

"Do not fear, Suzanne. And now I have heard what you had to say, and I claim your promise. If it be your will I will kiss you, Suzanne, but not in farewell."

"Nay," she answered, "kiss me rather in greeting of the full and beautiful life that stretches out before our feet. Whether the path be short or long, it will be good for us and ever better, but, Ralph, I think that the end will be best of all."

So he took her in his arms, and they kissed each other upon the lips, and, as they told me afterwards, in that embrace they found some joy. Why should they not, indeed, for if anywhere upon the earth, if it be given and received in youth, before the heart has been seared and tainted with bitterness and disillusion, surely in such a pledge as theirs true joy can be found. Yes, and they did more than this, for, kneeling there upon that rock, where once the dying child had knelt in bygone years, they prayed to Him Who had brought them together, to Him Who had given them hearts to love with and bodies to be loved, and the immortality of Heaven wherein to garner this seed of love thus sown upon the earth, that He would guide them, bless them, and protect them through all trials, terrors, sorrows, and separations. As shall be seen, this indeed He did.

Then they rose, and having, not without difficulty, lifted the reitbok ram upon Ralph's horse and made it fast there, as our hunters know how to do, they started homewards, walking the most part of the way, for the load was heavy and they were in no haste, reaching the farm about noon. Now I, watching them as we sat at our midday meal, grew sure that something out of the common had passed between them, for Suzanne was very silent, and from time to time glanced at Ralph shyly, whereon, feeling her eyes, he would grow red as the sunset, and seeing his trouble she would color also, as though with the consciousness of some secret that made her both happy and ashamed.

"You were long this morning in finding a buck, Ralph," I said.

"Yes, mother," he answered; "there was none on the flats, for the grass is burned

off; and had not Suzanne beaten out a dry pan for me where the reeds were still green, I think that we should have found nothing. As it was, I shot badly, hitting the ram in the flank, so that we were obliged to follow it a long way before I came up with it."

"And where did you find it at last?" I asked.

"In a strange place, mother; yes, in that very spot where, many years ago, Suzanne came upon me starving after the shipwreck. There, in the glade and by the flat stone on which I had lain down to die, was the buck, quite dead. We knew the dell again, though neither of us had visited it from that hour to this, and rested there a while before we turned home."

I made no answer, but sat thinking, and a silence fell on all of us. By this time the Kaffir girls had cleared away the meat and brought in coffee, which we drank, while the men filled their pipes and lit them. I looked at Jan and saw that he was making up his mind to say something, for his honest face was troubled, and now he took up his pipe, and now he put it down, moving his hands restlessly till at length he upset the coffee over the table. "Doubtless," I thought to myself, "he means to tell the tale of the Englishmen who have come to seek for Ralph. Well, I think that he may safely tell it now."

Then I looked at Ralph and saw that he also was very ill at ease, struggling with words that he did not know how to utter. I noted, moreover, that Suzanne touched his hand with hers beneath the shelter of the table as though to comfort and encourage him. Now, watching these two, at last I broke out laughing, and said, addressing them:

"You are like two green fires of weeds in a mealee patch, and I am wondering which of you will be the first to break into flame, or whether you will both be choked by the reek of your own thoughts."

My gibe, harmless though it was, stung them into speech, and both at once, for I have noticed that, however, stupid they may be, men never like to be laughed at.

"I have something to say," said each of them, as though with a single voice, and paused, looking at each other with irritation.

"Then, son, wait till I have finished. Almighty! for the last twenty minutes you have been sitting as silent as an ant bear in a hole, and I tell you that it is my turn now; why, then, do you interrupt me?"

"I am very sorry, my father," said Ralph, looking much afraid, for he thought that Jan was going to scold him about Suzanne, and his conscience, being guilty, caused him to forget that it was not possible that he

could know anything of the matter of his love making.

"That is good," said Jan, still glaring at him angrily; "but I am not your father."

"Then why do you call me son?" asked Ralph.

"Almighty! do you suppose that I sit here to answer riddles?" replied Jan, pulling at his great beard. "Why do I call you son, indeed? Ah!" he added in a different voice, a sorrowful voice, "why *do* I, when I have no right? Listen, my boy, we are in sore trouble, I and your mother, or, if she is not your mother, at least she loves you as much as though she were; and I love you, too, and you know it; so why do you seek to make a fool of me by asking me riddles?"

Now, Ralph was about to answer, but Suzanne held up her hand, and he was quiet.

"My son," went on Jan, with a kind of sob, "they are coming to take you away."

"They! Who?" asked Ralph.

"Who? The English, damn them! Yes, I say, damn the English and the English government!"

"Peace, Jan," I broke in; "this is not a political meeting, where such talk is right and proper."

"The English government is coming to take me away!" exclaimed Ralph, bewildered. "What has the government to do with me?"

"No," said Jan; "not the English government, but two Scotchmen, which is much the same thing. I tell you that they are traveling to this place to take you away."

Ralph leaned back in his chair and stared at him, for he saw that it was little use to ask him questions, and that he must leave him to tell the tale in his own fashion. At last it came out.

"Ralph," said my husband, "you know that you are not of our blood; we found you cast up on the beach like a storm fish and took you in, and you grew dear to us; yes, although you are English, or Scotch, which is worse, for if the English bully us, the Scotch bully us and cheat us into the bargain. Well, your parents were drowned, and have now been in heaven for a long time, but I am sorry to say that all your relations were not drowned with them. At first, however, when we should have been glad enough to give you up, they took no trouble to hunt for you."

"No!" broke in Suzanne and I with one voice, and I added, "How do you dare to tell such lies in the face of the Lord, Jan?"

"When it would not have been so bad to give you up," he went on, correcting himself. "But now it seems that had you lived you would have inherited estates, or titles, or both."

"Is the boy dead, then?" I asked.

"Peace, wife—I mean, had he lived a Scotchman. Therefore, having made inquiries and learned that a lad of your name and age had been rescued from a shipwreck and was still alive among the Boers in the Transkei, they have set to work to hunt you, and are coming here to take you away, for I tell you that I heard it in the dorp yonder."

"Is it so?" said Ralph, while Suzanne hung upon his words with white face and trembling lips. "Then, I tell you that I will not go. I may be English, but my home is here. My own father and mother are dead, and these strangers are nothing to me, nor are the estates and titles far away anything to me. All that I hold dear on the earth is here in the Transkei;" and he glanced at Suzanne, who seemed to bless him with her eyes.

"You talk like a fool," said Jan, but in a voice that was full of a joy that he could not hide, "as is to be expected of an ignorant boy. Now, I am a man who has seen the world, and I know better, and I tell you that although they are an accursed race, still, it is a fine thing to be a lord among the English. Yes, yes, I know the English lords. I saw one once when I went to Cape Town; he was the governor there, and driving through the streets in state, dressed as bravely as a bluejay in his spring plumage, while everybody took off their hats to him, except I, Jan Botmar, who would not humble myself thus. Yet to have such clothes as that to wear every day, while all the people salute you and make a path for you, is not a thing to be laughed at. See, boy, it just comes to this: here you are poor and little, there you may be rich and much, and it is our duty not to stand in your road though it may break our hearts to lose you. So you had best make up your mind to go away with the damned Scotchmen when they come, though I hope that you will

think kindly of us when you get to your own country. Yes, yes, you shall go, and what is more, you may take my best horse to ride away on, the young *schimmel*, and my new black felt hat that I bought in the dorp. There, that is done with, praise be to God, and I am going out, for this place is so thick with smoke that I can't see my own hand;" and he rose to go, adding that if the two Scotchmen did not want a bullet through them it would be as well if they kept out of his way when they came upon the farm.

Now, in saying that the room was thick with smoke Jan lied, for both the men's pipes went out when they began to talk. But as I knew why he lied I did not think so much of it, for to tell the truth, at that moment I could see little better than he could, since, although I would have poisoned those two Scotchmen before I suffered them to take Ralph away, the mere idea of his going was enough to fill my eyes with tears, and to cause Suzanne to weep aloud shamelessly.

"Wait a bit, father—I beg your pardon, Jan Botmar," said Ralph, in a clear and angry voice; "it is my turn now, for you may remember that when we began to talk I had something to say, but you stopped me; but now, with your leave, as you have got off the horse I will get on."

Jan sat down slowly again and said:

"Speak. What is it?"

"This: that if you send me away you are likely to lose more than you bargain for."

Now Jan stared at him perplexedly, but I smiled, for I guessed what was to come.

"What am I likely to lose," he asked, "beyond my best horse and my new hat? *Allemachter!* Do you want my span of black oxen also? Well, you shall have them if you like, for I should wish you to trek to your home in England behind good cattle."

"No," answered Ralph coolly; "but I want your daughter, and if you send me away I think that she will come with me."

(To be continued.)

TWO.

WITH musing interest I watch them whiles
On noiseless wings the moments past them range,
Their soft confiding speech, their tender smiles,
Their lingering looks in loving interchange.

Is it but love's light comedy they play,
Or is it that which leads to sighs and tears—
A parting fraught with tragedy on a day
Deep hidden in the heart of far off years?

Clinton Scollard.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

TEN AMERICAN ARTISTS, LIMITED.

The ten American artists whose work has been on exhibition at one of the galleries recently, and who announce that they have severed themselves from other bands of artists associated together for

exhibition, had a perfect right to take that step if it so pleased them. They have had a great deal of advertising in the newspapers, and they have charged an admission fee which ought to have made their venture profitable, but there



"THE LAST TOUCHES."

From the painting by P. Toussaint.



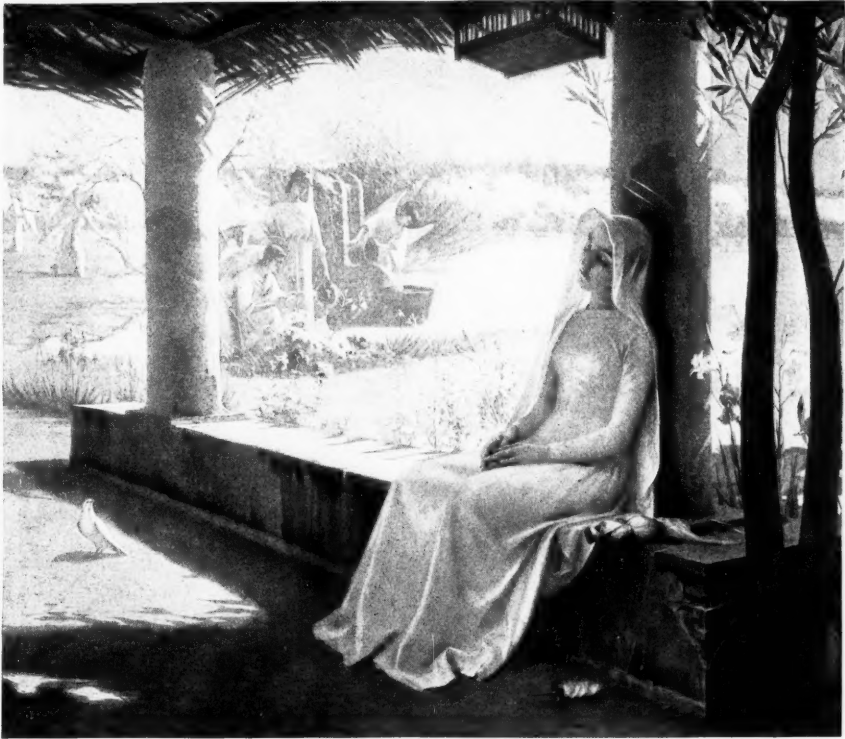
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"INTERRUPTED."

From the painting by Alonso Perez—By permission of the Berlin Photographische Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

is nothing very remarkable in what they have to show. If their exhibition is no better next year than it is this, it is puzzling to know why any one would pay fifty cents to see pictures which are in no sense great, when New York is full of better pictures, which can be seen for nothing at any of the galleries.

there. All of his pictures are brilliant and decorative, but "A Breezy Day" is excellent. It carries the very breath of the uplands. Mr. Childe Hassam has some fairly good things. Some of the canvases exhibited are mediocre and dull, but most of them make a pleasing departure from the illustrative picture.



"THE VIRGIN'S SLUMBER."

From the painting by Paupion.

The reason people go year after year to see the Academy exhibition is not because it is particularly good. It isn't. No exhibition of one year's work ever is good as a whole. There may be some good things, and the people who are interested in native art go to see what has been done all over the field, make comparisons, and weed out the bad things mentally. It is worth an admission fee to be able to do this. But the work of the ten men, who have set themselves up as being a class apart, is not worth going to see—if you have to pay for the privilege.

Mr. Robert Reid has the best work

But we find some of these same painters also on exhibition at the Academy. Do they send to the "Ten Painters'" exhibition what they consider their best things or their worst ones?

T. W. Dewing's picture was charming in its soft, poetic tones. This artist paints misty dreams which transport you from the workaday world into a fairyland.

THE ACADEMY.

In the Academy the story telling picture is, as usual, in full force, and without doubt this is just the sort of picture the crowds like. Emotions, suggestions,



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"ROCK ROSES."

From the painting by A. Seifert—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York



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"THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS."

From the painting by Thomas Bittels—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



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"HOME AGAIN."

From the painting by R. Eichstedt—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23rd Street, New York.



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"ST. CECILIA."

From the painting by J. M. Stradwick—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

that intangible thing which moves us in a great picture, if it is, like some of Whistler's, only a line and a blur, and which is *art*—all that is not popular. The crowd wants facts. It gets a good many of them at the Academy.

One canvas, which has been much admired, is called "Sunday Morning." It represents a scene in the early part of this century. It shows what is evidently a Virginia church, with its dispersing congregation, and it is painted by Mr. Henry.

An excellent idea is given of the way such a congregation must have looked at such a time, and for that reason it is of value, but simply as an illustration.

One of the best pictures is Mr. Beckwith's portrait of his wife. It is well painted and full of character.

THE VOGUE OF THE LITHOGRAPH.

The fashions in pictures are past finding out. The kindergartners have a fancy (which they teach) that the history



“ON A LONG JOURNEY.”

From the painting by J. Schenckberg—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

of a country can be accurately read by a careful study of its art. They point to ancient Egypt with its stiffness, and to modern France with its excesses in art, and illustrate their remarks. Every picture sale here tells the story of the changes in fashion, but few of them give any good reason for it. A picture which was valuable last year sells for a song to-day, and the old canvas hidden in a garret then is elaborately framed now. It appears to be true that the opinions of the majority are made by the few, and we are willing to accept that in paintings and sculpture; but why, oh why, should a lithograph be a thing of scorn last year and most precious this?

The men who ten years ago were buying etchings look at the rarest print with languid eyes today. The lithograph, which had ceased to appear in polite society at all, and was known to the world at large through the medium of circus posters, has become the fad. It is fair to say that with some artists lithography has never gone out of fashion. That versatile being, James Whistler, has always made some lithographs, because he loved the velvety blacks and the delicate, pale, intermediate tones. But to-day he is not known even as a leader in the new school. Willette is the supreme artist of this medium. It is becoming a fashion in France to make portraits on the stone. Practically, in lithography every impression is an original, as the drawing is made on the stone and is not visible until it is printed. A lithographic stone lasts much longer than an etched plate. Every art student in Paris considers his stone drawings of paramount importance at the moment, and it is probable that this decade will leave behind a collection of these beautiful pictures, which the far seeing will gather in while they are cheap. The work is not difficult, and has the charm of novelty.

Laurens Alma-Tadema is so healthy looking and so healthy minded that he has never fallen under the imputation of trying to "live the life of the beautiful Greeks," and yet, oddly enough, that is exactly what he succeeds in doing, at least so far as surroundings are concerned. His pictures of antique life could almost

all of them be painted from a model placed somewhere about his own house and grounds. He is a Dutchman, born in Friesland, and his earliest pictures were of German life in the early middle ages. This was followed by a Pompeian period, and then the elaborate representations of the life of ancient Greece and Rome. But it has been since 1870, when he went to England, and married the enormously rich Miss Epps of the cocoa fortune, that he has been able to realize his dreams of ancient grandeur in his surroundings. He built a London house on the north side of Regent's Park, which is filled with the cool marbles, the frescos, and the decorations which his pictures have taught us to know.

* * * *

We have not many of Sir Frederick Leighton's pictures in this country, but no more beautiful example of his work can be seen anywhere than the *Andromeda* at the Tooth gallery on Fifth Avenue. Sir Frederick Leighton has so recently died that the story of his work is in everybody's mind. This picture is an excellent example of his best output. It is essentially decorative in effect, the dragon filling up much of the picture and sheltering the maiden under his wing. In the sky Perseus can be seen on his winged horse coming to the rescue. But it is this decorative effect, this decorative excellence, which is too pronounced a feature of all of Leighton's work. His lines are full of poetry, but they are too carefully composed. His pictures are so great that it is impossible not to wish that so much that is great should not be ablaze with the very fire of genius. But as a magnificent example of Leighton's work this *Andromeda* should be seen.

* * * *

Mr. George H. Boughton, who has made a study of Puritans and their history, that he might represent them in his pictures, has discovered an odd old Dutch picture, which is now on exhibition at the Avery galleries in New York. It is supposed to be the sailing of the *Speedwell* from Delftshaven.

The picture has no name nor date, but there is a label on the back which shows that it once belonged to the Blenheim collection. When the first Duke of Marl-

borough came back from the Low Countries he brought several pictures with him, and this was undoubtedly one of them.

The picture is by no means extraordinary from an artistic point of view, but it should be bought by one of the museums for its historic value. The ship, with its gay figurehead, flags and guns, might be another than the *Speedwell*, but the little band of solemn, black coated, ruffed and hatted men are unmistakable. These are the English Puritans who settled in New England.

* * * *

One collection of pictures which was disposed of in New York in April was of more than usual interest. Many of them were old English paintings, and their genuineness was guaranteed by Mr. Sedelmeyer, who sold them. One of the most charming was a portrait by Romney of Miss Eleanor Gordon. This was an excellent example of the work of this artist, the heavy hair, the arch expression, and the sweet white frock, with its red sash, making a picture which was delightful, irrespective of its artistic qualities as a painting.

Beside this good Romney there were portraits by Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, Opie, and Shee. One picture by a French artist was of the "Old Pretender," James Stuart. It was almost full length, and clad in armor. Another royal picture was Constable's "Embarkation of George IV from Whitehall," on the occasion of the opening of Waterloo bridge.

The modern pictures were very good. They included a first rate Corot, two Meissoniers, a Munkacsy, and a Fortuny, besides many others of the first class.

* * * *

Mr. James Ellsworth, of Chicago, was the purchaser of the Troyon of the Fuller sale, which the French government coveted, and he is going to take his pictures from Chicago to New York on account of Chicago's atmosphere. This brought Mr. Charles Yerkes' magnificent collection of pictures to Gotham, and will take Potter Palmer's from Chicago to Newport. Mr. Ellsworth has spent more than a million dollars on his paintings, and he has selected them with rare judgment. He owns ten Innesses. When Mr. W. A. Clarke, of Montana,

finishes his picture gallery on Fifth Avenue and Mr. Ellsworth has settled his collection, the metropolis will have the most remarkable assemblage of paintings ever brought together in one city since the beginning of the world. There are probably as many good pictures in many European cities, but they came there by entirely different means. In the older countries, pictures were collected through inheritance, a process going on from generation to generation. Many of the great portrait collections are made up almost entirely from gifts. In this country the owners of our great private galleries not only made their own collections of pictures, but the money which purchased them. And in nine cases out of ten they require no weeding.

* * * *

Besides "The Standard Bearer," by Rembrandt, Mr. George Gould has purchased Gainsborough's portrait of Lady Mulgrave, which was sold at Christie's about a year ago.

It would be a most excellent thing if the owners of our private galleries would allow the public to visit them, as is so commonly done in England, and was so long the practice of the late Mr. Walters, of Baltimore.

* * * *

At the Knoedler gallery hangs a Corot which is an interesting specimen of this master's work—especially to students, as it is painted in his "early manner." It is hard to realize that Corot belongs to the last century as well as to this. He was born in 1796 and died in 1875. This large canvas, showing a landscape with wood centers and a wagon with four horses crossing a stream, was painted in 1832. At the first sight it does not suggest Corot, but a look at the detail shows that even then he had the same infallible way of painting nature by means that seem almost intangible.

Corot was not understood, at first. The critics were accustomed to a different sort of painting. These gray canvases did not appeal to them; but as the years went by, the painter's charm asserted itself. Finally his country, always ready to reward her artists, gave him every honor in its power, and he died in the consciousness of his great fame.

POSTAL SAVINGS DEPOSITORIES.

BY JAMES A. GARY,

Postmaster General of the United States.

The head of our Post Office Department points out the advantages to be derived from a system which will encourage the masses to lay by small sums, and suggests means by which the benefits of the institution may be confined to this element of our population.

THE proposition to establish Postal Savings Depositories in the United States is meeting with the most generous consideration throughout the country. In my report, recently issued, I expressed the conviction that the time was "ripe for their establishment in connection with other duties of this department," and that belief has been amply justified by the interest and cordiality with which the public has received the proposition. My reasons for the confidence expressed were that the country had just passed through a period of profound depression, and that the people had thereby acquired the inestimable lesson of the need of looking ahead, and of saving something for the time to come. I believed that one such experience would be enough for the American people, and that they were ready to do anything which guaranteed, to ameliorate, at least, the recurrence of the late unfortunate conditions. That this was a correct view is no longer to be doubted. Fortunately the conditions are favorable, and the people are in the frame of mind to provide for a surplus over and above the necessities of life, and to save it, and it remains for the government to provide the means and instrumentality of saving it.

The theory upon which these means should be based is to teach the value of small economies; to induce and to enable the people to get something ahead; to make them independent of the harsh exactions of the credit system; and to relieve many of them of a condition that is often moneyless. The theory is not to help them to become rich by finding profitable investments for their large ac-

cumulations. The development of such large accumulations must necessarily be left to private enterprise and individual skill and intelligence. The Postal Savings Depository, wherever applied, was designed for the use of the humblest members of society, and wherever this object has been perverted by persons of generous means taking advantage of the system to have their surplus capital profitably invested without any trouble to themselves, it has operated to clog the system and to increase its cost and labor far beyond that judicious degree which the State should exercise. A few simple restrictions applied to the Postal Savings Depositories would readily serve to keep their operations within healthful bounds. The amount of any one deposit should be limited to a comparatively small figure. The total amount of deposits allowed in a single year, as well as all together, should be limited to a modest sum. The number of deposits permitted in a week or a month should also be restricted. By such methods the system will offer no temptation to rich people, accustomed to handle generous sums, or to those who are constantly looking for profitable investments. It will be confined, as it is intended to be, to the depositors of the smaller amounts, who are more solicitous of securing their money than of finding a profitable investment. I am sure, from the information I am receiving in letters almost daily, that the government could be made the receptacle of millions of dollars annually for the mere guarantee of its safe and prompt return, without the pledge of one cent of interest. The first consideration in the mind of every one is security and the cer-

tainty of return of the principal. The profit coming from interest is a secondary consideration. Therefore, the system can be established in this country with the lowest known rate of interest, and yet with every assurance of success.

The Postal Savings System, under such conditions, would in no sense be a competitor of the existing banks of the country. On the contrary, it would take the place of a great primary school for the benefit of the existing banks. It is estimated that there are not more than ten million persons in the whole country who are using the facilities of banks, trust companies, building and loan associations, etc. The remaining sixty million know little or nothing about the modern banking and loan associations, and they realize no benefit from them except in a remote and indirect way. The Postal Savings System would attract many of the latter class. It would probably double the number of persons now acquainted with and enjoying the benefits of banking facilities, and would also, to a very large extent, increase the amount of money in active circulation. It would lead men, women, and children to take their accumulated savings, the result of small economies, from the postal depository, and place them in the savings banks, the trust companies, loan associations, or other institutions, which today do not seek and have not the use of this class of savings. It stands to reason, if the government, for example, should pay interest at the rate of two per cent while the savings banks were paying from three to four per cent, that as soon as the depositors had learned, through their experience with the government system, of the advantages to be derived from a use of the present banking establishments, they would transfer their deposits, having reached the limited amount, from the government institutions to those which guaranteed the larger income. It is the experience of other countries where the Postal Savings System is in vogue, that only about one eighth of the sum of the many deposits made in the course of a year is allowed to remain for permanent investment, seven eighths of it being withdrawn within the year for current use; that is, persons of small incomes

take this way of laying up the necessary money for their rent, their winter fuel, or their annual stock of clothing, or for the equipment of the home with new furniture, or the purchase of instruments of industry. In many ways they utilize the money they are thus enabled to save in sums large enough to be useful, and at the same time they secure their financial independence. It is the daily experience of foreign bureaus to have depositors withdraw their savings of years for the purchase of a little home, or for the establishment of a modest business. Almost invariably these depositors begin again the pleasant task of accumulating their savings for the future, for, when the habit of saving is once acquired, it is only abandoned in the rarest instances.

It is the uniform testimony of the philanthropists and statesmen of Europe that no other system or custom of their countries has done so much to improve the condition of their people as the savings system, whether operated through the post offices or through other state and municipal methods. Nor is it necessary to go to Europe to find demonstrations of that great fact. The savings banks of the United States furnish ample data to prove that they have been the best means of developing thrift and the other conservative qualities that make a people great. In the communities where these banks have been operated for the longest time, and the system has been most generally applied, are found the greatest comfort, the most general diffusion of wealth, and the highest intelligence and progress. As extravagance is destructive of the best forces of society, so is economy the most efficient quality for the building up of human character and civilization. The opponents of the Postal Savings System, to prove the superiority of private enterprise over government supervision in such matters, point out the magnificent results of the savings banks in the Middle and New England States, and the unparalleled accumulations of the people of that section of the country, especially in Massachusetts, where more than one half of the inhabitants have savings bank accounts. To my mind, these facts furnish one of the most unanswerable arguments in behalf of this project.

Legislation alone made these extraordinary results possible. The mutual savings banks are protected and surrounded by the most careful provisions of law. The protection of the State has inspired that confidence which has attracted the millions of depositors. Private enterprise in Boston, in Philadelphia, and in Baltimore originated the mutual savings banks about eighty years ago, wisely imitating similar movements begun about twenty years earlier in England and Scotland; but the original institutions and their imitators in this country were puny affairs, isolated as to places and very limited as to patrons, so long as the State did not look after them. In Massachusetts, the first bank was founded in 1817, and during the following eighteen years twenty one other banks were established. All of these banks had a different charter, and none of them was subject to the general supervision of the State. They attracted depositors very slowly and accumulated barely \$3,500,000. About that time the banks were subjected to a rigid legislative scrutiny, and the responsibility of the trustees was enlarged. That was the beginning of the savings banks' progress in Massachusetts. Forty years later they had accumulated \$75,000,000. During the seventies, the banking laws in Massachusetts, as well as in several other States, were again rigidly overhauled, and the safeguards to the depositors were strengthened, and as a consequence, during a period of about twenty years, the accumulations in the banks of Massachusetts have risen from \$75,000,000 to nearly \$500,000,000, and the number of depositors to nearly 1,500,000. The history of savings banks in other States is the same, with some modifications, as it is in Massachusetts. The people have more confidence in the national government than they have in anything else. Many of the States to a degree share this distinction with the national government, and it is only where the national government in respect to national banks, or the State in respect to the various other classes of banks, has stepped in and extended its protection and guarantee to the depositors that we find the extraordinary accumulations of this period.

The opponents of the Postal Savings System assert that private enterprise will do in every community what it has done in the Middle and New England States, just as soon as there is a demand for it. I wonder if this is true? Does the history of the growth of the banks justify this assertion? For example, do the larger cities of Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and New Orleans furnish the same opportunities for the deposit and investment of the smaller savings that are furnished by Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore? All the former cities have so called savings banks, but they are not of the character and do not furnish the inducements, not paying the interest nor giving the security, of the mutual savings banks of the latter cities. The former have what are known as stock savings banks, and are established and managed for the benefit of the stockholders, while the latter are conducted exclusively for the benefit and enrichment of the depositors. The times and conditions seem to have changed. The benevolence and kindly foresight which induced the foremost business men of the older communities to take up the task of leading the people to save their money, and to invest it for them, exercising over it often more care than they did over their own possessions, do not appear to be the controlling motive among the managers of savings banks in the newer communities. The altruistic spirit which led the good men of Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, almost simultaneously, to establish the mutual savings banks, which still exist in these cities, surrounded by their successful imitators, has not made its appearance in the newer cities of the country. The savings banks established years ago are nearly all in operation, and are doing a splendid work. If their counterpart were found in every town throughout the country, there would perhaps be less occasion for the Postal Savings System, but unfortunately they are confined to a limited field, to the country north and east of the Potomac River, with a few isolated banks in West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and Wisconsin. In other places where what are known as stock savings banks have been established, the stockholders, naturally, receive

the first consideration and the depositors the second. The managers of these stock savings banks confine themselves to the investment of their own capital or to the capital the profits of which will largely accrue to themselves. At any rate, admirable as the mutual savings bank of New England is in every respect, it has inspired no imitators in the great States south of the Potomac, in the Mississippi Valley and the farther West. Perhaps the difference in conditions is at the bottom of the great difference in banks, which I have pointed out above.

Many of the latter States have been developed by a method entirely different from that of the slow and more natural growth of the Eastern and a few Northern States. The former have usually been the product of large capital which was, and in many instances is today, controlled by a few men or corporations, whose tendency naturally is to ignore the smaller schemes of men; to overlook, if not to discountenance, those petty economies which were indispensable to the life and the very existence of the original settlers of this country. The larger and more rapid plans of development have necessarily produced an atmosphere of extravagance, of large means, and of princely investment. Ownership involves, in many instances, plantations, square miles, certainly not less than quarter sections. Mining companies reach out for the mountain ranges, and individual wheat growers and cattle breeders occupy the valleys between. The few are owners and employers. The many are tenants and employees. Under such a condition of society there is little opportunity or inducement to save.

There is another condition, peculiar to the South, which makes saving there very difficult, or confines it to a portion of the population only. It is unreasonable to expect the millions of freed men to have acquired that sense of saving and foresight which created the savings banks of the North and East, and yet they compose more than one half of the population in several of the States of that section. They constitute the laboring class of their communities, and are, therefore, in a peculiar sense the class from which most of the depositors in the Postal Savings

System may be expected. These people have great faith in their government, and with the means at their hand, under the seal and security of the national authority, they will promptly learn the beneficent lesson of saving, just as they have learned, in a few decades, to earn their own living, to educate their children, to build churches and homes and schoolhouses, and to regard themselves as citizens. I cannot conceive of anything that could supply a greater inspiration for good to the colored people of the South than the means and machinery of saving which the Postal Savings System would give them. They have industry, they have a desire to earn money; but as a class they have not yet acquired the habit of saving. They live from hand to mouth, giving little care to the morrow, and freely spending as fast as they can earn and often faster.

Some opponents of the Postal Savings System insist that legislation cannot improve society, which is the sum and substance of that school of political economists who are forever preaching to "let well enough alone." Philosophers of that school may be able to prove their case in countries of "arrested growth"; but not in America, whose institutions are the result of written law, and whose development is still in its infancy. To appreciate what legislation can do for a people, we need but regard the influence exerted upon American society by the public school system, by the ballot, and by the establishment of the postal system. Their uses in shaping American character have been, and are, of incalculable value, and yet they are the offspring of legislation.

If the United States had "let well enough alone," there would be no "beyond the Mississippi" on its maps, no safe harbors, no frowning fortifications and protective navies to keep out armed enemies, no national banking system, no national postal system. Indeed, the United States would not be united at all. The United States would not be in existence. "Let well enough alone" is the philosophy of indifference, of callousness, of heartlessness. An armed enemy of the State is less to be dreaded than its indifferent friend. There are today, un-

fortunately for the country, many men, otherwise happily equipped for the duties of good citizenship, who affect and practise this baneful policy of indifference. It foreshadows a condition in which the refinement of civilization appears to be eliminating the blood and spirit out of the national life. "Let well enough alone" is the refuge of timid statesmanship, which fears to follow the common judgment of the common people, which harbors distrust of popular sentiment, and which lacks the courage to grapple with new conditions.

In bright contrast with these timid critics who seem to think that our government is filling the full measure of its destiny, are the men and women, and especially the newspaper writers, who are aggressively at work in all parts of the country helping to solve the one overshadowing problem involved in this project: *How is the money to be invested?* To this question every intelligent friend of the system is now devoting himself, and I am in receipt almost daily of interesting and frequently of very instructive suggestions. The leading bills already introduced during this session of Congress, by Senators Mason and Butler in the Senate, and by Mr. Lorimer and Mr. Bartholdt in the House of Representatives, include the same provisions for investing the savings. These include national, state, county, and municipal bonds. The existing bonds of the government are placed first. It is argued in behalf of this mode of investment that these bonds would afford an ample field for the accumulations of the next ten or fifteen years; that the government is not likely to pay off the remaining third of the war debt so rapidly as it paid off the other two thirds; and that ten years from now, when the last of that class of bonds will fall due, there will probably remain at least \$750,000,000 unpaid which, it is urged, would be enough to absorb all the savings. The United Kingdom, with half the population of this country, has accumulated nearly \$600,000,000 since 1862. It is believed that the capacity of the American people to lay up money, when once they shall have learned the lesson of saving, will be much greater than that of the English people, but as

an offset to this it is noted that the opportunities for profitable investment in this country far exceed those of the British Islands. Comparatively, therefore, the American people would invest more in private securities and projects and less in the Postal Savings Depository than is the case with the English people. It is true, in prosperous times, the facilities for investment in the United States are almost without limit.

The second proposition of the bills now pending in Congress, which is only to be considered after the national debt is taken up or paid, authorizes the savings to be invested in state, county, and municipal bonds, the States to guarantee the repayment of loans made to the two latter. This proviso would open a practically limitless field, which is being enlarged by the steady tendency of American cities to improve their streets, to acquire parks, and to own and control all quasi public works. This tendency is very marked, and the time is not far distant when the larger American municipalities will be vying with each other, and offering the very best security for enormous sums of money to be expended in public improvements.

The Hon. Roy Stone, of the Agricultural Department, and president of the National League of Good Roads, is engaged in a propaganda attracting much attention, which points out a way of investing the people's savings through the intervention and upon the guarantee of the several States. Mr. Stone's plan is to invest the money in building good roads, and it appears to have touched a popular chord.

Canada, which has accumulated about \$40,000,000 in thirty years, is devoting the money to public improvements, making a permanent debt due to its depositors, and paying three and one half per cent interest thereon. Of this money twenty per cent must be invested in the securities of the Dominion. The balance is "handed over" to the treasury to be dealt with as any other revenue. It may be paid out for current expenses. It is not likely that the United States will ever adopt this policy. It would furnish a constant temptation to cover up deficits by drawing upon the deposits.

The English system invests the savings in government securities only. Much has been made recently by the opponents of the system of the fact that the English banks have been run at a loss to the government during the last current year. This loss was less than \$19,000, upon operations involving the investment of \$550,000,000. Twenty years ago the system involved a loss of as many pounds, or about \$90,000. It also failed to make both ends meet during the first three years of its operation. Nevertheless, the English system has earned after paying two and one half per cent interest on deposits, the handsome sum of £1,550,000 or nearly \$7,750,000, which the government has, from time to time, divided among the depositors. There is, therefore, little comfort in the English experience for the American opponent of the system. Last year the deficiency was an apparent loss only, making it compulsory upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer to buy such securities in the open market, or else let the money lie idle, which naturally advanced the premium on such securities. The condition of the times during the last three years also contributed to this state of things. English industries were prosperous enough, and there was a fair demand for money for home use; but there was no demand for the surplus of English capital in this country, which had heretofore been one of its best markets. As a consequence, the English money market, always fully stocked, became plethoric, government securities came in great demand, and the price of consols went up to 112; the rate of interest fell even below two and one half per cent, which is the rate guaranteed to the depositors in the savings banks.

The simplest form of investment, and that most generally employed by countries using the Postal Savings System, is in government securities. These are preferred almost everywhere. Municipal bonds constitute a very common form of investment. They afford a good market in France, Belgium, the Australian colonies, New Zealand, and in a few other minor countries. But real estate appears to be the most popular channel for this

kind of investment. Mortgage bonds of continental Europe, where land has become valuable, are sought after by every bank. This is true of France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Austria, Sweden, Norway, and also by the municipal banks of Prussia, Bavaria, and Switzerland.

It is constantly being urged upon me by correspondents from every part of the country, from the East no less than from the West, to secure a provision for the investment of savings funds in real estate, which is usually intended to mean farms. Many excellent reasons are advanced for this disposition of the money, but thus far no one has been able to present a practical plan for its realization. Any plan for the investment of the money that would require such infinite detail in its administration as the loaning of money on ordinary mortgage bonds, would probably be found impracticable.

In conclusion, I wish to call attention to the remarkable liberality of the charters under which the original savings banks of Massachusetts were organized. The banks were governed by trustees who had absolute control of the funds, subject only to the limitations that they should in no way profit by the handling of money, and that it should be invested in the following seven distinct classes of securities:

1. The stock of any bank, state or national.
2. Loans by deposit in any bank, state or national, on time and on interest.
3. Bonds or notes of individuals, secured by bank stock, to ninety per cent of the par value of the latter.
4. Bonds and mortgages to an amount not exceeding three fourths of the total deposits in hand. The real estate might be situate in any State.
5. Public funds of the State and of the United States.
6. Bonds of counties, cities, and towns.
7. To private citizens on personal security by two promisors, to the amount of one fourth of the deposits in hand.

In 1841 railway stock was added to the classes enumerated above.

There was practically no limit to investment in those securities that were

then and are today regarded as absolutely safe. Those ancient charters were made to recognize two important principles. First they gave large, almost absolute power to the managers of the banks; and second, they provided for the greatest possible variety of investment consistent with safety. After eighty years of ex-

perience it is difficult to improve upon these provisions. Coupled with the statutes which the State from time to time enacted for the protection of the depositors, it is a wonder no longer that the savings banks of Massachusetts have outstripped all other savings institutions in the world.

James A. Gary.



THE SPELL OF NIGHT.

THE faded roses drift along the west,
 To die in silver windrows on its rim;
 Pearl gauzes drop across the meadow's breast;
 The flocks of white petunias are dim,
 And shadows soothe them into fragrant rest.

A nighthawk's signal quivers in the gloom,
 A clear, sharp lance of sound; then droops the wing
 Of silence, dipped in forest born perfume,
 Where flavors of the dawning summer cling,
 Blent with the breath of spring's departing bloom.

My soul is restless for, I know not what—
 Cool, mossy walks; the drip of woodland springs;
 Some half remembered, half imagined spot
 A scarce caught echo in the silence brings—
 A glimpse, a dream, of something I have not.

Dark violet, the mighty heavens sweep.
 Behold, the pain is soothed, and peace is here.
 Pure mists of dew the drowsy flowers steep;
 The balm of rest for weary hearts is near;
 God lights the stars and sends the world to sleep.

Hattie Whitney.

INTO BATTLE AND THROUGH IT.

BY ELLIOTT F. SHAW.

A National Guardsman's trying experiences as a volunteer in the United States army of invasion—A graphic pen picture of the grim reality of war.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp.

We have been at it all day, and are still trudging wearily onward. All day in the dust of a dry plain and the heat of the tropics we have kept it up; that is, the strongest of us. The others have literally dropped by the wayside—played out. There is a scant two thirds of us left now, for we are not seasoned veterans. On the contrary, we are citizen soldiers, volunteers, militia, who have never before known acute physical suffering. From sun up until sun down, and now far into the hot night, we have been making a forced march. Where? We do not know. Some of our officers know, and that is enough. The friends we have left behind us at home are better informed about it than we are. They have their papers to tell them. As for ourselves, we have learned how little the individual soldier knows of what is going on around him.

A battle is being fought somewhere in our front. This we know, for we have heard the firing of the heavier guns. It cheered us on while it lasted, for we knew our comrades were being hard pressed, and we were going to their rescue; but when night fell, as it does in the tropics suddenly, the firing ceased and our minds became more than ever conscious of our tired muscles. We are making barely three miles an hour now. We are tired, sleepy, hungry, and, far worse, thirsty, with no means to relieve our thirst. Our canteens have been empty for hours, though we each carry two. A man uses a great amount of water in a hot climate. The worst of it is that most of us foolishly used part of the water in one canteen to moisten the canvas cover of the other, so that the water in the latter would be cooled by the evaporation. It is a tropical trick which we have learned—in this case to our disadvantage. We shall know better next time. But will there be a next time? We are going into battle. Will we go through it? Not all of us. There are prizes in this game we have been so anxious to play, and the prizes are death.

We are sadly out of temper. What is worse, our officers are also, for the strain has told on them as well as on the men, and their cries of "Close up!" and "Stop straggling!" become harsher and sharper as we drag ourselves, half stumbling, along the dusty road. A band of specters we seem to each other, a long, swaying serpent with its tail lost in the darkness behind.

A strange army we would seem to the people who flocked to see us in New York. While we have not been in battle yet, we have been in the field long enough to learn to throw away everything that is not absolutely necessary. There is not even a blanket in the command now, for the nights are so hot we do not need them, and as to tents—well, we turned them over to the quartermaster long ago. But we have added some things of more use. A number of pickaxes and spades have been dealt out to us, and we take turns carrying them with many a complaint. Our brigade commander is quoted as saying that we will be more willing to carry them after we have been under fire a few times. They are handy things to dig trenches with, and the trenches will save our lives—some of them.

Twenty five miles we have made today, they tell us, and we have five more to make. They seem endless; but in reality they prove to be a scanty three and a half, for our comrades who have been in the fight of the day have been vastly outnumbered, and have been driven back by the enemy, though they have stubbornly fought every inch of the ground.

With delight we hear a rough challenge, "Who comes there?" and are halted and ordered to stack our arms, while our commanding officer goes forward to give an account of himself. It is a joyous opportunity to rest, and we are most of us asleep by the side of the road before he comes back. We get but a cat nap, however, and are soon moving again, this time in a direction at right angles to the road. We know what that means. We have arrived at the field of battle for tomorrow's fight. Be-

hind us we can hear, indistinctly, the commands for other regiments to form "left front into line." Now we are brought to "attention" ourselves. Our column of fours wheels left into line, and we are halted again. Again our guns are stacked, and after being cautioned not to wander away from them, we hear the welcome order "Dismissed."

"Water!" is now the cry on every lip, and after a time we find some and quench our feverish thirst. This satisfied, hunger takes its turn, and we seek wood with which to build a fire, delighted now with anticipations of hot coffee and delicious fried bacon. For days our stomachs have turned at the thought of bacon, for it has been the only meat issued to us for over a month, but tonight it will surely be delicious. Alas! we have counted without our host. The moment a fire is started we get a dozen orders to put it out, and an officer springs toward it and kicks the pieces of burning wood in a dozen directions. Even before he does so there is a queer buzzing, humming, and whistling in the air, and we know why we must do without it. It was an excellent mark for the enemy, and the whistling we heard was of bullets. We have been under fire. The firing has ceased, but the idea gives us a strange feeling of elation. We are something more than the average run of our fellow men. Without a complaint we, who have often dined at Delmonico's, sit down to a meal of raw bacon, hard tack, and cold water. Then, like so many satisfied animals, we drop in our places and fall asleep on the bare ground with our coats for pillows.

Sleep, did I say? Surely we did not sleep. It is still night, but a sergeant is awakening us with a rough order to be quiet and fall into ranks. The roll is called, again we break ranks, and are given ten minutes to bolt more raw bacon and hard tack. Still more of it is issued to us to carry, for once in battle there will be little chance for us to get food until it is over. We are ordered to fill our canteens and be more careful of our water supply in future (which we will surely be), and then our half numbed and aching bodies are loaded down with a further issue of ammunition.

In the east there is a faint strip of light, and we are hurriedly marched forward into our place on the right of our line, for the twilight of morning is of as short duration as that of night, and we must get as near the enemy as we can under cover of the darkness. Today it is our side which has the greater numbers, unless the enemy has also been reinforced during the night, and we are to attack and win back all that was

lost yesterday, and more if we can. Orders are given in muffled tones, and we plunge forward in the darkness, leaving the fighters of yesterday behind as a reserve.

The light in the east grows brighter. We can see a company fall back now and then, as it is ordered into position as a reserve or support. Then comes an order from our own battalion commander: "Form for attack—the first the base company—march!" Our captain halts every other section to form the company supports, and the rest are hurried forward into line of squads, still moving forward, but now more cautiously.

A flame of fire bursts from the eastern horizon, and as it does so another bursts in front of us with a roar. A man who has just been joking with us falls dead at our side; we hear a rolling of musketry, and know the battle has begun. Day breaks in an instant; we can see the puffs of smoke from the enemy's position, and we are given the welcome order to fire a few rounds at them. In an instant we are wild with the excitement of battle, and it is well that we are held in this line of squads and under the immediate command of a non commissioned officer, or we should fire away all our ammunition before the battle was half fought.

We are well into the zone of fire now, and the squads of our line advance alternately in rushes of about thirty yards. This line then lies down and fires while the other makes a similar rush, gaining half that distance to our front. Now we cease firing and take our turn at the forward movement while the other squads fire. Men begin to fall in these rushes now, but we are too excited and too busy to notice or think of them—thank God. Very willingly we obey orders not to expose ourselves more than we can help, but to take advantage of every tree, rock, or gully that can shield us.

The enemy's fire is hot and effective. The bullets "zip" by our ears or over our heads, and some go with a "spat" into the earth at our feet, but many find their mark, and we are soon deployed by squads into line of skirmishers. A thin line it seems to us, with too much distance between the individual skirmishers, for our dead and wounded are not in it, and they are more than we thought. We glance anxiously backward, and wonder if it is not time for the supports to be brought to our aid. This looks too much like fighting the entire army of the enemy by ourselves. Yes, there they come, already deployed like ourselves into line of skirmishers, and back in the distance we can see the battalion and brigade reserves closing up. We know what that means. We are nearer the ene-

my's position than we think. When those reserves get on the line there will be one wild charge—and the enemy will be defeated, or we will—a trifling matter depending upon which has the greater numbers and which the better fighters.

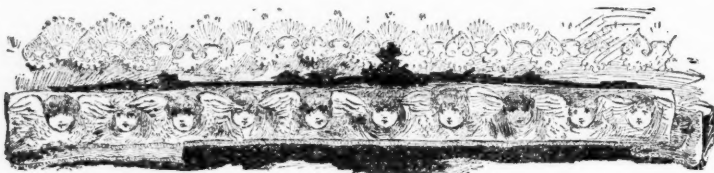
The supports are with us now, and we rush forward with more confidence, this time by sections. Our fire becomes more rapid as we halt in turn—and more men drop at each rush. But behind us the reserves are coming, and we know that they will more than fill their places. On the drill ground at home the reserves always seemed ludicrously useless. What confidence they give us now!

The trees and rocks grow scarcer now, and the whole line is suddenly halted. In a rift of the smoke we can see the enemy's position, not two hundred yards away. They have anticipated our intention to attack, and have thrown up rude intrenchments. Now comes the order for "rapid fire," and we pump bullets at the enemy until our rifle barrels are so hot we cannot touch them. If the enemy give way at this, we know we will not have to charge them. But they answer the fire ferociously. The combined firing sounds like the "rolling" of a thousand deafening drums, punctuated irregularly by the booming of cannon and the steady whir of the enemy's machine guns.

Now comes the final test. We are commanded to "fix bayonets," and then con-

tinue the rapid fire. There is the tramp of thousands of men in our rear. Up come the reserves. Another long rush is made, followed by "rapid fire" again. And then comes the command we are so impatient to hear: "To the charge—march!" and we spring forward through the smoke with our bayonets at the charge. There are plucky men against us, and they stand to their posts and pour a murderous fire into us as we dash over that last hundred yards. But we reach their line at last, and go over their intrenchments at a couple of bounds. An indescribable mêlée follows of individual fighting with bayonets, revolvers, swords, and clubbed muskets. And then, panting and exhausted, we cease—victors, for our enemies have either surrendered or died at their posts.

On we go again, mad with joy, this time turning to our left. We have turned their flank. The enemy's cavalry charge us, but they are met and driven back by cavalry of our own. Our light artillery dashes up to some high ground to our right and opens fire. Our cavalry plunges in to reap the fruits of victory in captures; we can see the enemy's line giving way all along their front, hotly pursued by our own. All is practically over save the pursuit, in which at present we are too exhausted to join. We are halted to guard prisoners and captured cannon—and get time to think, to realize that we have been into battle and through it victoriously.



THE THOUGHT OF HER.

THE thought of her is like a breath of spring,
Sweet with a promise even as the wind.
It warms my heart again and clears my mind,
And sets the flowers of pleasure blossoming.
Love, like a bird, returns with it to sing,
Life leaves the shadows everywhere behind;
It bubbles up and hastens on to find
The sunlight that the birds and blossoms bring.

And like the flowery fragrance of the breeze,
This happy thought is sweet with memories—
Of long ago when we were children yet;
Of other days, like this, which she made bright
For with me with so much happiness and light
As I shall never while I live forget.

Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

LIKE SOLDIERS, ALL.

BY TOM HALL.

An incident in warfare with the Indians—The story that was told the civilian on the march, and what the civilian saw himself in battle.

I SAT on the top of a flat boulder and watched while my saddle nag and pack mule nibbled at the sparse bunches of grass that may be found in Arizona—occasionally. Before me stretched the blue gray panorama of a mountain desert, and the same was on either hand and behind. Dots of greenish gray cactus pricked the sand at irregular intervals. Here and there bleached bones were slowly disintegrating, constant reminders of the serious end of life, and the frequent rattle of a snake's tail offered the means of exit. To make up for the quiescence of the rest, pink and green lizards scudded about as though the fate of the universe depended on their haste. It was the God forsaken land of the Apache, with nothing to redeem it but its cold beauty.

To my left stretched a desert mirage, and from it I now heard the fall of the feet of many horses. A chill of fear ran down my spine, for I knew Cochise had "jumped" the San Carlos reservation with his band of Chiricahuas; but before I could reach for my rifle I heard a stern, martial voice shouting gruffly, "Close up in rear!" and I knew I had fallen in with pursuers, rather than pursued.

Presently they emerged from the foggy mirage, mounted specters in single file. A boyish, worried looking officer rode at the head, and he galloped to my little elevation, clapped a pair of field glasses to his eyes, and looked anxiously ahead. Then he marched on without a word, and by that I knew that he was new to the business. In the desert one greets a stranger as a long lost friend, and parts with him reluctantly. Following him went the troop, on whose felt campaign hats I read the legend "B-12," by which I knew that this was the second troop of the Twelfth Regiment of Uncle Sam's cavalry.

"Better jog along with us, sir, if you're moving south," said a voice at the rear. And thus I fell in and made friends with the second sergeant and the blacksmith of the command.

"After Indians?" I asked, knowing perfectly well they were, but feigning a proper civilian ignorance.

"Aye, and a long ways after them, I'm taking it," answered the sergeant. "And it's all owin' to our bein' recently an orphan troop."

"An orphan troop?"

"A troop without commissioned officers. Our captain's on sick leave, our first lootinint detached on special duty, an' our old second recently promoted. Whereby we come to be commanded by this bloomin' red cheeked babe you see in front."

"A wasp waisted idiot fresh from the military school," growled the blacksmith, "commanding men who fought with Sheridan."

"And a sick job he's having of it," added the sergeant, whereat the blacksmith laughed loud and uproariously, bringing down upon him the objurgations of many dusty files in front, and commands, devoid of authority, to "shut up and act like a soldier."

"Like a soldier it is," laughed the sergeant. "Now, if you were in front with the little lootinint boy when he heard that, you'd a seen him blush like a fresh kissed girl. It's a phrase we tantalize him with."

"Why that?" I asked.

"Because he used it to admonish us when he took over command, not liking our looks or our ways—us, who were soldiers when he wore dresses. We weren't clean enough to suit him, not having drawn clothing in half a year, having been scouting that time in the mountains with the orderly sergeant in command."

"And we weren't set up quite as straight as the cadets he was used to."

"And swore."

"An' got drunk and fought."

"An' chewed tobacco, an' used bad language of other kinds."

"Yes, he didn't like the looks of us, an' we didn't like the style of him. So we made his life a living hell, which the private soldier can do with his officer when he has the mind."

"And your orderly sergeant?" I asked.

"Looked on without a word. He's the maddest of 'em all, 'cause he's working for his shoulder straps an' looked to command the troop on this campaign himself, and win much glory."

"Yes, we nearly lost the campaign altogether, for they kept us in post with the doughboys all on account of him, until necessity compelled them, and now we'll be the laughing stock of the regiment, just as he has been of the doughboys and their officers."

"Why?"

In answer the blacksmith simply held up his saber with scorn.

"He made us take these pig stickers with us, as though we were going to charge squares of civilized infantry. It's the first time they've been carried on an Indian campaign, but, faith, we must needs be like the soldiers he has been reading about in his books at West Point—an' it'll nickname the regiment, see if it don't."

The slender trail stretched ahead, visible for miles, and I let them tell their story. And ere the end was reached my heart went out in sympathy to poor little, bewildered Lieutenant Raines, who was riding so manfully and silently at our head.

This poor fellow, filled with the ideals of soldier life, had stumbled out into the desert to command this grumbling troop of human devils, without the aid or counsel of an older officer, for well I knew the infantry officers associated with him would help him not at all. He had fallen from the highest ideal to plainest real in a day, and the descent had not been made easy for him.

"He proceeded to jump on us at the very first parade he attended," continued the sergeant, "and he was not sparing in his remarks, which we considered impudent, not to say imprudent. He told us flatly that we looked like a lot of cowboys, and bade us brace up and look like soldiers. He found dirt in our guns and dirt in our quarters, likewise dirt in our mess and dirt in our stables—which was not surprising, as the dirt was surely there. But he did more than find it; he made us clean it up. He was very free with disparaging remarks concerning our personal appearance, and instituted certain regulations that pleased him, though it did not us, concerning the number of baths we were to take per week and the number of times we were to shave. Then he got us out every morning before breakfast for an hour of setting up drill, with the same end in view of making us look more like soldiers, and that was the needle that broke the camel's eye, or whatever the saying is. That made us the laugh-

ing stock of the doughboys, who looked on insolently from the porch of their barracks.

'Like soldiers' became a byword they taunted us with, and by the same token a byword we taunted him with, pretending, of course, that we did not expect to be overheard, which is a way all soldiers have.

"At mounted revolver practice we drove him near crazy. Oh, the scores we made! Never a man missed at all. Did a revolver go off in the air, 'Hit!' the scorer would roar, and gravely stick a paster on the target that like enough hadn't a hole in it anywhere. And the lootinint would compliment and wonder till it was a roarin' farce. But he found that out himself, and when he did he sent us back to barracks in a hurry and rode away to his quarters alone, no doubt with his heart breaking.

"But the climax came at last, and then we quit for shame of ourselves. He's a willin' little fellow, God knows, and he started a night school for us, he to be the teacher and giving his time to it, when he might be flirting with the women or playing cards with the doughboy officers, which latter, no doubt, they wanted him to do, for he would have been easy plucking. He had a tent pitched where it was quiet, and called for volunteers to attend school. Not a man went, though some might have been willing under other circumstances. But when we discovered that the doughboy officers, the younger ones, any way, had hidden behind the tent to make the more fun of him, we got mad at them instead and let up. Then for a while we were model soldiers, although it was hard at times, during drill. You must know, sir, that it's a queer mixture of learning they put into a man at West Point; and when a cadet graduates he's as much of an engineer as he is of the line, and as much of an artillery officer as he is officer of cavalry or infantry. So we were never surprised to hear amazin' commands at drill; and when marching in column of platoons we heard him roar out such a command as 'On right into battery!' you can imagine it was hard work for us to keep our faces straight. But we behaved—like soldiers."

"Until he armed us with these pig stickers," grunted the blacksmith, never raising his eyes from the ground, for it was his duty to look for lost shoes.

"It broke out, then, again," assented the sergeant. "Small wonder. Is he going to have us charge the red devils with cold steel? We might start, but 'twould be riderless horses that would gallop through—and hardly them. O'Brien, our orderly sergeant, protested; but with new importance in his mind, the boy lootinint bade

the sergeant shut up and obey. And now O'Brien is mad clear through, and getting madder every minute of the march, for not once since we started has the boy asked his advice even about a camping place, which is quite customary and proper with shave-tail-officers."

"Shavetail?" I queried.

"The army equivalent for 'tenderfoot.' You must know that when an army mule comes fresh from the East its tail is properly shaved, all exceptin' a little bunch at the end. Afterwards that part of its toilet is not attended to, and the old ones have tails like worn out feather dusters. By that you can tell them apart."

"I should think he would have to ask more or less about the trails," said I.

"But he hasn't," the sergeant replied. "By sheer good luck he is marching us in the right direction, but I'll lay me life that we're not within a hundred and fifty miles of those Apaches or any other troop that is after them, and this is our sixth day out."

Apparently from the bosom of the blue haze that lay on the horizon came an indistinct tapping.

"What's that?" asked the blacksmith sharply.

"By the powers, it's shooting or I'm a naygur!" answered the other. I could see a slight commotion at the head of the column, and by that I knew that the orderly sergeant had heard, also.

"It's off to the left," said the blacksmith.

"To the right, you half deaf idiot," returned the sergeant. "It's from around that point of rocky hill. It's a fight, sure. We'll be going in a minute, sir, and I advise you to stay with the pack train." I reined up, and fell back as he suggested, for I have a family to take care of, and am not paid to fight.

"Attention—column half right—gallop—march!" I heard the boy lieutenant cry out in a high pitched voice, and I saw him wave his saber over his head. The bugle repeated the command, and then for the first time I saw the cavalry of my country gallop into battle.

"God be with you all, boy and men," I muttered to myself; and then took up the gallop with the slower mules of the pack train, now whipped up by their swearing drivers, and a guard of two men from the troop.

We were not far behind when the troop formed left front into line on a little ridge, the continuation of the salient angle of the rocky hill which had before hidden the battle from sight. Before them stretched a sloping, sandy plain, dotted with blooming cactus and detached boulders. Among the

boulders I could see occasionally the red headband characteristic of the Apache, and from the rocks continuous spurts of white smoke. A few bullets now began to sing over our heads, for we were in plain sight of the Indian line and on its right flank. Off to the left I could indistinctly see the herd of Indian ponies being driven hurriedly away from the danger that this new body of troops threatened.

Eight hundred yards or more to the right, at the base of the hills, was the line of troops already in action. They, too, were protected by boulders, there more frequent, and by some straggling scrub trees hardly higher than bushes. From the top of the hill, also, there came now and then a stray shot at long range, showing where they had dismounted and left their horses.

The pack train was hurried into a little gully, out of sight, but I rode on, excitedly, to the motionless troop. The lieutenant was making a speech to them, in what I, and no doubt they, thought a childish way, and I caught the last two words of it—"like soldiers"—and I smiled to myself. Then I saw him wheel his horse slowly and face in the direction of the hidden Apaches.

"Draw saber!" he cried, his voice rising with excitement. "Forward, gallop—march—charge!" And suiting the action to the word he spurred his horse and galloped on—alone. Not a man had drawn saber. Not a man had stirred.

"It's certain death, and no good to come from it," said one.

"He's but a boy and unfit to command," said another.

"He's crazy," said a third, and there was a confused murmur from the rest to the same effect.

The orderly sergeant, big, burly, savage looking, sat on his horse in front of the right platoon, biting his lip and frowning.

Fifty yards away now, the boy lieutenant was galloping on alone with his saber raised over his head and never looking back.

Then I heard an oath that made my heart jump with joyous anticipation.

"Fool boy or no, he shall not go to his death by himself." It was the orderly sergeant who both spoke and swore. "The man dies in his tracks who does not follow. Draw saber—gallop—charge!" And away they went, with a wild, shrieking cheer, boot to boot and with sabers flashing in the air—cuirassiers of Napoleon charging an English square, rather than American cavalrymen driving redskins from their chosen battle ground of rocks. I flung my hat in the air and shouted at the glory of it. And from the line on the right came an answer—

ing cheer as the men tumbled out from their rocks and charged on foot, taking wise advantage of the diversion, and no doubt soldierly joy in the unusual spectacle.

I saw men fall from their saddles and riderless horses gallop away, snorting with fear and pain. I also saw brown bodies jump into the air and fall back limply. There was a din of shouts and shots and a varying curtain of dust and smoke, but I saw the charge go through, saw the troop—what was left of it—reform beyond and charge back. Twice was this repeated, the troop of the boy lieutenant growing ever smaller, but the troops originally attacking coming nearer and nearer. After the second charge the boy lieutenant disappeared, and after the third the troop was led by the second sergeant, with whom I could now claim acquaintance. Then, with a despairing, angry yell, the Apaches broke and fled in a dozen different directions.

That night I camped with the victors and their prisoners. The foray of Cochise and his dreaded Chiricahuas was at an end. Long after taps had fallen from the brazen lips of the bugle a hand was laid on my shoulder as I was lying on my blanket, too much excited to sleep.

"Did you see it?" queried the familiar voice of my friend, the sergeant.

"All," I answered. "How is your boy lieutenant?"

"Alive, thank God, and like to live to be the pride of his regiment and the darling of his troop. Think of it! This morning

we despised him, and tonight we would charge into the infernals just to amuse him, if he asked it. Oh, man dear, it was grand! I am clean lifted out of my ordinary self. And I am not the only one. You should see old Black Jack Carpenter of ours. He is the captain of one of those three companies that were lined up over yonder. The other two are troops of the Eleventh that think themselves particular pumpkins and have always made more or less fun of us. Black Jack is walking on air. Says old Billings to Black Jack (Billings is one of the Eleventh's captains): 'Why the devil don't they send youngsters like that to our regiment. We've got nothing but fops lately.' Oh, the compliment of it! We're the star regiment of horse now, I will have you understand. We did with one troop, led by a beardless boy, what three troops led by experienced captains were failing to do. 'Tis satisfaction enough for a lifetime. But the point I wanted to make with you is this: I was telling you some things on the trail that I had better have left unsaid. We'll not be thinking or feeling that way again, and I wanted to ask you never to tell any one the mean things that we did to that brave boy. You won't, will you?"

Perhaps I promised. But the boy lieutenant is a field officer now and will not care, and the men of the old troop are probably dead or pensioned; and I have concluded to tell at last, because it seemed worth telling. If I have done wrong I am sure they will forgive me—like soldiers, all.

REVOLT.

Is it for hearts to disobey?

Down, you vagabond, down, I say!

I have work to do, I have watch to keep;

There is naught for you but to lie and sleep.

I have chosen to work and to walk alone—

Peace! Have done with your senseless moan!

Why are you clamoring long and shrill,

Why do you leap when the road is still?

Are there steps too distant for human ear,

Steps that only a heart can hear?

Heed them not, for my will shall rule—

Curse you, then, for a restless fool!

I have hidden that none might find the way—

Down, you vagabond, down, I say!

Would you bring them around with your foolish whine?

I have chosen the trail, and the trail is mine!

I must go alone—but the path is steep

And the dark has visions—I pray you, sleep!

Marian West.

DEWEY'S INVINCIBLE SQUADRON.

The famous ships that have made May 1 a notable date in our nation's history—The battle in Manila harbor, and why it was the cleverest naval engagement ever fought.

THESE invincible boats have been pictured before; they cannot be pictured too often. They are a part of our national history now. That this little squadron could steal into Manila harbor and fight not only eleven war ships but the shore fortifications as well, destroying the entire Spanish squadron, killing or wounding seven or eight hundred men, and come out with hardly a scratch, under terrific fire, as they were, is one of the marvels of the world. And yet ten times more marvelous is the fact that on these boats of ours not a man was killed, and

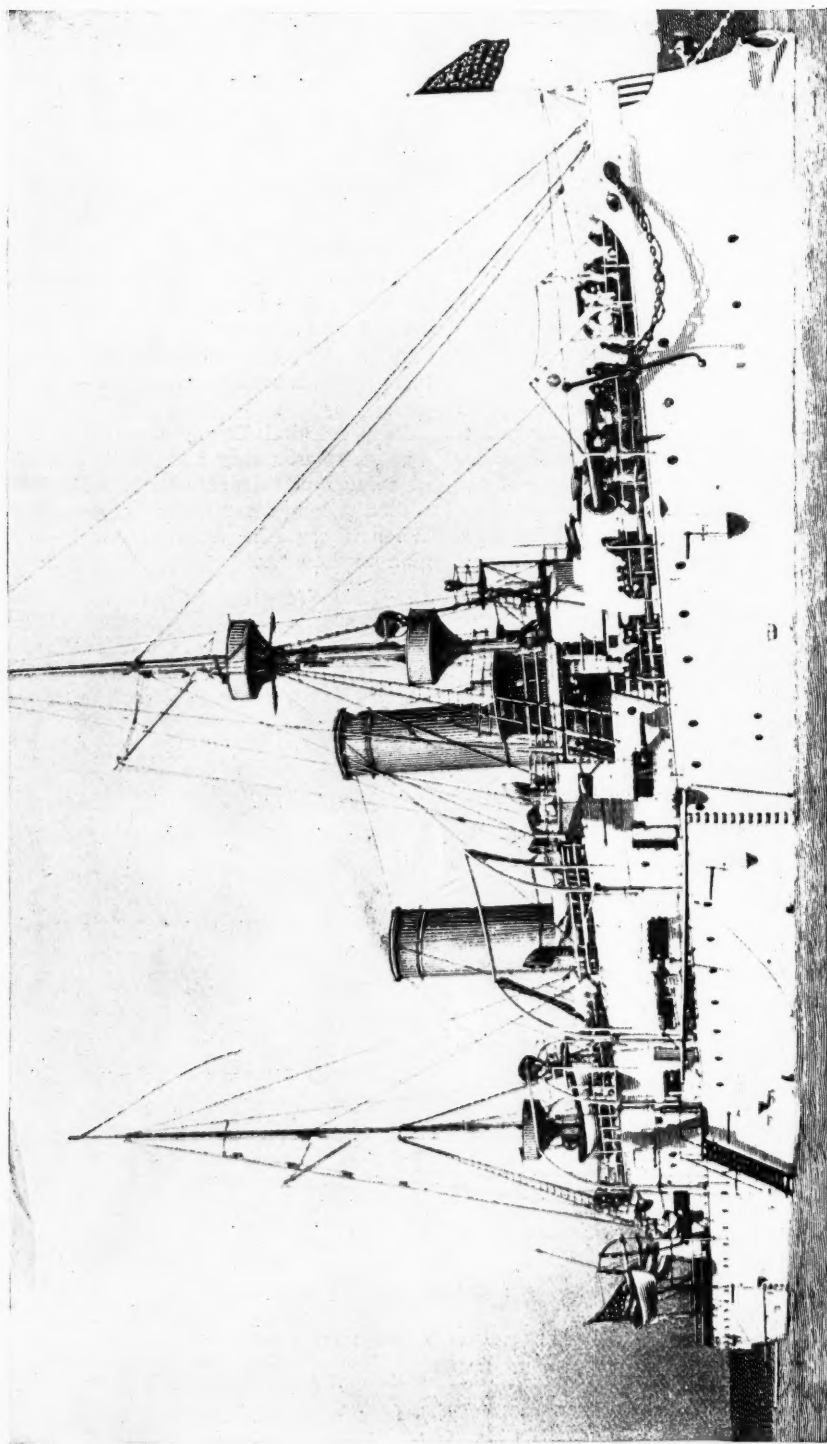
only half a dozen or so slightly injured. Meager though the news is at this writing, enough is already known to warrant the statement that this is the cleverest, cleanest, neatest naval engagement of history. There have been fiercer fights, but none with so big a victory at so little cost.

Rear Admiral Dewey seems to be a modest, unassuming man, with a business head on his shoulders. He has waited a long time for his opportunity. When it came he was ready for it—the man for the hour.

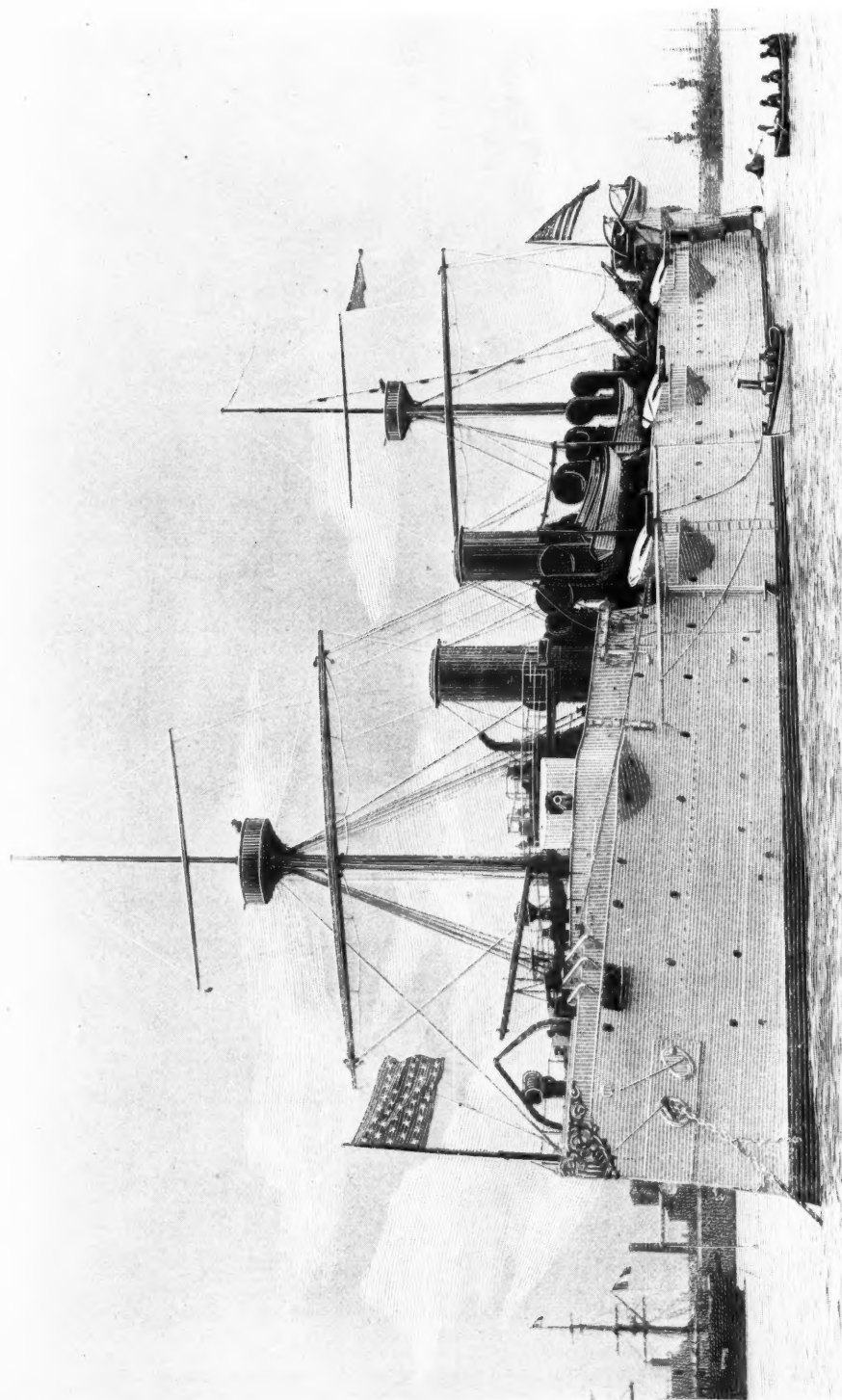


THE RALEIGH. PROTECTED CRUISER; BUILT IN 1889; SPEED 19 KNOTS; COST \$1,100,000; CARRIES TEN 5 INCH AND ONE 6 INCH RAPID FIRE GUNS, EIGHT 6 POUND RAPID FIRE AND FOUR 1 POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON, TWO GATLINGS, AND FOUR TORPEDO TUBES.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

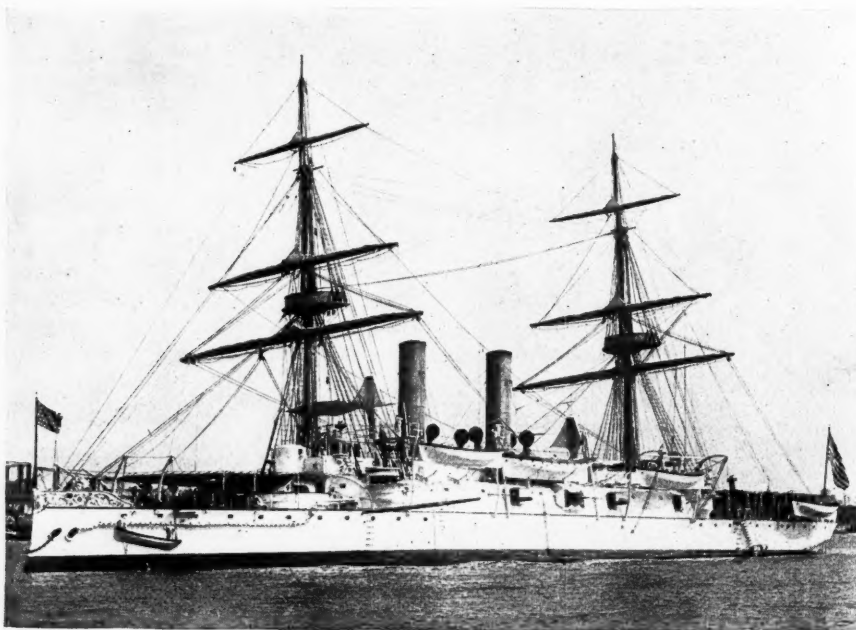


THE OLYMPIA. FLAGSHIP. PROTECTED CRUISER, FIRST RATE; BUILT IN 1891; SPEED 21.6 KNOTS; COST \$1,796,000; CARRIES FOUR 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, TEN 5 INCH RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOURTEEN 6 POUND AND SIX 1 POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON, FOUR GATTINGS, AND SIX TORPEDO TUBES.



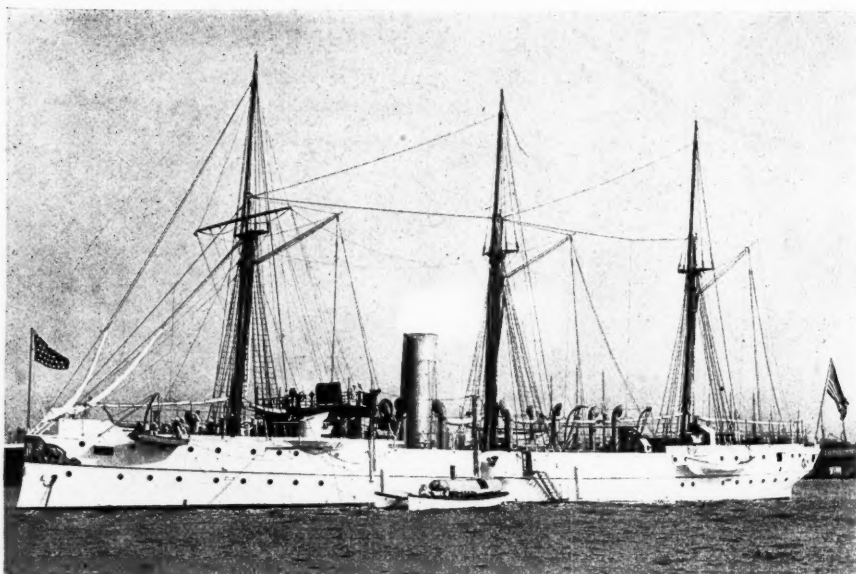
THE BALTIMORE. PROTECTED CRUISER, SECOND RATE; BUILT IN 1887; 20.9 KNOTS; COST \$1,325,000; CARRIES FOUR 8 INCH AND SIX 6 INCH RIFLES, FOUR 6 POUND AND TWO 3 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, TWO 1 POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON, FOUR HOTCHKISS CANNON, TWO GATLINGS, FOUR TORPEDO TUBES.

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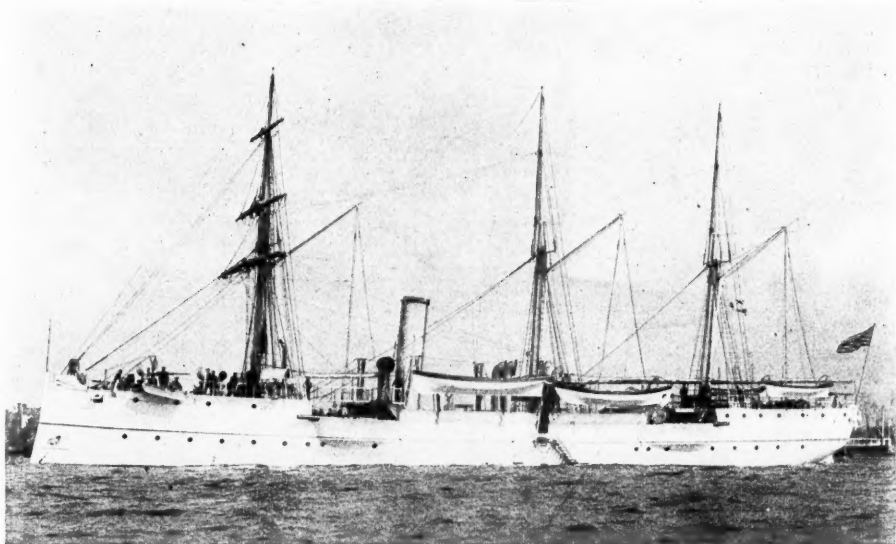
THE BOSTON. PROTECTED CRUISER, SECOND RATE; BUILT IN 1883; SPEED 15.6 KNOTS; COST \$619,000; CARRIES SIX 6 INCH AND TWO 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, TWO 6 POUND AND TWO 3 POUND RAPID FIRE, TWO 1 POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON, TWO HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON, AND TWO GATLINGS.

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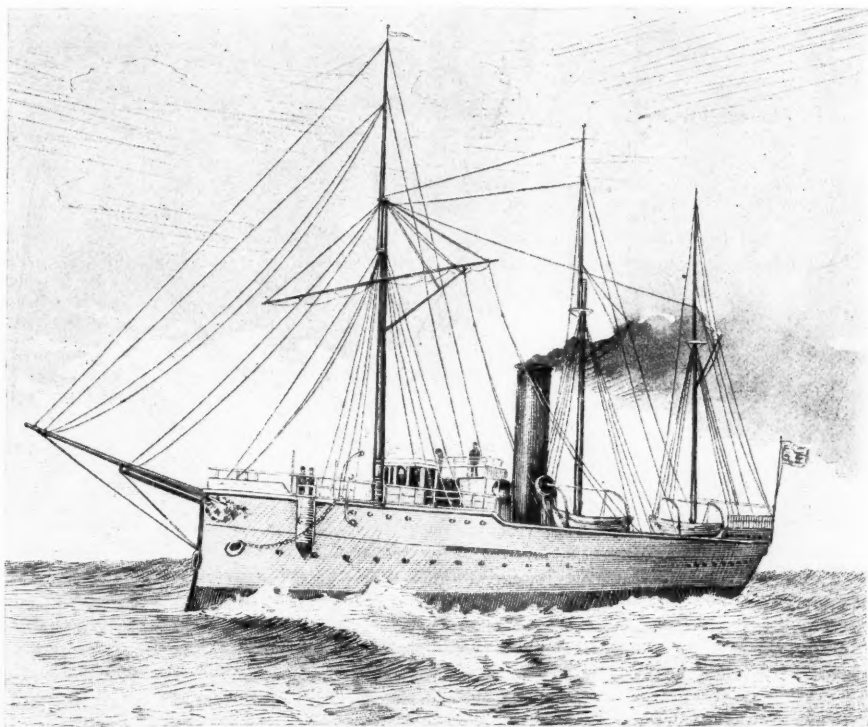


THE CONCORD. GUNBOAT; BUILT IN 1888; SPEED 16.8 KNOTS; COST \$490,000; CARRIES SIX 6 INCH RIFLES, TWO 6 POUND AND TWO 3 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, TWO HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON, TWO GATLINGS, AND SIX TORPEDO TUBES.

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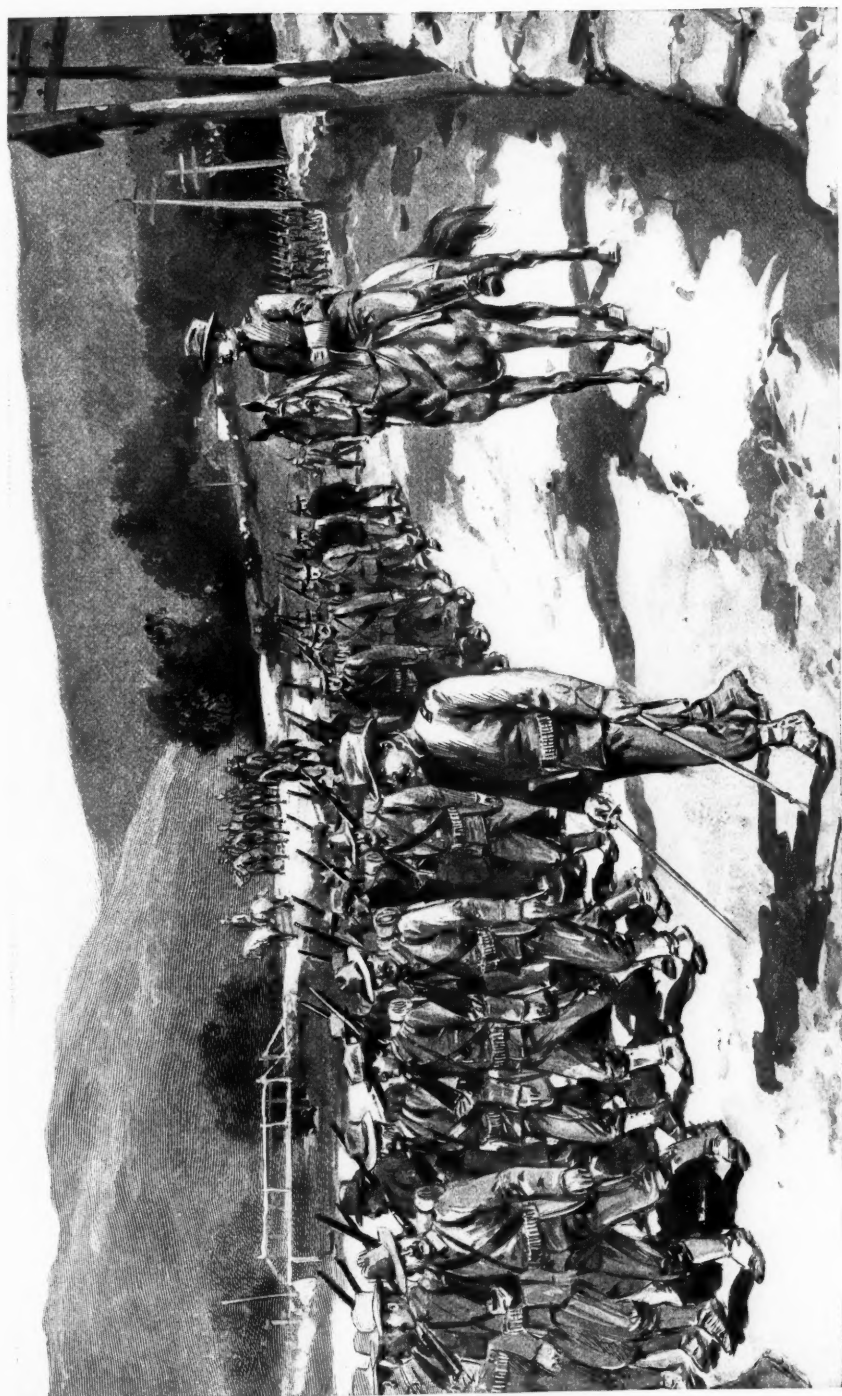
THE PETREL. GUNBOAT; BUILT IN 1887; SPEED 11.7 KNOTS; COST \$247,000; CARRIES FOUR 6 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, ONE 1 POUND RAPID FIRE GUN, TWO HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON, AND TWO GATLINGS.



THE McCULLOCH. REVENUE CUTTER, PROPELLER CLASS, CARRYING FOUR GUNS. ATTACHED TO ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SQUADRON AS A DESPATCH BOAT.



"A SCOUTING PARTY"—DRAWN BY E. V. NADHERNY.



"NEARING THE END OF A LONG MARCH"—DRAWN BY H. G. DART.



"AN ATTACK OF MARINES"—DRAWN BY WILLIAM GLACKENS.

WHEN GEORGE WAS KING.

AN ancient hallway, generous and square ;
A drowsy fire ghostly shadows throwing ;
An old clock ticking slowly on the stair,
As one who tells a story worth the knowing ;
And prone upon the bearskin, showing clear
In the red light, a sleeping cavalier.

His listless fingers closed about a book,
One red sleeved arm above his head reposing,
And on his rugged face the weary look
He wore, perchance, before his eyes were closing.
And one stands laughing eyed upon the stair,
Half merry, half confused, to find him there.

A maiden, rustling in her stiff brocade,
A girlish bud fast blooming into woman,
With the same face that Gainsborough oft made,
Coquettish, most divine, and wholly human,
Who watches the dark sleeper as he lies,
With something more than mischief in her eyes ;

And, step by step, comes down with bated breath,
With lips half curled and yet not wholly smiling,
And bends above him (as the old tale saith
Dian above Endymion bent beguiling)
And notes the gray streak in his dusky hair,
And wonders timidly what brought it there.

Then, as a sudden thought comes flashing red,
All guiltily, as though the whole world knew it,
She first inclines and then draws back her head,
Though the old clock ticks, "Do it, do it, do it !"
And then, with hurried look, yet tender air,
She drops a tiny kiss upon his hair,

And shamefaced, lies as some Titania might ;
And still about the room the shades are creeping,
And the old clock looks down with steady sight
To where he lies, still motionless and sleeping,
And ticks with all the denseness of a poet
"A secret, and I know it, know it, know it !"

Then suddenly wide open flash his eyes,
And, on the shaggy bearskin quickly turning,
He glances round, half shamed, half laughing-wise,
And, seeing nothing but the great logs burning
And the old clock, he marks with stifled yawn
How many hours since he slept have gone ;

And, thinking, checks the smile upon his face ;
For in his dreams he vaguely can remember
He thought his mother from her heavenly place
Stooped down and kissed him, lovingly and tender,
And then, self mocking, brushes off a tear,
And strides away, this red coat cavalier.

Theodosia Pickering.

THE CASTLE INN.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Weyman, whose "Gentleman of France" created a new school of historical romance, has found in the England of George III a field for a story that is no less strong in action, and much stronger in its treatment of the human drama of character and emotion, than his tales of French history.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

IN the spring of 1767, while detained at the Castle Inn, at Marlborough, by an attack of the gout, Lord Chatham, the great English statesman, sends for Sir George Soane, a young knight who has squandered his fortune at the gaming tables, to inform him that a claimant has appeared for the £50,000 which were left with him by his grandfather in trust for the heirs of his uncle Anthony Soane, and which, according to the terms of the will, would have become Soane's own in nine months more. The mysterious claimant is a young girl known as Julia Masterson, who has been reputed to be the daughter of a dead college servant at Oxford, and who is already at the Castle in company with her lawyer, one Fishwick. Here Sir George, quite ignorant as to her identity, falls in love with her and asks her to be his wife. She promises to give him his answer on the morrow, but before Soane has returned from a journey he has taken, she is abducted by hirelings of Mr. Dunborough, a man whom Sir George has recently worsted in a duel, and who is himself an unsuccessful suitor for Julia's hand. On his arrival Soane is made acquainted with the true state of affairs, and he immediately sets out in pursuit, accompanied by his servant and Mr. Fishwick. On the road they encounter Mr. Dunborough, who has been delayed by an accident from joining his helpers, and who, thoroughly cowed by the dangerous situation in which he now finds himself, sullenly agrees to aid them in effecting the girl's release. The chaise is finally caught up with, but when nearly opposite, Soane has his horse shot under him, and in the ensuing confusion the carriage draws ahead again, followed by Dunborough. When Sir George and his companions reach Bath, they find him there and the chaise, but the latter has been abandoned, and there is no clue of Julia or her captors save a black snuff box, on which is scratched a plea for help.

The villains had laid their plans well for abducting the girl. Taking her off her guard while strolling some distance from the inn, they throw a huge cloak over her head and bundle her into a waiting post chaise. The next moment the carriage is whirling rapidly away, and when she succeeds in releasing her head from the folds of the cloak, and is about to scream for assistance, a sudden horror comes over her, and she sits frozen, staring, motionless. On the seat beside her, almost touching her, sits a man.

XXI (Continued).

THE carriage rumbled on. From her corner Julia watched the man, her eyes glittering with excitement, her breath coming quick and short, her mind made up: if he moved nearer to her, if he stretched out but his hand toward her, she would tear his face with her fingers. She sat with them on her lap and felt them as steel to do her bidding. Would he never move? In reality not three minutes had elapsed since she discovered him beside her; but it seemed to her that she had sat there an age watching him, aye, three ages. The light was dim and untrustworthy, stealing in through a crack here and a crevice there. The car-

riage swayed and shook with the speed at which it traveled. More than once she thought that the hand which rested on the seat beside him—a fat white hand, hateful, dubious—was moving, moving slowly and stealthily, toward her; and she waited shuddering, a scream on her lips. The same terror which a while before had frozen the cry in her throat now tried her in another way. She longed to speak, to shriek, to stand up, to break the hideous silence, the spell that bound her. Every moment the strain on nerves grew tenser, the fear that she should swoon more immediate, more appalling; and still the man sat in his corner, motionless, peeping at her through his fingers, leering, and biding his time.

* Copyright, 1898, by Stanley J. Weyman.

It was horrible, and it seemed endless. If she had had a weapon it would have been better. But she had only her bare hands and her despair; and she might swoon. At last the carriage swerved sharply to one side, and jolted over a stone; and the man lurched nearer to her, and—moaned.

Julia drew a deep breath and leaned forward, scarcely able to believe her ears. But the man moaned again; and as if the shaking had roused him from a state of semi-unconsciousness, sat up slowly in his corner; she saw now, peering more closely at him, that he had been strangely huddled together before. At last he lowered his hand from his face and opened his eyes. It was—her astonishment was immense—it was Mr. Thomasson!

Julia uttered a cry in her surprise. He opened his eyes and looked languidly at her, muttered something incoherent about his head, and shut his eyes again, letting his chin fall on his breast.

But the girl was in a mood only one degree removed from frenzy. She leaned forward and shook his arm. "Mr. Thomasson!" she cried. "Mr. Thomasson!"

The name and the touch were more effectual. He opened his eyes and sat up with a start of recognition—feigned, she fancied. On his temple just under the edge of his wig, which was thrust awry, was a slight cut. He felt it gingerly with his fingers, glanced at them, and, finding them stained with blood, shuddered. "I am afraid—I am hurt," he muttered.

His languor and her excitement went ill together. She believed he was pretending; she had a hundred ill defined, half formed suspicions of him. Was it possible that he—he had dared to contrive this? Or was he employed by others—by another? "Who hurt you?" she cried sharply, breathlessly. At last, she was not afraid of him.

He pointed in the direction of the horses. "They did," he said stupidly. "I saw it from the lane, and ran to help you. The man I seized struck me—here. Then—I suppose they feared I should raise the country on them. And they forced me in—I don't well remember how."

"And that is all you know?" she cried imperiously.

His look convinced her. "Then help me now!" she cried, rising impetuously to her feet and steadying herself by setting one hand against the back of the carriage. "Shout! Scream! Threaten them! Don't you see that every yard we are carried puts us farther in their power? Shout, sir!"

"They will murder us!" he said faintly. His cheeks were pale, his face wore a scared look, and he trembled visibly.

"Let them!" she answered passionately, beating on the nearest door. "Better that than be in their power! Help! Help! Help here!"

Her shrieks rose above the rumble of the wheels and the steady hoof beats of the horses; she aided them by kicking and beating on the door with the fury of a mad woman. Mr. Thomasson had had enough of violence for that day, and shrank from anything that might bring on him the fresh wrath of his captors; but a moment's reflection showed him that if he allowed himself to be carried on he would sooner or later find himself face to face with Mr. Dunborough—than which he feared nothing more—and that in any case it was to his interest now to stand by his companion; and presently he, too, fell to shouting and drumming on the panels. There was a quaver in his "Help! Help!" that betrayed the man; but in the shrill clamor which she raised and continued to maintain obstinately, it passed well enough.

"If we meet any one—they must hear us!" she gasped presently, pausing a moment to take breath. "Which way are we going?"

"Toward Calne, I think," he answered, continuing to drum on the door in the intervals of speech. "In the street—we must be heard."

"Help! Help!" she screamed again, still more recklessly. She was growing hoarse, and the prospect terrified her. "Do you hear? Stop, you villains! Help! Help! Help!"

"Murder!" Mr. Thomasson shouted, seconding her now with voice and fist. "Murder! Murder!"

But in the last word, despite the valiant determination to throw in his lot with her, was a sudden, most audible quaver. The carriage was beginning to draw up; and that which he had imperiously demanded a moment before he now as urgently dreaded. Not so Julia; her natural courage had returned, and the moment the vehicle came to a standstill and the door was dragged open, she flung herself towards it. The next instant she recoiled, pushed forcibly back by the muzzle of a huge horse pistol which a man outside clapped to her breast, while the glare of the bull's eye lantern which he thrust in her face blinded her.

The villain uttered the most horrid imprecations. "You noisy slut," he growled, shoving his face, hideous in its crape mask, into the coach, and speaking in a voice husky with liquor, "will you stop your whining?—or must I blow you to pieces with my Toby? For you, you white livered sneak, give me any more of your piping.

and I'll cut out your tongue! Who is hurting you, I'd like to know! And for you, my fine lady, have a care of your skin, for if I pull you out into the road it will be the worse for you! D'y'e hear me?" he continued, with a volley of savage oaths. "A little more of your music, and I'll have you out and strip the clothes off your back! You don't hang me for nothing. Damn you, we are three miles from anywhere, and I've a mind to gag you, whether or no! I will, too, if you open your squeaker again!"

"Oh, let me go!" she cried faintly. "Let me go."

"Oh, you will be let go fast enough—the other side of the water!" he answered, with a villainous laugh. "I'm bail to that. In the mean time keep a still tongue, or it will be the worse for you! Once out of Bristol, and you may pipe as you like!"

The girl fell back in her corner with a low wail of despair. The man laughed his triumph and in sheer brutality passed his light once or twice across her face; then he closed the door with a crash and mounted, the carriage bounded forward, and in a trice was traveling onward as rapidly as before.

Night had set in, and darkness—a darkness that could almost be felt—reigned in the interior of the chaise. Neither of the travelers could now see the other, though they sat within arm's length. The tutor, as soon as they were well off, and his nerves, shaken by the man's threats, permitted him to think of anything but his own safety, began to wonder that his companion, who had been so forward before, did not speak; to look for her to speak, and to find the darkness and this silence, which left him to feed on his fears, strangely uncomfortable. He could almost believe that she was no longer there. At length, unable to bear it longer, he spoke:

"I suppose you know who is at the bottom of this?" he said abruptly—he was growing angry with the girl who had brought him into this peril.

She did not answer, or, rather, she answered only by sudden weeping; not the light, facile weeping of a woman crossed or overfretted or frightened, but the convulsive, heartrending sobs of utter grief and abandonment.

The tutor heard, and was first astonished, then alarmed. "My dear, good girl, don't cry like that," he said awkwardly. "Don't! I—I don't understand it! You—you frighten me. You—you really should not. I only asked you if you knew whose work this was."

"I know! I know!" she cried passionately. "Ah, I know only too well! God help me! God help all women."

Mr. Thomasson wondered. Was she referring to the future and her fate? If so, her complete surrender to despair seemed strange; seemed even inexplicable, in one who a few minutes before had shown a spirit above a woman's. Or did she know something that he did not know? Something that caused this sudden collapse. The thought increased his uneasiness; for the coward dreads everything, and his nerves were shaken. "Pish!" he said pettishly. "You should not give way like that! You should not, you must not, give way!"

"And why not?" she cried, arresting her sobs. There was a ring of expectation in her voice, a hoping against hope. He fancied that she had lowered her hands and was peering at him.

"Because we—we may yet contrive something," he answered lamely. "We—we may be rescued. Indeed, I am sure we shall be rescued," he continued, fighting his fears as well as hers.

"And what if we are?" she cried, with a passion that took him aback. "What if we are? What better am I, if we are rescued? Oh, I would have done anything for him! I would have died for him! And he has done this for me. I would have given him all, all freely, for no return, if he would have it so; and this is his requital! This is the way he has gone to get it," she continued wildly. "Oh, vile! Vile!"

Mr. Thomasson started. He understood at last; he was no longer in the dark. She fancied that Sir George, Sir George whom she loved, was the contriver of this villainy! She thought that Sir George was the abductor and that she was being carried off, not for her own sake, but as an obstacle to be removed from his path. The conception took the tutor's breath away; he was even staggered for the moment, it agreed so well with one part of the facts. And when, an instant later, his own certain information came to his aid and showed him its unreality and he would have blurted out the truth, he hesitated. The words were on the tip of his tongue, the sentence was arranged—but he hesitated.

Why? Simply because he was Mr. Thomasson; because it was not in his nature to do the thing that lay straight before him until he had considered whether it might not profit him to do something else. In this case the bare statement that Mr. Dunborough, and not Sir George, was the author of the outrage, might weigh little with her. If he proceeded to his reasons he might convince her, indeed; but he would also go far to fix himself with a foreknowledge of the danger—a foreknowledge he had not imparted to her, and that must sensibly de-

tract from the merit of the service he had already and undoubtedly performed.

This was a risk; and there was a further consideration. Why give Mr. Dunborough new ground of complaint by discovering him? True, at Bristol she would learn the truth. But if she did not reach Bristol? If they were overtaken midway? In that case the tutor saw possibilities—if he kept his mouth shut—possibilities of profit at Mr. Dunborough's hands.

In intervals between fits of alarm—when the carriage seemed to be going to halt—he turned these things over. He could hear the girl weeping in her corner, quietly, but in a heartbroken manner; and continually, while he thought and she wept, and an impenetrable curtain of darkness hid the one from the other, the chaise held on its course up hill and down hill, now bumping and rattling behind flying horses, and now rumbling and straining up Yatesbury downs.

At last, "What makes you think," he said, "that it is Sir George?"

She did not answer or stop weeping for a moment. Then, "He was to meet me at sunset at the corner," she muttered. "Who else knew that I should be there?"

"But if he is at the bottom of this, where is he?" he hazarded. "If he would play the villain with you——"

"He would play the thief!" she cried passionately. "Oh, it is vile, vile!"

"But—I don't understand," Mr. Thomasson stammered; he was willing to hear all he could.

"His fortune, his lands, all he has in the world, are mine!" she cried. "Mine! And he goes this way to recover them! But I could forgive him that, I could forgive him that, but not——"

"But not—what?"

"But not his love!" she cried fiercely. "That I will never forgive him! Never!"

She spoke as she had wept, more freely for the darkness. He fancied that she was writhing on her seat, that she was tearing her handkerchief with her hands. "But—it may not be he," he said, after a silence broken only by the rumble of wheels and the steady trampling of the horses.

"It is!"

"It may not——"

"I say it is!" she repeated in a kind of fury of rage, shame, and impatience. "Do you think that I, I who loved him, I whom he fooled to the top of my pride, judge him too harshly? I tell you if an angel had witnessed against him I would have laughed the tale to scorn. But I have seen, I have seen with my own eyes. The man who came to that door and threatened us had lost a joint of the forefinger. Yesterday I

saw that man with *him*; I saw the hand that held the pistol today give *him* a note yesterday. I saw *him* read the note, and I saw him point me out to the man who bore it—that he might know today whom he was to seize! Oh, shame! Shame on him!" And she burst into fresh weeping.

The chaise, which had been proceeding for some time at a more sober pace, at this moment swerved sharply to one side; it appeared to go round a corner, jolted over a rough patch of ground, and came to a stand.

XXII.

LET it not be forgotten, by those who would judge her harshly, that to an impulsive and passionate nature Julia added a special disadvantage. She had been educated in a sphere alien from that in which she now moved. A girl bred up as Sir George's cousin and among her equals would have known him to be incapable of treachery as black as this. Such a girl would have shut her eyes to the most pregnant facts and the most cogent inferences, and scorned all her senses, one by one, rather than believe him guilty. She would have felt, rightly or wrongly, that the thing was impossible; and certified of his love, not only by his words and looks, but by her own self respect and pride, would have believed everything in the world, yes, everything, possible or impossible, yet never that he had lied when he told her that he loved her.

But Julia had been bred in a lower condition, not far removed from that of the famous *Pamela*; among people who regarded a macaroni or a man of fashion as a wolf ever seeking to devour. To distrust a gentleman and repel his advances had been one of the first lessons instilled into her opening mind; nor had she more than emerged from childhood before she knew that a laced coat forewent destruction, and held the wearer of it a cozenor, who in ninety nine cases out of a hundred kept no faith with a woman beneath him, but lived only to break hearts and bring gray hairs to the grave.

Out of this fixed belief she had been jolted by the upheaval that placed her on a level with Sir George. Persuaded that the convention no longer applied to herself, she had given the run to her fancy and her romance, no less than to her generosity; she had indulged in delicious visions, and seen them grow real; nor probably in all St. James' was there a happier woman than Julia when she found herself possessed of this lover of the prohibited class, who to the charms and attractions, the niceness and re-

finement, which she had been bred to consider beyond her reach, added a constancy and devotion, the more delightful—since he believed her to be only what she seemed—as it lay in her power to reward them amply. Some women would have swooned with joy over such a conquest effected in such circumstances. What wonder that Julia was deaf to the warnings and surmises of Mr. Fishwick, whom delay and magnitude of the stakes rendered suspicious; as well as to the misgivings of old Mrs. Masterson, slow to grasp a fresh order of things? It would have been strange had she listened to either of them, when youth and wealth and love all beckoned one way.

But now, now in the horror and darkness of the post chaise, the lawyer's warnings and the old woman's misgivings returned on her with crushing weight; and more, and worse than these, her old belief in the heartlessness, the perfidy, of the man of rank. Had any one told her that a man of the class with whom she had principally mixed could so smile while he played the villain as to deceive not only her eyes but her heart, she would have laughed at him. But here, on the mind that lay behind the smooth and elegant mask of a *gentleman's* face, she had no lights; or only the old lights which showed it desperately wicked. But applied to the circumstances, what a lurid glare they shed on his behavior. How quickly, how suspiciously quickly, had he succumbed to her charms! How abruptly had his insouciance changed to devotion, his impertinence to respect! How obtuse, how strangely dull, had he been in the matter of her claims and her identity! Finally, with what a smiling visag had he lured her to her doom, showed her to his tools, settled to a nicety the least detail of the crime!

More weighty than any one fact, a thing he had said to her on the staircase at Oxford came back to her mind. "If you were a lady," he had flung at her in smiling insolence, "I would kiss you and make you my wife." In face of these words, she had been rash enough to think that she could bend him, ignorant that she was more than she seemed, to her purpose! She had intended to quote those very words to him when she surrendered—the sweetest surrender in the world. And all the time he had been fooling her to the top of her bent! He had known who she was, and been plotting against her devilishly! Appointing time and place, and—and it was all over.

It was all over. The sunny visions of joy and love were done! It was all over. When the sharp, fierce pain of the knife had done its worst, the consciousness of that re-

mained; remained a dead weight on her brain. When the paroxysm of weeping had worn itself out, yet brought no relief to her passionate nature, a kind of apathy supervened. She cared nothing where she was or what became of her; for the worst had happened, the worst been suffered! To be betrayed, cruelly, heartlessly, without scruple or care by those we love, is there a sharper pain than this? She had suffered that, she was suffering it still. What did the rest matter?

Mr. Thomasson might have undeceived her. But the sudden stoppage of the chaise had left no place in the tutor's mind for anything but terror. At any moment the door might be opened and he be hauled out to meet the fury of his pupil's eye, and cower under the smart of his brutal whip. It needed no more than this to sharpen Mr. Thomasson's long ears—his eyes were useless; but for a time, crouching in his corner and scarce daring to breathe, he heard only the confused muttering of several men talking at a distance. Presently the speakers came nearer, he caught the click of flint on steel, and a bright gleam of light entered the chaise through a crack in one of the shutters. The men had lighted a lamp.

It was a slender shaft only that entered, but it fell athwart the girl's face and showed him her closed eyes. She lay back in her corner, her cheeks colorless, an expression of dull, dead, hopeless suffering stamped on her features. She did not move or open her eyes, and the tutor dared not speak lest his words should be heard outside. But he looked, having nothing to check him, and looked; and in spite of his fears and his pre-occupation, the longer he looked the deeper was the impression which her beauty made on his senses.

At length he rose stealthily and applied his eyes to the crack that admitted the light; but he could distinguish nothing outside, the lamp, which was close to the window, blinding him. He could hear no more of the men's talk than muttered grumblings plentifully bestrewn with curses; and wonder what was forward, and why they remained inactive, grew more and more upon him. At times he caught the clink of a bottle, and fancied that the men were supping; but he knew nothing for certain, and by and by the light was put out. A brief—and agonizing—period of silence followed, during which he thought he caught the not distant tramp of horses; but he had heard the same sound before, it might be the beating of his heart now, and before he could decide, oaths and exclamations broke the silence, there was a sudden bustle; in less than a minute the chaise lurched forward, a

whip cracked, and they rumbled forward again.

The tutor breathed more freely now, and, rid of the fear of being overheard, regained a little of his native unctuousness. "My dear, good lady," he said, moving a trifle nearer to her, and even making a timid plunge for her hand, "you must not give way! I beg that you will not give way! Depend on me! Depend on me and all will be well. I—oh, dear, what a bump! I"—this as he retreated precipitately to his corner—"I fear we are stopping!"

They were, but only for an instant, that the lamps might be lighted. Then the chaise rolled on again, but from the way in which it jolted and bounded, shaking its passengers this way and that, it was evident that it no longer kept the Bristol road. The moment this became clear to Mr. Thomasson, his courage vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

"Where are they taking us?" he cried feverishly, rising and sitting down again, and peering first this way and then the other. "My God, we are undone! I shall be murdered, I know I shall! Oh! Oh, what a jolt! They are taking us to some cutthroat place! There, didn't you feel it? Don't you understand? Oh, Lord, why did I mix myself up with this trouble?"

She did not answer, and, enraged by her silence and insensibility, the cowardly tutor could have found it in his heart to strike her. Fortunately the ray of light which now penetrated the carriage suggested an idea which he hastened to carry out. He had no paper, and if he had had paper he had no ink; but falling back on what he had, he lugged out his snuff box, and penknife, and, holding the box in the ray of light and himself as still as the road permitted, he set to work, laboriously and with set teeth, to scrawl on the bottom of the box the message of which we know. To address it to Mr. Fishwick and sign it Julia were natural precautions, since he knew that the girl, and not he, would be the object of pursuit. When he had finished his task, which was no easy one, the road growing worse and the carriage shaking more and more, he went to thrust the box under the door, which fitted ill at the bottom. But stooping to remove the straw for the purpose, he reflected that the road they were in was a mere country lane or no better, where the box would be ill to find; and in a voice trembling with fear and impatience he called to the girl to give him her black kerchief.

She did not ask him why or for what, but complied without opening her eyes. No words could have described her state more eloquently.

He wrapped the box loosely in the kerchief—which he calculated would catch the passing eye more easily—and knotted the ends together. But when he went to push the package under the door, it proved too bulky, and with an exclamation of rage he untied it again, and made it up anew and more tightly. At last he thought that he had got it right, and he was stooping to feel for the crack when the carriage, which had been traveling more and more heavily and slowly, came to a standstill, and in a panic he sat up, dropping the box and thrusting the straw over it with his foot.

He had scarcely done this when the door was sharply opened, and the masked man who had threatened them before thrust in his head. "Come out!" he said curtly, addressing the tutor, who was the nearer, "and be sharp about it!"

But Mr. Thomasson's eyes sought in vain the least sign of house or village. Beyond the yellow glare cast by the lamp on the wet road, he saw nothing but black darkness, night, and the gloomy shapes of trees; and he hung back. "No," he said, his voice quivering with fear; "I—I, my good man, if you will promise—"

The man swore a frightful oath. "None of your tongue!" he cried. "But out with you, unless you want your throat cut. You cursed, whining, psalm singing sniveler, you don't know when you are well off! Out with you!"

Mr. Thomasson waited for no more, but stumbled out, shaking with fright.

"And you!" the ruffian continued, addressing the girl, "unless you want to be thrown out the same way you were thrown in! The sooner I see your back, my sulky madam, the better I shall be pleased. No more meddling with petticoats for me! This comes of working with fine gentlemen, say I!"

Julia was but half roused. "Am I—to get out?" she said dully.

"Aye, you are! By God, you are a cool one!" the man continued, watching her in a kind of admiration, as she rose and stepped by him like one in a dream. "And a pretty one, for all your temper! The master is not here, but the man is; and if—"

"Stow it, you fool!" cried a voice from the darkness. "And get aboard!"

"Who said anything else?" retorted the ruffian—but with a look that, had Julia been more sensible of it, must have chilled her blood. "Who said anything else? So there you are, both of you, and none the worse, I'll take my davy! Lash away, Tim! Make the beggars fly!"

As he uttered the last words he sprang on the wheel, and before the tutor could believe

in his good fortune, or feel assured that there was not some cruel deceit playing on him, the carriage splashed and rattled away, the lights were gone, and the two were left standing side by side in the darkness. On one hand a mass of trees rose high above them, blotting out the gray sky; on the other the faint outline of a low wall appeared to divide the lane in which they stood from a flat, misty expanse over which the night hung low.

It was a strange position, but neither of the two felt this to the full; Mr. Thomasson in his thankfulness that at any cost he had eluded Mr. Dunborough's vengeance, Julia because at that moment she cared not what became of her. Naturally, however, Mr. Thomasson, whose satisfaction knew no drawback save that of their present condition, and who had to congratulate himself on a *risk* safely run, and a good friend gained, was the first to speak.

"My dear young lady," he said, in an oily tone very different from that in which he had called for her kerchief, "I vow I am more thankful than I can say that I was able to come to your assistance! I shudder to think what those ruffians might not have done had you been alone, and—and unprotected! Now, I trust, all danger is over. We have only to find a house in which we can pass the night, and tomorrow we may laugh at our troubles."

She turned her head slowly towards him. "Laugh?" she said; and then a sob took her in the throat.

He felt himself set back; then remembered the delusion under which she lay and went to dispel it—pompously; but his evil angel was at his shoulder, and again at the last moment he hesitated. Something in the utter despondency of the girl's pose, in the hopelessness of her tone, in the intensity of the grief that choked her utterance, combined with the remembrance of her beauty and abandon in the coach to set his crafty mind working in a new direction. He saw that she was, for the time, utterly hopeless, utterly heedless what became of herself. That would not last; but his cunning told him that with returning sensibility would come pique, resentment, the desire to be avenged. In such a case one man was sometimes as good as another. It was impossible to say what she might not be induced to do if full advantage were taken of a moment so exceptional. Fifty thousand pounds! And her young, fresh beauty! What a chance it was! The way lay far from clear, the means were yet to find; but faint heart never won fair lady, and Mr. Thomasson had known things as strange come to pass.

He was quick to choose his part. "Come, child," he said somewhat sharply, assuming a kind of paternal authority. "At least, we must find a roof. We cannot spend the night here."

"No," she said; "I suppose not."

"So—shall we go this way?"

"As you please," she answered, with the same indifference.

But they had not moved far along the miry road before she spoke again. "Do you know," she asked drearily, "why they set us down?"

"They may have thought that the pursuit was gaining on them?"

"Pursuit?" she said, in a tone of gloomy surprise. "Who would pursue us?"

"Mr. Fishwick," he suggested.

"Ah!" she said bitterly. "He might. If I had listened to him! But—but it is all over now."

"I wish we could see a light," Mr. Thomasson said anxiously, looking forward into the darkness; "or a house of any kind. I wonder where we are."

She did not speak.

"I do not know—even what time it is," he continued, somewhat pettishly; and he shivered. "Take care!" She had stumbled and nearly fallen. "Will you be pleased to take my arm? We shall be able to proceed more quickly. I am afraid that your feet are wet."

Absorbed in her thoughts, she did not answer.

"However, the ground is rising," he said. "By and by, it will be drier underfoot."

They were an odd couple to be trudging a strange road, in an unknown country, at the dark hour of the night. The stars must have twinkled to see them. Mr. Thomasson owned the influence of solitude, and longed to pat the hand she had passed through his arm—it was the sort of caress that came natural to him; but for the time discretion withheld him. He had another temptation: to refer to the past, and to the part he had taken at the inn, to the old past at the college, to make some sort of apology; but again discretion intervened, and he went on in silence.

As he had said, the ground was rising; but the outlook was cheerless enough, and as far as appearances went they were doomed to spend the night in the road, when the moon on a sudden emerged from a bank of cloud and disclosed the landscape. Mr. Thomasson uttered a cry of relief. Fifty paces before them the low wall on the right of the lane was broken by a pillared gateway, whence the dark thread of an avenue, trending across the moonlit flat, seemed to point the way to a house.

The tutor pushed the gate open. "Diana favors you, child," he said, with a confident smirk, lost on Julia. "It was well she emerged when she did, for now in a few minutes we shall be safe under a roof. 'Tis a gentleman's house, too, unless I mistake."

A more timid or a more suspicious woman might have refused to leave the road, or to tempt the chances of the dark avenue, in his company. But Julia, whose thoughts were bitterly employed elsewhere, complied without thought or hesitation, perhaps unconsciously. The gate swung to behind them, they plodded a hundred yards along the avenue, arm in arm; then one, and then a second, light twinkled out in front. These as they approached were found to proceed from two windows in the ground floor of a large house. The travelers had not advanced many paces farther before the peaks of three great gables rose in front, vandyking the sky and cutting the last sparse branches of the elms.

Mr. Thomasson's exclamation of relief, as he surveyed the prospect, was cut short by the sharp rattle of a chain, followed by the roar of a watch dog; in a second a horrid raving and baying, as of a score of hounds, awoke the night. The startled tutor came near to dropping his companion's hand in his fright, but fortunately the threshold, dimly pillared and doubtfully Palladian, was near, and resisting the impulse to put himself back to back with the girl—for the protection of his calves rather than her skirts—the reverend gentleman hurried to occupy it. Once in that coign of refuge, he hammered on the door with all the energy of a frightened man.

When his anxiety permitted him to pause, a voice was heard within, cursing the dogs, and roaring for Jarvey. A line of a hunting song, bawled at the top of a musical voice, and ending in a shrill "View Halloa!" followed; then "To them, Beauties, to them!" and a crash of an overturned chair. Again the house echoed "Jarvey! Jarvey!" and finally an elderly man servant, with his wig set on one side, his waistcoat unbuttoned, and his mouth twisted in a tipsy smile, confronted the visitors.

XXIII.

IN a hand wildly wavering, and strewing tallow broadcast, he held a candle, the light from which for a moment dazzled the visitors. Then the draft of air extinguished it, and looking over his shoulder—he was short and squat—Mr. Thomasson's anxious eyes had a glimpse of a spacious hall, paneled and furnished in oak, with here a blazon,

and there antlers or a stuffed head. At the farther end of this hall a wide staircase started up, and divided at the first landing into two flights, that returning formed a gallery round the apartment. Between the door and the foot of this staircase, in the warm glow of an unseen fire, was a small, heavily carved oak table with Jacobean legs like stuffed trunk hose. It was strewn with cards, liquors, glasses, and a China punch bowl—but especially with cards, which lay everywhere, not only on the table, but in heaps and batches beneath and around it, where the careless hands of the players had flung them.

Yet, for all these cards, the players were only two. One, a man something over thirty, in a peach coat and black satin breeches, sat on the edge of the table, his eyes on the door, and his overturned chair lying at his feet. It was his voice that had shouted for Jarvey; and that now saluted the arrivals with a boisterous "Two to one in guineas, it's a catchpoll! D'ye take me, my lord?" the while he drummed merrily with his heels on a leg of the table. His companion, an exhausted young man, thin and pale, remained in his chair—which he had tilted on its hind feet—and contented himself with staring at the doorway.

The latter was our old friend, Lord Almeric Doyley; but neither he nor Mr. Thomasson recognized the other until the tutor had advanced some paces into the room. Then as the gentleman in the peach coat cried, "Curse me, if it isn't a parson! The bet's off! Off!" Lord Almeric dropped his hand of cards on the table, and, opening his mouth, gasped in a paroxysm of dismay.

"Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed at last. "Hold me, some one! If it is not Tommy! Oh, I say," he continued, rising and speaking in a tone of querulous remonstrance, "you have not come to tell me the old man's gone? And I'd backed him against old Bedford to live to—but it's like him, and monstrous unfeeling. I vow and protest it is! Eh?—it is not that? Hal-loa!"

He paused on the word, his astonishment even greater than that he had felt on recognizing the tutor. His eyes had fallen on Julia, whose figure was now visible on the threshold.

His companion did not notice this. "Gad! It is old Thomasson!" he cried, recognizing the tutor; for he, too, had been at Pembroke. "And a petticoat! And a petticoat!" he repeated. "Well, I am spun!"

The tutor raised his hands in astonishment; the surprise was not all on their side. "Lord!" he said, with an indifferent show

of enthusiasm, "do I really see my old friend and pupil, Mr. Pomeroy, of Bastwick?"

"Who put the cat in your valise? When you got to London—kittens? You do, Tommy."

"I thought so! I was sure of it! I never forget a face when my—my heart has once gone out to it," Mr. Thomasson answered effusively. "And you, my dear, my very dear Lord Almeric, there is no danger I shall ever—"

"But crib me, Tommy," shrieked Lord Almeric, cutting him short without ceremony, "it's the little Masterson!"

"You old fox!" Mr. Pomeroy chimed in, shaking his finger at the tutor with leering solemnity—he, belonging to an older generation at the college, did not know her. Then, "The little Masterson, is it?" he continued, advancing towards the girl and saluting her with mock ceremony. "Among friends, I suppose? Well, my dear, for the future be pleased to count me among them. Welcome to my poor house! And here's to bettering your taste, for fie, my love, old men are naughty. Have naught to do with them!" And he laughed wickedly; he was a tall, heavy man, with a hard, bullying, sneering face; a Dunborough grown older.

"Hush, my good sir, hush!" Mr. Thomasson cried anxiously, after making more than one futile effort to stop him. Between his respect for his companion and the deference in which he held a lord, the tutor was in an agony. "My good sir, my dear Lord Almeric, you are in error," he continued strenuously. "You mistake, I assure you, you mistake—"

"Do we, by Gad?" cried Mr. Pomeroy winking at Julia. "Well, you and I, my dear, don't, do we? We understand each other very well."

The girl only answered by a look of contempt. But Mr. Thomasson was in despair. "You do not, indeed!" he cried, almost wringing his hands. "This lady has lately come into a—a fortune, and tonight was carried off by some villains from the Castle Inn at Marlborough in a—in a post chaise. I was fortunately on the spot to give her such protection as I could, but the villains overpowered me, and to prevent my giving the alarm, as I take it, bundled me into the chaise with her."

"Oh, come!" said Mr. Pomeroy, grinning. "You don't expect us to swallow that?"

"It is true as I live," the tutor protested; "every word of it."

"Then how came you here?"

"Not far from your gate, for no rhyme or reason that I can understand, they turned us out, and made off."

"Honest Abraham?" asked Lord Almeric, who had listened open mouthed.

"Every word of it," the tutor answered.

"Then, my dear, if you have a fortune, sit down!" cried Mr. Pomeroy waggishly; and seizing a chair he handed it with exaggerated gallantry to Julia, who still remained near the door, frowning darkly at the trio; neither ashamed nor abashed, but simply and coldly contemptuous. "Make yourself at home, my pretty," he continued recklessly, "for if you have a fortune, it is the only one in this house, and a monstrous uncommon thing. Is it not, my lord?"

"Lord! I vow it is!" the other drawled; and then taking advantage of the moment when Julia's attention was engaged elsewhere—she dumbly refused to sit—"Where is Dunborough?" my lord muttered.

"Heaven knows!" Mr. Thomasson whispered, with a wink that postponed inquiry. "What is more to the purpose, my lord," he continued aloud, "if I may venture to suggest it to your lordship and Mr. Pomeroy, is that Miss Masterson has been much distressed and fatigued this evening. If there is a respectable elderly woman in the house, therefore, to whose care you could intrust her for the night, it would be well."

"There is old Mother Olney, who locked herself up an hour ago, for fear of us young bloods," Mr. Pomeroy answered, assenting with a readier grace than the tutor expected. "She should be old and ugly enough! Here, you, Jarvey, go and bid her come down."

"Better still, if I may suggest it," said the tutor, who was above all things anxious to be rid of the girl before too much came out, "might not your servant take her above stairs to this good woman, who will doubtless see to her comfort and refreshment? Miss Masterson has gone through some surprising adventures this evening, and I think if you would allow her to withdraw at once, Mr. Pomeroy, it would be better."

"Jarvey, take the lady!" cried Mr. Pomeroy. "A sweet, pretty toad she is! Here's to your eyes and fortune, child!" he continued impudently, filling his glass and pledging her as she passed. After that he stood watching while Mr. Thomasson opened the door and bowed her out; and this done and the door closed after her, "Lord, what ceremony!" he said, with an ugly sneer. "Is't real, man, or are you biting her? And what is this Cock Lane story of a chaise and the rest? Out with it, unless you want to be tossed in a blanket."

"True, upon my honor!" Mr. Thomasson asseverated.

"Oh, but, Tommy, the fortune?" Lord Almeric protested. "I vow you are sharpening us."

"True, too, my lord, as I hope to be saved!"

"Eh? Oh, but it is too monstrous absurd!" my lord wailed. "The little Masterson? As pretty a little tit as was to be found in all Oxford!"

"She has eyes and a shape," Mr. Pomeroy admitted generously. "And what is the figure, Mr. Thomasson?" he continued. "There are fortunes and fortunes."

Mr. Thomasson looked at the gallery above, and thence—and slyly—to his companions, and back again to the gallery; and swallowed something that rose in his throat. At length he seemed to make up his mind to speak the truth, though when he did so it was in a voice little above a whisper. "Fifty thousand," he said; and looked guiltily round him.

Lord Almeric rose up as if on springs. "Oh, I protest!" he said. "You are roasting us! Fifty thousand! It's a bite!"

But Mr. Thomasson nodded. "Fifty thousand," he repeated softly.

"Pounds?" gasped my lord. "The little Masterson?"

The tutor nodded again; and without asking leave, with a dogged air singularly unlike his ordinary bearing when he was in the company of those above him, he drew a decanter towards him and filling a glass with a shaking hand raised it to his lips and emptied it. The three were all on their feet round the table, on which some candles—luridly lighting up their countenances—still burned; while other candles had flickered down, and smoked in the guttering sockets, among the empty bottles, and the litter of cards. In one corner of the table the lees of wine had run upon the oak and dripped over to the floor, and formed a pool, in which a broken glass lay in fragments beside the overturned chair. An observant eye might have found on the panels below the gallery the vacant nails whence Lelys and Knellers, Cuyps and Hondekoeters, had looked down on two generations of Pomeroyes. But apart from this, the disorder of the scene centered in the small table and the three men standing round it; a lighted group, islanded in the middle of the shadows of the stately hall.

Mr. Pomeroy waited with some impatience until Mr. Thomasson lowered his glass. Then, "Let us have the story," he said coolly. "A guinea to an orange the fool is nicking us."

The tutor shook his head and turned to Lord Almeric. "You know Sir George Soane," he said. "Well, my lord, she is his cousin."

"Oh, tally, tally!" my lord cried feebly. "You—you are romancing, Tommy!"

"And under the will of Sir George's grandfather, she takes fifty thousand pounds, if she makes good her claim within a certain time from today."

"Oh, I say, you are romancing!" my lord repeated, still more feebly. "You know, you really should not! It is too uncommon absurd, Tommy."

"It's true!" said Mr. Thomasson.

"What? That this porter's wench at Pembroke has fifty thousand pounds?" cried Mr. Pomeroy. "She is the porter's wench, isn't she?" he continued abruptly. Something had sobered him. His eyes shone and the veins stood out on his forehead, but his manner was concise and harsh and to the point.

Mr. Thomasson glanced askance at him, stealthily, as one gamester scrutinizes another over the cards. "She is Masterson the porter's foster child," he said guardedly.

"But is it certain she has the money?" the other cried rudely. "Is it true, man? How do you know? Is it public property?"

"No," Mr. Thomasson answered, rocking himself slowly to and fro by the purchase of his hands on the table; "it is not public property. But it is certain, and it is true!" Then, after a moment's hesitation, "I saw some papers—by accident," he said, his eyes on the gallery.

"Oh, damn your accident!" Mr. Pomeroy cried brutally. "You are very fine tonight. You were not used to be a Methodist! Hang it, man, we know you!" he continued violently, "and this is not all! This does not bring you and the girl tramping the country, knocking at doors at midnight with Cock Lane stories of chaises and abductions. Come to it, man, or——"

"Oh, I say!" Lord Almeric protested feebly, "Tommy is an honest man in his way, and you are too stiff with him. He is——"

"Curse him, let him come to the point, then!" Mr. Pomeroy retorted savagely. "Is she in the way to get the money?"

"She is," said the tutor sullenly.

"Then what brings her here—with you, of all people?"

"I will tell you if you will give me time, Mr. Pomeroy," the tutor said plaintively. And with that he proceeded to describe in some detail all that had happened, from the *fons et origo mali*—Mr. Dunborough's passion for the girl—to the stay at the Castle Hotel, the abduction at Manton Corner, the strange night journey in the chaise, and the stranger release.

When he had done, "Sir George was the girl's fancy, then?" Pomeroy said, in the harsh, overbearing tone he had lately adopted.

The tutor nodded.

"And she thinks he has tricked her?"

"But for that and the humor she is in," Mr. Thomasson answered, with a subtle glance at the other, "you and I might talk here till doomsday and be none the better, Mr. Pomeroy."

His frankness provoked Mr. Pomeroy to greater frankness. "Consume your impertinence!" he cried furiously. "Speak for yourself."

"She is not that kind of woman," said Mr. Thomasson firmly.

"Kind of woman?" cried Mr. Pomeroy. "I am that kind of man—oh, curse you, if you want plain speaking you shall have it! She has fifty thousand, and she is in my house, and I am not the kind of man to let that money go out of the house without having a fling at it! It is the devil's luck has sent her here, and it will be my folly will send her away—if she goes. Which she does not if I am the kind of man I think I am!"

"You don't know her," said Mr. Thomasson doggedly. "Mr. Dunborough is a gentleman of metal, and he could not bend her."

"She was not in his house!" the other retorted, with a grim laugh. Then in a lower, if not more amicable tone, "Look here, man," he continued, "d'ye mean to say that you had not something of this kind in your mind when you knocked at this door?"

"I?" said Mr. Thomasson, virtuously indignant.

"Aye, you! Do you mean to say you did not see that there was a chance in a hundred? In a thousand? Aye, in a million? Fifty thousand pounds is not found in the road any day."

Mr. Thomasson grinned in a sickly fashion. "I know that," he said.

"Well, what is your idea? What do you want?"

The tutor did not answer immediately, but after stealing one or two furtive glances at Lord Almeric, looked down at the table. At length, when Mr. Pomeroy's patience was nearly exhausted, he looked up, a nervous smile distorting his mouth. "I—I want her," he said; and passed his tongue guiltily over his lips, as he looked down again at the table.

"Oh, Lord!" said Mr. Pomeroy, in a voice of intense disgust.

But the ice broken, Mr. Thomasson had more to say for himself. "Why not?" he said plaintively. "I brought her here—with all submission. I know her, and—and am a friend of hers. If she is fair game for any one, she is fair game for me. I have run a risk for her," he continued pathetically, and touched his brow, where the slight

cut he had received in the struggle with Dunborough's men showed below the border of his wig, "and—and for that matter, Mr. Pomeroy is not the only man who has bailiffs to avoid."

"Stuff me, Tommy, if I am not of your opinion!" cried Lord Almeric, suddenly striking the table with energy.

"What?" Pomeroy cried, turning to him in surprise as great as his disgust. "What? You would give the girl and her money—fifty thousand—to this old hunk?"

"I? Not I! I would have her myself!" his lordship answered stoutly. "Come, Pomeroy, you have won three hundred of me, and if I am not to take a hand at this I shall think it monstrous low! Monstrous low I shall think it!" he repeated, in the tone of an injured person. "You know, Pom, I want money as well as another, want it devilish bad—"

"You have not been a Sabbatarian, as I was for two months last year," Mr. Pomeroy retorted, somewhat cooled by this wholesale rising among his allies, "and walked out Sundays only, for fear of the catchpolls."

"No, but—"

"But I am not now either—is that it? Why, d'ye think, because I pouched six hundred of Flitney's, and three of yours, and set the mare going again, it will last forever?"

"No, but fair's fair, and if I am not in this it is low! It is low, Pom," Lord Almeric continued, sticking to his point with abnormal spirit. "And here is Tommy will tell you the same. You have had three hundred of me—"

"At cards, dear lad, at cards," Mr. Pomeroy answered easily. "But this is not cards. Besides," he continued, shrugging his shoulders and pouncing on the argument, "we cannot all marry the girl!"

"I don't know," said my lord, passing his fingers grandly through his wig. "I—I don't commit myself to that."

"Well, at any rate, we cannot all have the money!" Pomeroy replied, with sufficient impatience.

"But we can all try! Can't we, Tommy?"

Mr. Thomasson's face, when the question was put to him in that form, was a curious study. Mr. Pomeroy had spoken aright when he called it a chance in a hundred, in a thousand, in a million. It was a chance, at any rate, that was not likely to come in Mr. Thomasson's way again. True, he appreciated far more correctly than the other the obstacles in the way of success, the girl's strong will and wayward temper; but he knew also the strange humor which had now taken hold of her, and how probable it

was that it might lead her to strange lengths if the right man spoke at the right moment.

The very fact that Mr. Pomeroy had seen the chance on the instant and gauged the possibilities gave them a more solid aspect and a greater reality in the tutor's mind. Each moment that passed left him less willing to resign pretensions which were no longer the shadowy, half formed creatures of the brain, but had acquired the aspect of solid claims—claims made by his skill and exertion.

But if he defied Mr. Pomeroy, how would he stand? The girl's position in this solitary house, apart from her friends, was half the battle; for the other half he depended on pique and her apathy. But her position here was the main factor; in a sneaking way, though he shrank from facing the fact, he knew that she was at their mercy; as much at their mercy as if they had planned the

abduction in the first instance. Without Mr. Pomeroy, therefore, the master of the house and the strongest spirit of the three—

He got no further, for at this juncture Lord Almeric repeated his question; and the tutor, meeting Pomeroy's bullying eye, found it necessary to say something. "Certainly," he blurted out, in pure nervousness, "we can all try, my lord. Why not?"

"Aye, why not?" said Lord Almeric. "Why not try?"

"Try? But how are you going to try?" Mr. Pomeroy responded, with a jeering laugh. "I tell you, we cannot all marry her, and——"

"I vow and protest I have it!" Lord Almeric exclaimed, with a chuckle. "We'll play for her! Don't you see, Pom? We'll cut for her! Ha, ha! That is surprising clever of me, don't you think? We'll play for her!"

(To be continued.)

GRATITUDE.

WITHIN the land of vexing cares
 They lived and suffered, yearned and died.
 Sometimes at low ebb of the tide
 They came upon it unawares—
 That path of wet sand leading far
 To where it met the happy isle,
 Which beckoned with alluring smile;
 But no one dared to cross the bar.
 And there was one who loved the rest;
 He longed to see them reach the goal
 They wept for—heart and brain and soul
 He gave ungrudging to the quest

Of a safe pathway for their feet;
 He strove and labored, and at last
 He built a bridge so stanch and fast
 They joyed to see it there complete.
 He stood aside to let them go
 And bade them Godspeed on their way,
 Thinking that he himself would stay
 Until none else was left, and so
 He waited till the light grew dim,
 The bridge was dark, the night was cold,
 His feeble limbs were stiff and old,
 And no one cared or thought of him.

He slipped and fell—they were afraid
 To save him, so they let him die,
 And said, "He had no right to try
 To cross our bridge—the bridge we made."

Grace H. Bontelle.

RICKSHAW COOLIE No. 72.

BY R. CLYDE FORD.

How the pagan Teng Po underwent voluntary slavery for the sake of the man who had befriended him—A tale of the far east.

THE reservoir at Kolam Ayer lay like a piece of burnished silver in the twilight. A slight ripple creased its surface, but the breeze was light and came in gasps like the disturbed breathing of some sleeper. Across the water a bank of forest loomed up dimly, and out of its shadows could be heard the screeching of monkeys and the strident call of night birds; and down where the pipe left the embankment a little stream trickled off into the gloom.

Ever since sunset a man had sat on the stonework that faced the Kolam and drummed his heels. Seen from the rest house he might easily have passed for some spooking *hantu*, for his silhouette rested like a gray blotch above the wall and was projected back in ungainly shape upon the jungle behind. From time to time, when he moved his head or his arms, the shape wobbled in uncanny fashion, and mysterious sounds came across to the shore; but it was only the man talking to himself.

"And so it's five years last week since you came, is it? Dan Smith, you've been a fool!"

The man was evidently arraigning himself in the solitude there, but at first no answer came. Instead, a frog croaked contentedly in the lowlands where the stream gurgled, and the monkeys chattered on noisily.

"Where is that two hundred pounds you brought to the Straits, Dan Smith?"

This time the man on the wall answered his own blunt question.

"Gone in Jelebu mining stock."

"And what do you do with your wages as fast as you can earn them?"

The reply came promptly: "Spend 'em."

"And how much do you owe that money lender, Kushdoo Rhoosab?"

"Five hundred dollars."

The self examination ceased here, and the man buried his face in his hands. He sat motionless and pensive so long that a monkey ventured out along the wall toward him, and when he looked up the little beast was trying on his cork helmet.

"You look like Kushdoo Rhoosab when

he demands his interest," he muttered aloud—at which the animal gave a chatter and scampered away.

The twilight turned to leaden darkness, and the man still sat on the embankment. His thoughts were torturing him, and at last he spoke them out wildly and vehemently:

"Oh, what a fool! I came out here five years ago with a thousand dollars in gold, and good prospects. I've spent my money in speculation, my salary, big as it is, cannot keep me, and I owe that *chettie*, Rhoosab, five hundred dollars; and when I'm behind with my monthly three per cent interest he turns up his hands and looks toward heaven and says, 'Very well, Tuan; I see the firm.' And so it's debt, debt, debt, and such nights as this—such nights as this!"

The man reached his hand into his pocket and drew out a letter, which he fumbled in his fingers. It was too dark to read it, but he knew the contents by heart. "Poor mother!" he said, with a sigh, "she thinks I'm doing well."

DEAR DAN:

Your last letter has gone to pieces from frequent reading. It's a long while since you have written; but I suppose you are very busy out there. One must attend to business first, I know—

The man laughed a hoarse laugh that had no mirth in it. "She thinks I'm indispensable to the firm," he commented, then he grew moody again and crumpled the letter in his fingers.

Things have not been going very well at home. Arabella ought to have some new gowns, but with your father's sickness and the doctor to pay, there's no money. Tom will have to leave school soon, I'm afraid. If you could send us a hundred pounds of that we fitted you out with when you went to the Straits, it would relieve us nicely. Of course, Danny, we never thought that we would ask you for it when you went away; but, as I have said, we have not got along very well at home.

This was the part of the letter that had plunged Dan Smith into despair. What he

owed the *chettie* could be settled some way, and his other debts were no worse than they had been for two or three years past; but to raise any more money—that was plainly an impossibility. And so he sat on the wall at Kolam Ayer in the dark and nursed his misery.

"No more fun for me till I see one hundred pounds started for England on the P. & O. Mail," he muttered between his teeth.

He arose and walked along the wall to the foot path that led down from the bungalow to the big road to the city. As he strode along dejectedly in the dark, the smell of gardens through the hedges came to him and brought tears to his eyes. "Makes me think of spring at home," he thought, "and the hawthorn in blossom. But I wonder where they obtained that two hundred pounds for me when I came out here? They must have pinched hard somewhere."

He had reached the main road, which lay a little beyond the Kolam. Usually he looked around for a rickshaw here, but to-night, though he saw the gleam of a lamp down the road, he gave no call. "Might as well begin to save now," he said to himself. "I'll walk."

At the corner he passed under the gas lamp near the rickshaw stand, and a coolie came toward him, pulling his vehicle with a clatter. "Here I am, Tuan," he said, as he swung the vehicle around.

"What! You here, Teng Po?" said Smith, in surprise. "You won't get any fares out here."

"I've been waiting for you," the coolie answered timidly. "Ah Beng said he pulled you out here—"

"You are a pagan," Smith interrupted. "But all right, I'll ride; mind, you've got to take pay for it, though."

The Chinaman grinned as he answered in a proverb of the Straits: "A man does not take toll of his brother."

Teng Po's devotion to Dan Smith was the most remarkable thing in the latter's life, and Smith knew it, though he laughed at it when among his cronies. It had begun two years before, when Smith was returning one night on foot from a shooting excursion. A couple of miles out of town he had met a rickshaw. The coolie was young and jolly, and spoke Malay with a fluency that would have been astonishing in a Baba Chinaman, to say nothing of a coolie. He was interesting, and the young Englishman was entertained; before they reached Smith's quarters they were chatting away like old acquaintances. As Smith paid his fare he noticed the coolie's number, "72."

During the next few days Smith had oc-

casion to hire No. 72 several times, then the man suddenly disappeared. Upon inquiry he learned that he was sick in a coolie boarding house near High Street, so he dropped around to take a look at him. He found the place to be a rambling old building in a dirty alley, with every room filled with men, smoking, gambling, or sleeping. The man he was looking for was lying on a mat in a dark, foul corner of an overcrowded room. The noise around was maddening, and the air pestilential; no wonder the coolie was thin and delirious with fever. Smith's curiosity was speedily changed to pity, and before night rickshaw coolie 72 was lying in an empty room at Dan Smith's bungalow with an English doctor attending him. This was the reason why Teng Po had become Dan Smith's shadow.

On the way back from the Kolam, Smith got out of the rickshaw at the foot of Bukit Besar to walk up. It was a hill of considerable height and a hard pull for a coolie. As he walked along in the dim light of the lanterns the contrast between him and the Chinaman was striking. He was tall, slim, jaunty, and dressed in natty duck; the coolie was not tall, but heavily built, and clad only in baggy trousers. His broad yellow back between the shafts of the rickshaw was corrugated with muscles, and his *towchang*, coiled about his head under the wide plaited hat, left his heavy neck bare.

"Teng Po," said the Englishman, laying his white hand over the coolie's brown one, "I'm about in the last ditch."

The Chinaman said nothing, for he did not understand what the other meant.

"I'm one of your 'foreign devils' who has made it badly out here. I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Money?" asked Teng Po bluntly.

"Yes, money," said Smith, looking away into the dark wall of mangosteen trees that lined the roadside. And then, impelled by a longing to unburden his heart of its load and pour out his troubles to some sympathetic ear, though he knew no help could come from it, he told Teng Po everything. The speculation in Jebeu mining stock the Chinaman easily understood, and the wasting grip of the Hindoo money lender was no new experience to him; but when Smith spoke of England and the beautiful old house at the end of the lane, and the hawthorn hedge in blossom, the coolie no longer saw the picture.

And then Smith told also how his old father and mother had saved for the children, how he had left home with two hundred pounds—which he had squandered—how Tom must leave school soon, and Arabella become a broken spirited wife in some

obscure country home. But here again Teng Po failed to understand, though he saw from the fervor and emotion of his friend that the case was desperate.

During the next few weeks Smith writhed under his load. He grew thin and hollow eyed from worry and despair. There seemed no relief either for him or for the folks at home. With close economy he might hope to pay the *chettie* in a year or so, but to raise a hundred pounds now—as well try to borrow a million!

So harassed was he that he no longer noticed that Teng Po did not wait for him at night or come for him in the morning; there were always enough rickshaws around. But one night as he sat on the veranda of his bungalow, moody and tired, he suddenly recollected the fact. "The poor beggar has forsaken me—like the others," he said aloud. Half an hour later the servant appeared and announced that an old Chinaman was waiting below and asking for him.

"Let him come up here," Smith rejoined petulantly.

The attendant withdrew like a shadow, and soon afterward an old man crept up the stairs.

"Taher Tuan!" he said humbly.

Smith stared at him, and the man seemed to grow more and more abject under his gaze. He was old, very old, and little, and dressed like a coolie. His hands were long and horny, and he wore sandals instead of shoes. He came forward slowly, and held out a package. "From Teng Po," he said.

"From Teng Po!" speculated Smith, in surprise, taking the parcel.

He unwrapped it slowly, while the old man watched him eagerly. At the last turn of the paper Smith jumped from the chair. He held a roll of bank notes in his hand. He turned them back with his fingers and counted them mechanically—six hundred dollars in good Straits money. He glanced at the old man helplessly. "I don't understand," he gasped.

"From Teng Po," repeated the old man, with shining eyes; then, as the other said nothing, he continued:

"For twelve years I have been bound to a rich *towkay* in Pahang for debt. Teng Po has worked all this time to save money to release me, for I am his father. Last year he sent word, 'One year more and I have money enough!' Ten days ago he came to me in Pahang and said: 'I have money enough, but I must help my friend.' My heart sank at that, for I am an old man, and time has been long in Pahang; but Teng Po said: 'I take your place. I am strong. You go back and give this to my friend.' I said, 'I am an old man and will

not last long; let me work on.' But Teng Po went to the *towkay* and made out a paper, and I have come with the money."

The old man paused, dismayed at his own loquacity. Smith stood as if turned to stone. Finally he spoke: "Do you suppose I'll let him go into slavery for me?"

"Teng Po said you would refuse," answered the old man, "but he made me promise to leave the money—never to touch it again after giving it into your hands. I shall do so, Tuan; I am an old man, but I have promised;" and before Smith could stop him he was gone.

That was a trying night to Dan Smith. He was writing a letter home, but not till daylight did he bring himself to add this postscript:

I send draft for a hundred pounds. A friend advanced it to me.

The next morning, on his way to the go-down, a messenger in the livery of a down town firm met him and handed him a chit. He opened it carelessly and read:

DAN. SMITH, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—I have the honor to inform you that Jelebu mining stock is worth today 150½.

Very truly,

JOHN W. CONELLY, Sec'y.

Jelebu Development Company, Limited.

Smith gave a yell of joy, and hugged the messenger in his exuberance of feeling. Then he called a rickshaw and tore off to town like mad. The tide had turned at last. That night he called upon Kushdoo Rhoosab, the money lender, whom he found sitting tailor fashion on a raised seat in his dingy office.

"I've come to settle," said Smith.

"So soon?" asked the *chettie*, startled. It was very unwelcome news, for in spite of all his threats, he knew Smith was his best paying victim.

"Take that, will you!" As he spoke the caller threw a bag holding a hundred Mexican dollars very near the Hindoo's head, and the fusillade continued until four more bags had plumped against the wall or his flabby ribs.

"Did you ever see money paid in so rapidly?" Smith asked sardonically. "Give me my note now;" and he left the shop, tearing up the ugly paper.

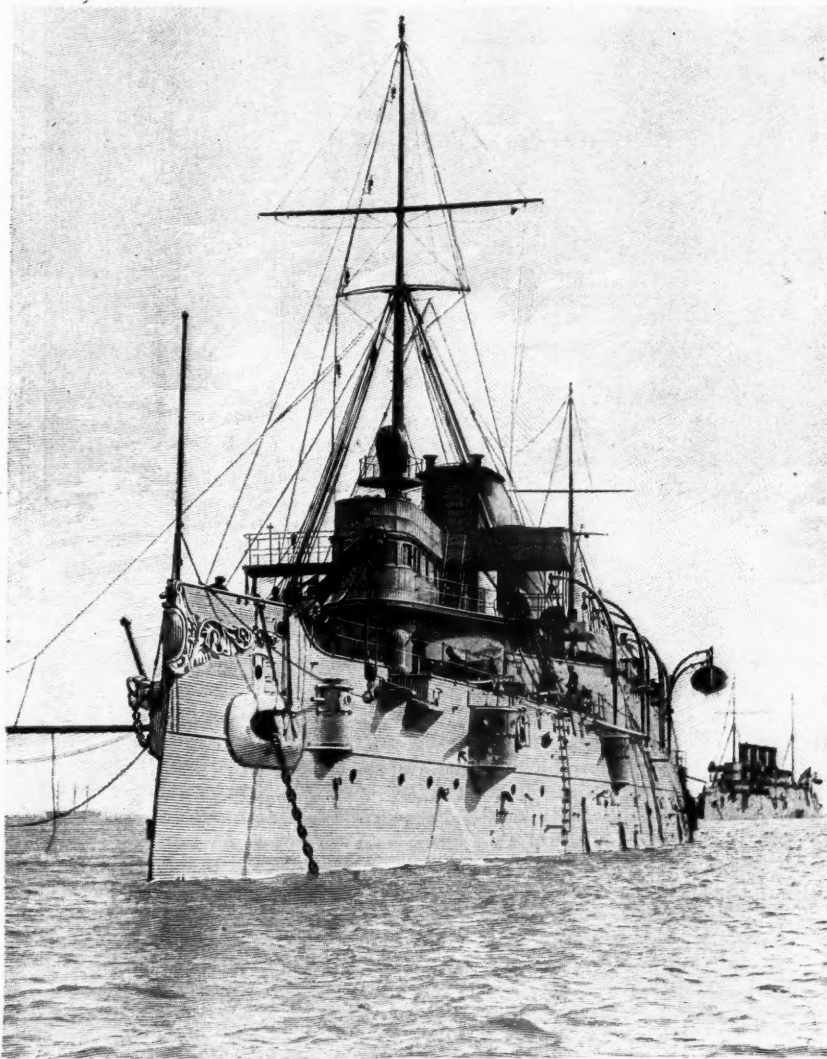
"Great Krishna!" stammered the money lender to himself. "And such are the men who rule this land."

From Kushdoo Rhoosab's, Smith hurried to the cable office and wired the British Resident in Pahang as follows:

Six hundred dollars sent to release a Chinaman held for debt by rich *towkay* at Serapi. The man's name Teng Po. *He is a prince.*

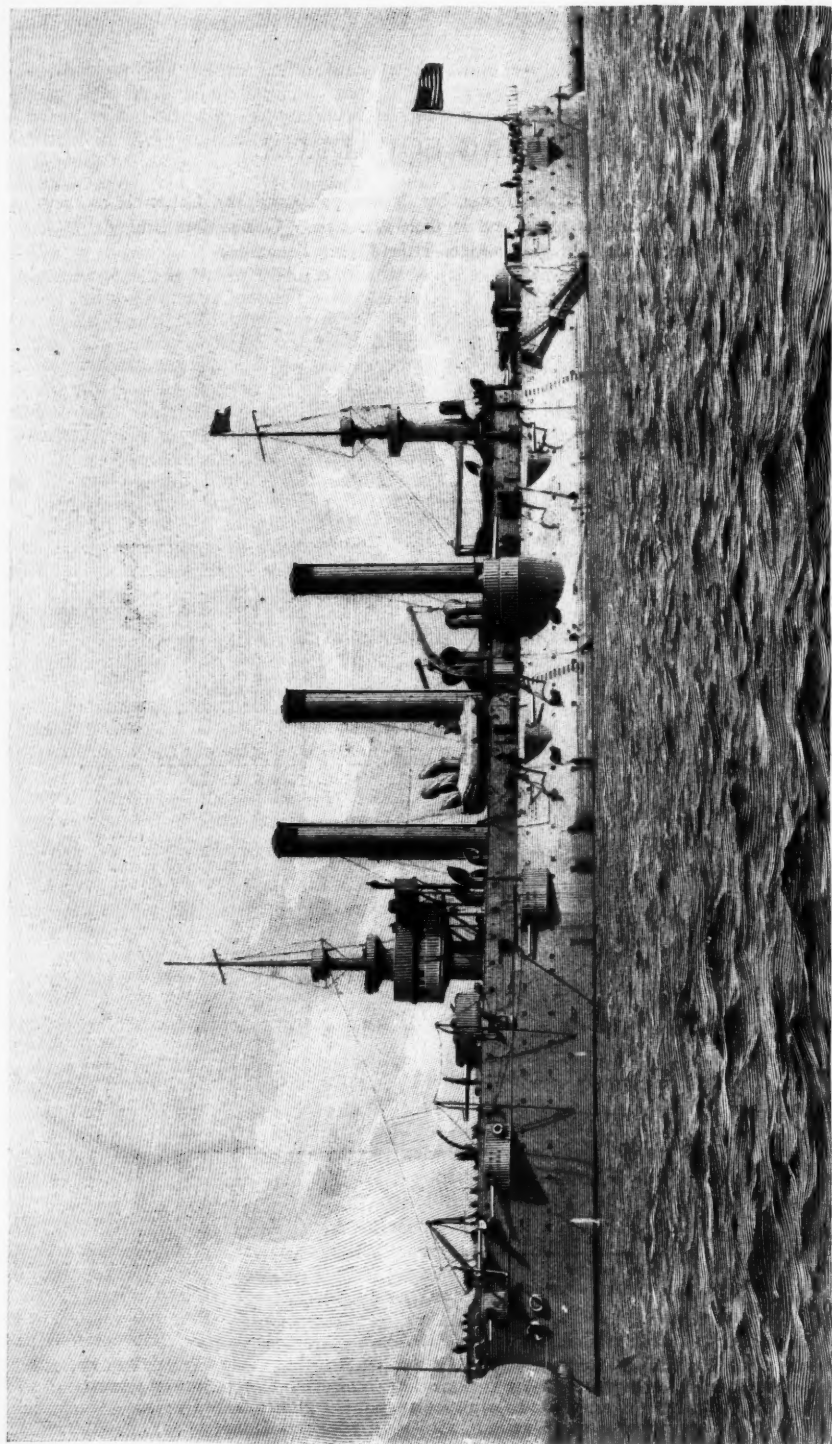
OUR FLYING SQUADRON.

The Brooklyn, the Massachusetts, the Texas, the Minneapolis, and the Columbia as they appeared when stripped for battle and in their war paint—Commodore Schley's formidable fleet that composed the Flying Squadron.



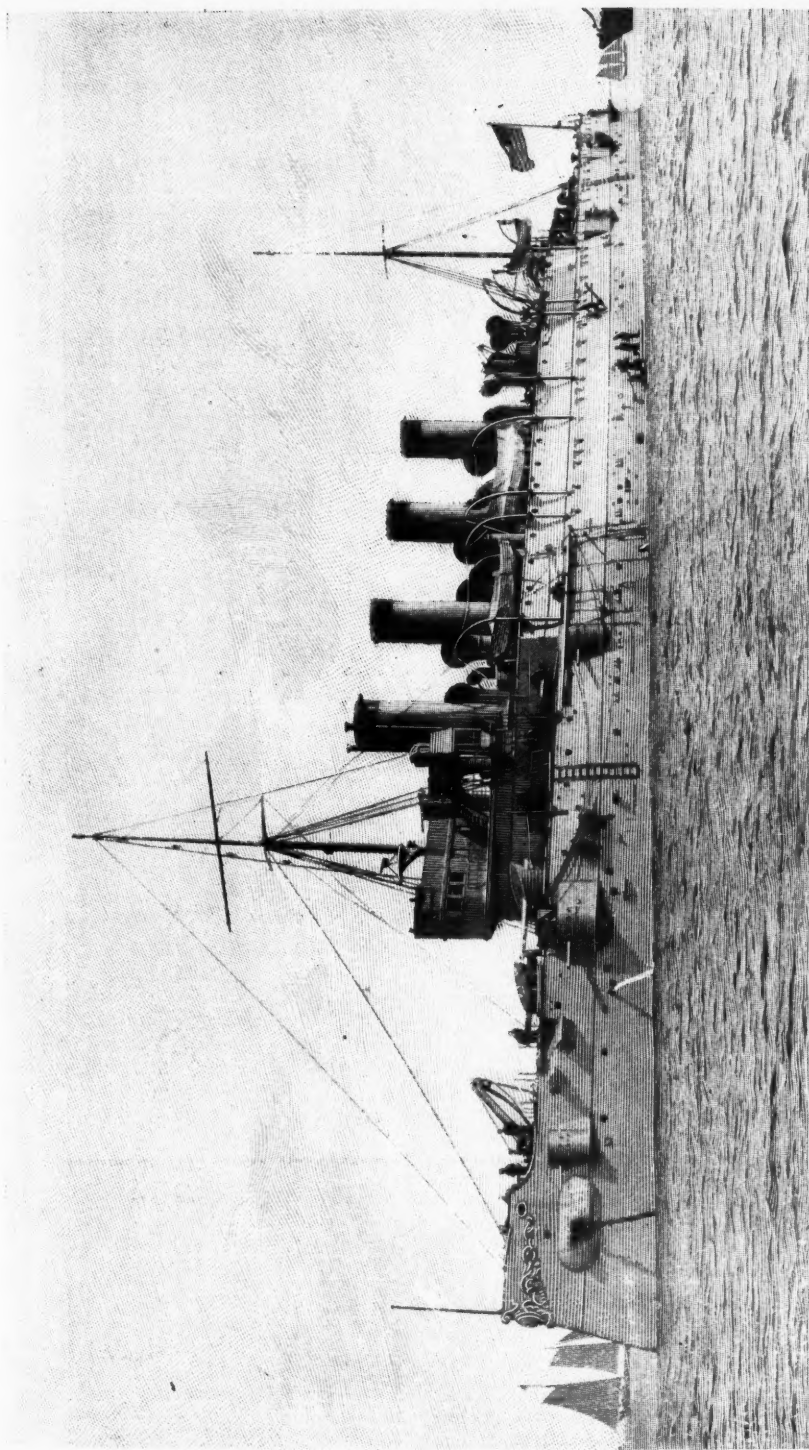
THE MINNEAPOLIS. PROTECTED CRUISER; BUILT IN 1891; 20,862 HORSE POWER; 23.7 KNOTS; COST \$2,690,000; CARRIES ONE 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLE, TWO 6 INCH, EIGHT 4 INCH, AND TWELVE 6 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOUR 1 POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON, FOUR GATLINGS, AND FIVE TORPEDO TUBES.

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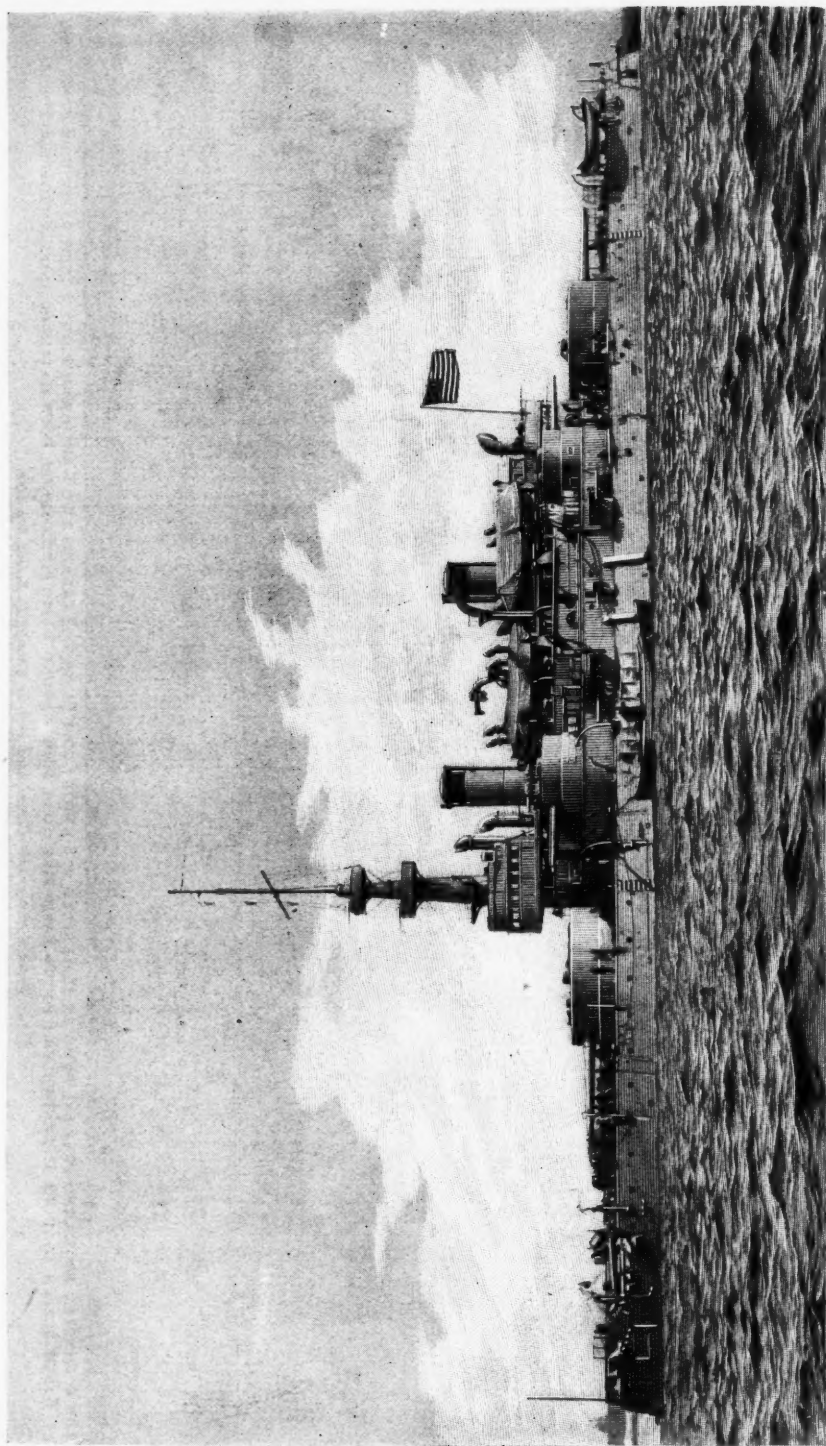
THE BROOKLYN. FLAGSHIP OF COMMODORE SCHLEY. ARMORED CRUISER, SAME CLASS AS NEW YORK. BUILT IN 1893; SPEED 20 KNOTS; COST \$2,986,000; CARRIES EIGHT 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, TWELVE 6 POUND AND FOUR 1 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOUR GATLING, AND FIVE TORPEDO TUBES.

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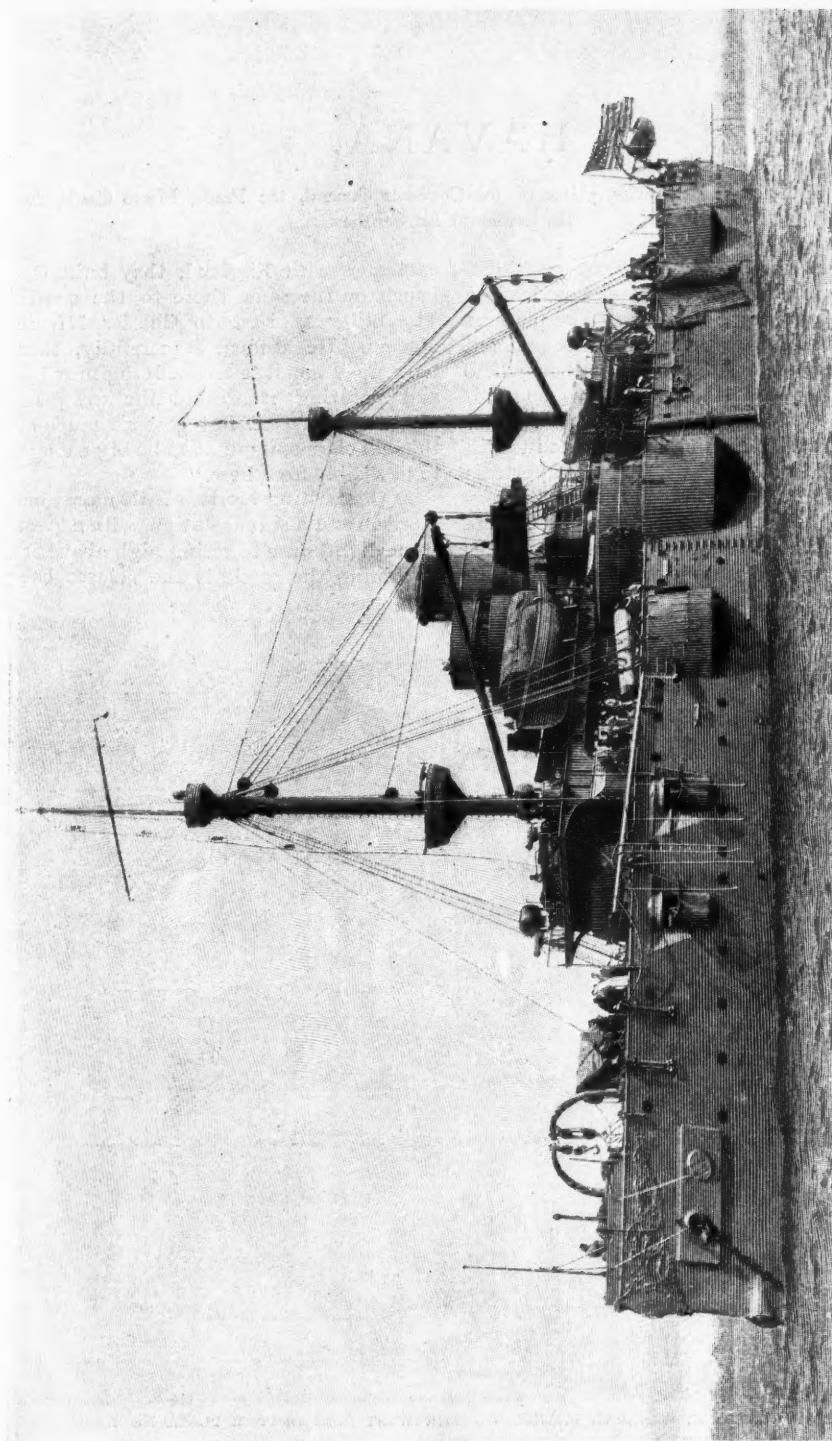
THE COLUMBIA. PROTECTED CRUISER; BUILT IN 1890; SPEED 22.8 KNOTS; COST \$2,725,000; CARRIES TWO 6 INCH AND EIGHT 4 INCH RAPID FIRE GUNS, ONE 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLE, TWELVE 6 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOUR 1 POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON, FOUR GATLINGS, AND FIVE TORPEDO TUBES.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Charles E. Bulles, Brooklyn.



THE MASSACHUSETTS. FIRST CLASS BATTLE SHIP; BUILT IN 1891; SPEED 15 KNOTS; COST \$3,020,000; CARRIES FOUR 13 INCH AND EIGHT 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, TWENTY 6 POUND AND SIX 1 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOUR GATLINGS, AND SIX TORPEDO TUBES.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Charles E. Bolles, Brooklyn.



THE TEXAS. SECOND CLASS BATTLE SHIP; BUILT IN 1889; SPEED 17 KNOTS; COST \$2,500,000; CARRIES TWO 12 INCH AND SIX 6 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, SIX 1 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOUR HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON, TWO GATLINGS, AND FOUR TORPEDO TUBES.

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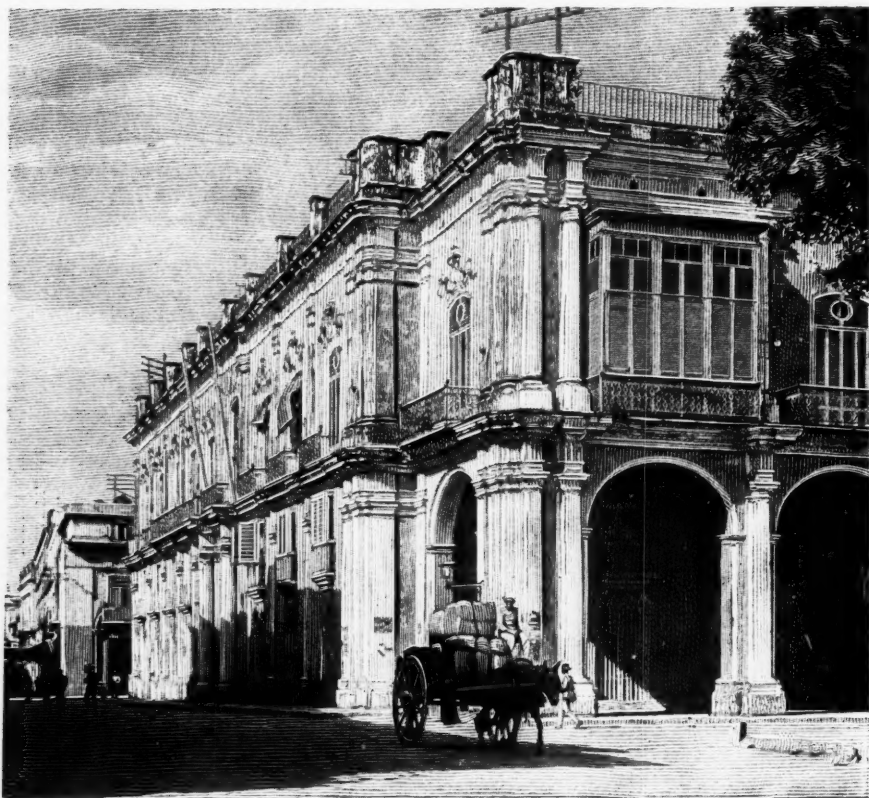
HAVANA.

Views of the Plaza de Armas, palace of the Governor General, the Prado, Morro Castle, and the fortress at La Cabanas.

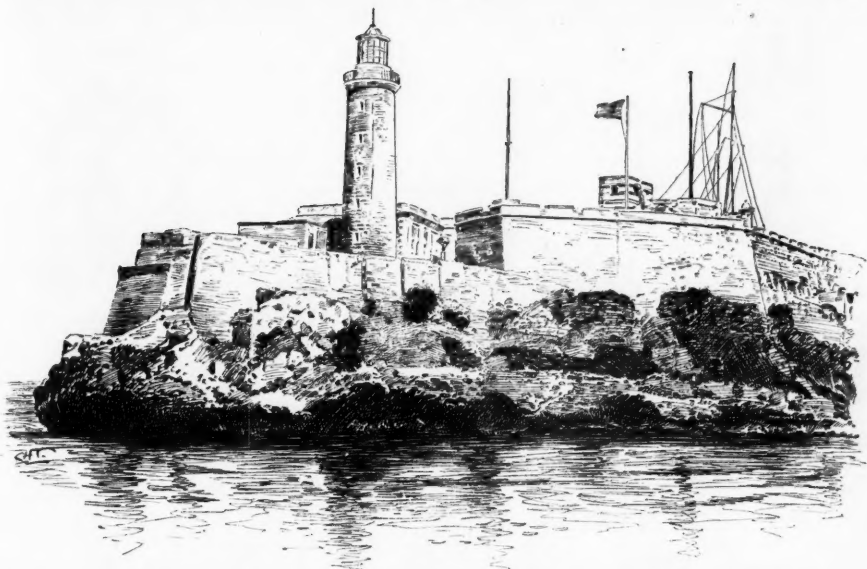
WITH all eyes centered on Cuba, Havana becomes to Americans a city of surpassing interest. The pictures presented herewith for the most part tell their own story. Havana harbor, where the tragedy of the *Maine* was enacted, has the capacity for a thousand ships and is guarded at one side by the much talked about Morro Castle. This was a fortress which the Spanish considered impregnable before it was captured by the English over a hundred years ago. After they regained possession of it through an

exchange with England, they built Cabanas, on the same shore to the south. The bill was sent to Charles III, in Madrid. He studied it carefully, then took up a small telescope lying near by, and pointing it toward the west, remarked: "If that fort cost as much as this bill claims, it ought to be big enough to be visible from here."

At this writing Morro is little more than a prison and a signal station, with a great stone lighthouse towering high above it. Adjoining the castle is the Velasco bat-



PALACE OF GOVERNOR GENERAL BLANCO, ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE PLAZA DE ARMAS, IN THE OLD CITY—A STUCCO HOUSE WITH OFFICES UNDERNEATH, LIKE A HOTEL.



MORRO CASTLE, WHICH GUARDS HAVANA. IT CONTAINS, BESIDES BATTERIES AND PRISONS, THE O'DONNELL LIGHTHOUSE. ITS WATER BATTERY IS KNOWN AS THE "TWELVE APOSTLES."



THE CHAPEL IN THE CAMPO SANTO, THE CHIEF CEMETERY, THREE MILES FROM HAVANA. THE CEMETERY CONSISTS OF A SERIES OF OVEN-LIKE TOMBS.



THE CATHEDRAL DE LA VIRGEN, MARIA DE LA CONCEPCION, AT THE CORNER OF EMPEDRADO AND SAN YGNACIO STREETS. THE OLDEST CHURCH IN HAVANA WITH VERY ANCIENT CHIMES.

tery. La Cabanas, too, has deteriorated. It has a jail and a place of execution.

Governor General Blanco's residence is

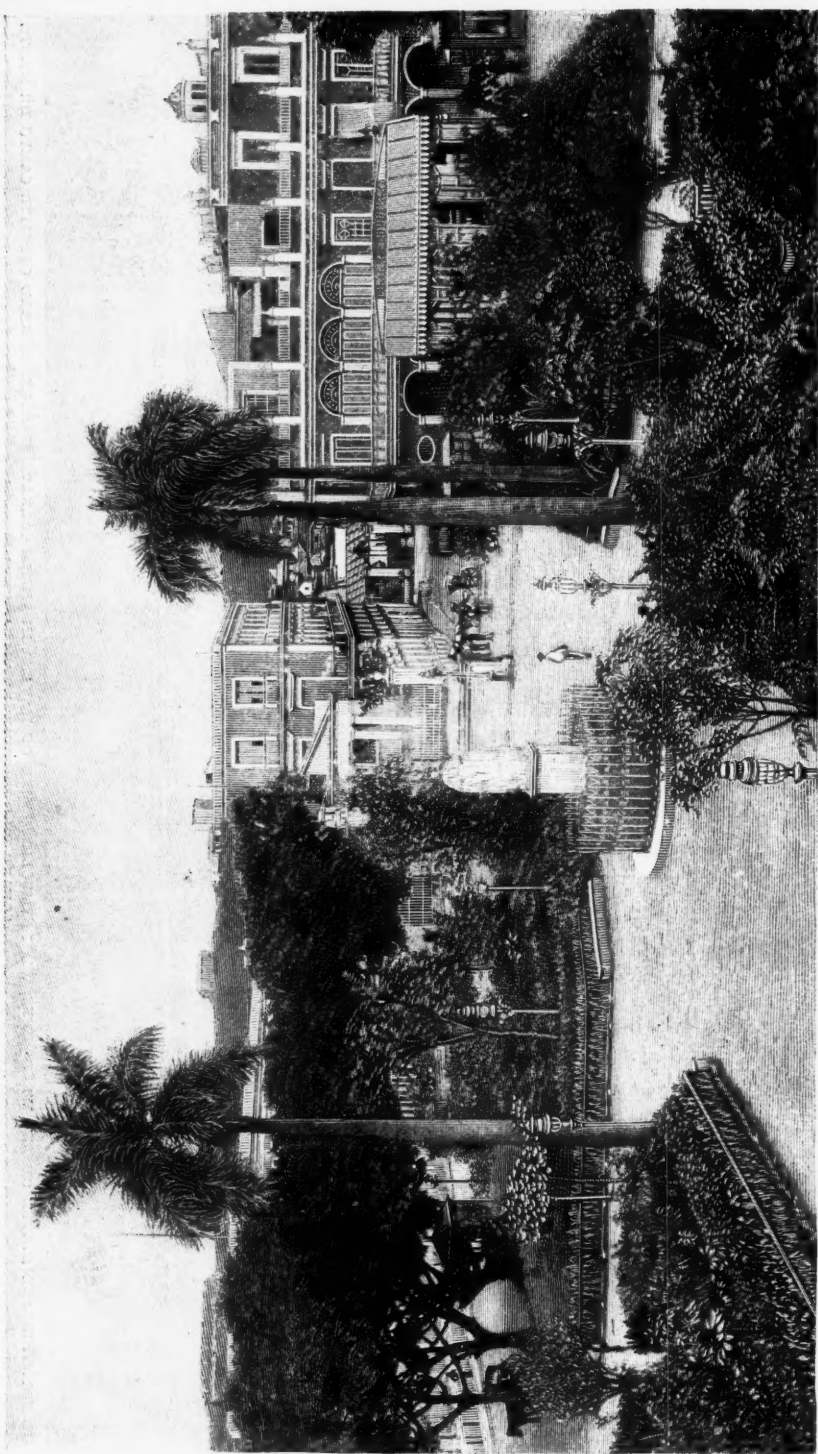
an imposing structure fronting on one of the city's squares. Another parkway is called the Prado, and here guard mount



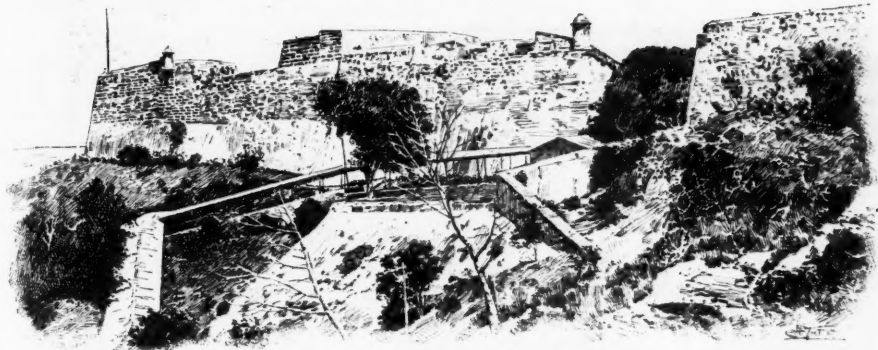
THE PRADO, THE AVENUE OF PALMS, WHICH BEGINS AT THE SEA AND RUNS THROUGH THE CITY, MAKING THE LINE ALONG WHICH SQUARES AND PARKS ARE LOCATED.



THE FOUNTAIN AND STATUE OF THE WEST INDIES, WITH SYMBOLIC FIGURE OF HAVANA IN WHITE CARRARA MARBLE, ERECTED OPPOSITE CAMPO DE MARTE SQUARE BY THE COUNT DE VILLANEUVA.



THE PLAZA DE ARMAS, FORMERLY THE FASHIONABLE PARK. ON ONE SIDE IS THE CHAPEL OF COLUMBUS' FIRST MASS IN CUBA. THE PARK IS ORNAMENTED BY A STATUE OF FERDINAND VII OF SPAIN.



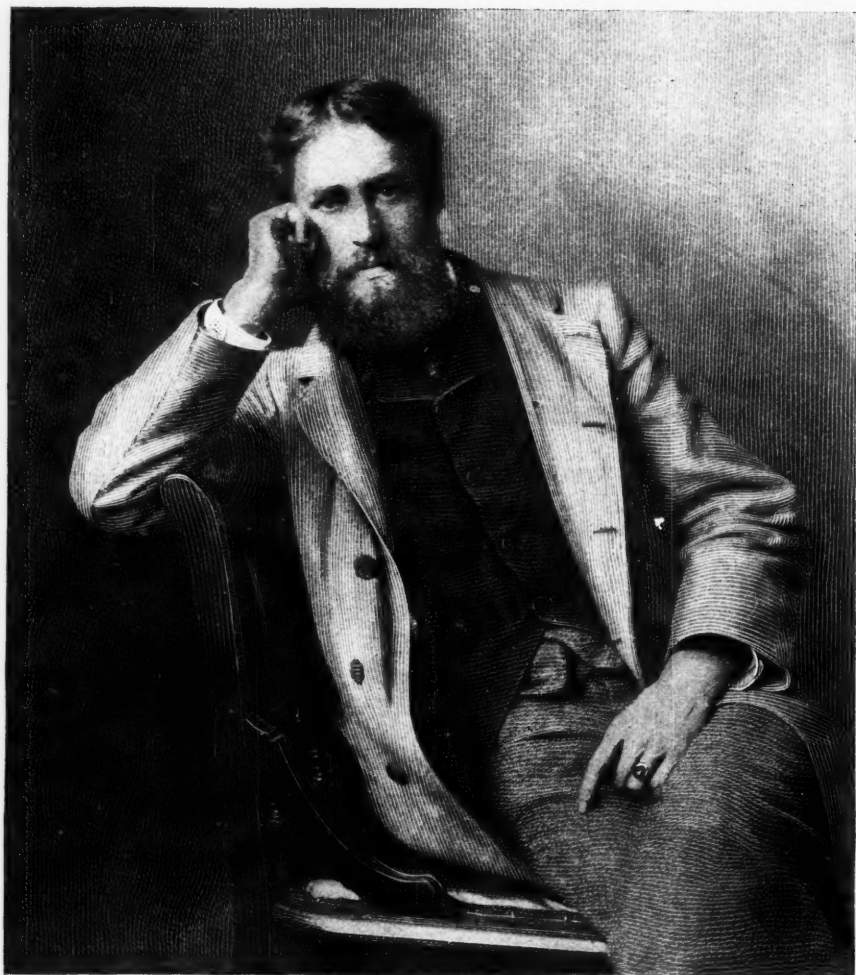
THE PRISON AND FORTRESS OF CABANAS, ONE OF THE GUARDS TO THE CHANNEL TO HAVANA. IT WAS BUILT AFTER MORRO WAS TAKEN BY THE ENGLISH IN 1762.

in the morning is one of the events of the day, designed to impress the populace with Spain's importance. The band has been in the habit of playing in the

Prado three times during the week, and fashionable Havana was supposed to walk there from eight to ten o'clock in the evening.



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL ON EMPEDRADO STREETS. ON THE RIGHT OF THE ALTAR IS THE TABLET TO COLUMBUS, CONTAINING HIS EFFIGY. IT IS HERE HIS BONES WERE LAID IN 1796.



WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.
From a photograph by Marshall, Boston.

SCULPTOR AND STUDENT.

William Ordway Partridge, whose reputation as an artist is rivaled by his fame as a poet and literary man—A glance at the creator of some of the best specimens of American sculpture, who is also professor of Fine Arts at Washington University.

“AN artist cannot do his best work in a foreign country. If a writer cannot accomplish his masterpiece in the language of another race, why should a sculptor or a painter think that he can live in Rome or Paris all his life competing with native artists, while he is continually handicapped by the fact that the Italians and Frenchmen are working in

atmospheres and towards ideals that have been theirs for all time?”

Mr. William Ordway Partridge has in his own life followed this idea of his concerning the influence of an artist's native environment. Though born in Paris, he is an American, and his sentiment for his country brought him home to be educated at Columbia. With his natural love



STATUE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, IN FRONT OF THE
HAMILTON CLUB, BROOKLYN.

Modeled by William Ordway Partridge.

of art stimulated by his college training he determined to carry out his dearest ambition and become a sculptor. He wanted to go abroad and study, but the

Hale, he began to read in public from Keats and Shelley. Partridge's personality and the perfect harmony of his temperament with that of the poets, would



FIGURE OF "MEMORY."

Modeled by William Ordway Partridge.

means were lacking. Consequently he was drawn to the stage, whose outward attractions charmed his artistic nature. But the life soon proved too great a strain on him, and he sought solace and a means to accomplish his one ambition in the poets.

Encouraged by Phillips Brooks and Dr.

have sufficed to have immediately interested the coldest audience; but when there was added to these qualities his careful stage training, to hear him read was, as one woman said, "As if the youth was filled with the spirit of Shelley and Keats sanctified by coming from Heaven."



THE SHAKSPERE STATUE IN CHICAGO.
Modelled by William Ordway Partridge.



STATUE OF GRANT BY PARTRIDGE, ERECTED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB OF BROOKLYN.

From a photograph by Bolles, Brooklyn.

"The Song Life of a Sculptor" shows that in taking up his profession Mr. Partridge robbed the world of a poet of sympathy and tenderness; yet what is literature's loss is sculpture's gain. After years of study abroad we find the young reader and poet a great artist, and above all things a true American, as can be seen by his answer to a question concerning American artists abroad, at the beginning of this sketch.

So much for the man. As for the sculptor, the statues here shown are some of the most representative of Partridge's work. Two features are immediately apparent, individuality and nationality. Alexander Hamilton is represented as delivering to the patriots the famous Poughkeepsie oration that saved New York, and possibly the cause itself. The conception of the statue shows the nationality of the sculptor, and the way

in which he has worked it out expresses his individual qualities of strength and virility.

In the Grant monument there is shown another phase of Americanism: determination and tenacity of purpose. Critics both here and abroad join in commending Mr. Partridge in having created an artistic triumph, as well as a lasting memorial, in this statue of the hero of Appomattox.

In his estate at Milton, Massachusetts, with its old colonial mansion and gardens laid out in the Italian style, Partridge has a studio where he can work at all times. When the sun is shining, or when it is raining, the interior of the studio is the sculptor's workshop; but on a cloudy day, when there are no shifting shadows, the statue is run out of doors on a railway, where it is possible to see the work under the same conditions as when it is completed and set up.

Charles Chapin Sargent, Jr.

THE WOMAN OF KRONSTADT.*

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

The success of Mr. Pemberton's recent books has gained him a place among the leading novelists of the present day, and "The Woman of Kronstadt" will confirm his literary repute and his popularity—It is a strong story, realistic and novel in its scenes and characters; a story of love, adventure, and intrigue, in which woman's wit and man's courage are matched against the mighty military power of Russia.

XXII.

PAUL rested his gloved hands upon the doors of his cab, and smoked contentedly. For the first time since he had set foot in London, the streets and the people were without interest to him. A boyish readiness to accept the possible for the actual had already carried him in his mind to the realization of fine schemes. He was sure that fate would work some miracle of surprise for his particular benefit.

"I shall tell the truth; it will do no good to conceal anything," he thought. "Feodor will write to the prince at Petersburg, and say that I am here in London protecting the secrets of my city. If they had kept Marian at Alexander, there would have been trouble with the English government; possibly they would have been compelled to release her, and she would have returned here with all those plans in her head. I do not see why it should be so great an affair. I have done them a service, and they know that I am not a traitor. Granted that they will not restore me to my regiment, there is other work for a clever man to do. I might even go to the Balkans and serve Ferdinand, or the Austrians. When they learn how small my offense is, they will not be too hard upon me. And I shall marry the little girl, and take her where these English fellows will not trouble her. *Ma foi*, what crowds!—and not a soldier among them."

He was passing the Criterion at the moment. The crowds of idlers, the youth of bars and stage doors, the sleek dandies, the hastening clerks, all moved him to a fine contempt for their stooping bodies and undrilled gait. A soldier's blood had run in his veins since his birth. To wear gold and

to carry a sword, to strut it in the market place, to serve the Czar—what other career was open to an honest man! Merchants and traders—he regarded them as so many licensed thieves. Priests were necessary to minister to the superstitions of the people and to pray for the sins of the army. Professions were all very well for little men and knaves; but they were not a career. As for himself, he had inherited wits above the ordinary; but it never dawned upon him that they could be used to other ends than those of his regiment. There was no better scholar in Kronstadt, no more promising officer of artillery, but that, he thought, was his good fortune. But for the music of the great guns and the clash of steel, his wits would never have been awakened. Whatever lay before him, he determined to work with but one aim, the right to carry a sword once more; once more to be the master of the guns.

The cab bumping roughly against the curb brought him back from the success of thought to the broken baskets of reality. He saw that they were in a narrow street, before the doors of a large but ugly house, which had no ornaments for its windows and little paint for its door. He paid the cabman the money which Marian had put into his hand, and rang the bell of the house timidly. A moment later he stood in a hall furnished so richly and with such exquisite taste that he could scarce believe it to be the hall of the house before which the cabman had set him down. But the man who opened the door was a Russian, and he reassured him.

"Count Feodor—is he at home?"

"He expects you; he is waiting."

Paul entered the house confidently. The magnificence of the antechamber astonished

* Copyright, 1897, by D. Appleton & Company, New York.

him, for he had lived his life in barracks, and such splendor of habitation as he had known was the splendor of palaces of Petersburg or of hotels at Paris. When he followed the footman up a broad flight of stairs and through a conservatory upon the first floor, the same richness of decoration and of *ameublement* testified to the luxury with which Feodor Talvi had surrounded himself. The apartment into which he was shown at last, though of limited extent, was draped with exceeding taste. Dainty water color sketches gave color to the silk paneled walls; lounges, cunningly contrived, were the emblems of ample leisure; flowers stood upon many little tables; a stained glass window hid from the eyes the ugly stone wall which bounded the garden of the mansion. Paul put his hat upon a sofa and sat down with a great air of content.

"These diplomatists," he said to himself, "they talk all day and dance all night. They are paid twenty thousand rubles a year for telling their neighbors that black is white. When there is any work to be done they go home. *Fichtre*—it should be easy to tell lies for twenty thousand rubles a year! And Feodor has no need of them; he was rich always; he must be very rich now."

The footman had left him when he had given his name, saying that the count would be disengaged presently. Paul took up a Russian paper and read it through. It was a pleasure to be carried in spirit back to Petersburg and his home. He found himself wondering how all his friends were—old Stefanovic, who had loved him, and Bonzo, whom he had feared and never understood. Karl, too, and Sergius and the others—had one among them taken pity upon him, and remembered that he had been a friend of the old time? The pathos of memory was very bitter. He was as a child shut out from his old home; imagination kindled for him a fire burning redly upon the hearth of that home; the rays shone upon the unpitiful faces of those who had been brothers to him.

This occupation of regret so carried him away from the house of Feodor Talvi that he forgot where he was and upon what errand he had come. When the little gilt clock upon the mantel shelf struck one, he put the paper down quickly and remembered with amazement that he had been in the room an hour. That rascal of a lackey must have forgotten to speak to the count. Impatiently he pressed the button of an electric bell. It was answered immediately, not by the Russian who had brought him to the boudoir, but by an English servant, who seemed astounded to find a stranger in the place.

"You are waiting for the count, sir?"

"If I am waiting!" explained Paul, turning on the man as he would have turned upon a defaulting corporal. "I have been here an hour. Is your master out?"

"I don't know, sir. I will ask, if you like—that is, if you wish it, sir."

Paul stared at the man with astonishment. If he had been in Russia, he would have laid his cane sharply upon the rogue's shoulders; but he was not in Russia, and the English barbarians did not permit a man to flog his servants. He was still fuming with rage when the lackey shut the door and left him to reflect upon a state of civilization so monstrous.

The little gilt clock struck a quarter past one; the man had not returned. There was no sign of Feodor. Paul went to the door of the room and threw it open. The house was silent as one of his own cells at Alexandria. He could hear a great clock ticking in the hall below; there was a rumble of passing carts from the street without, but of human life within the house no evidence. He returned to the boudoir and rang the bell for the second time. To his amazement the Russian answered him and began at once to apologize.

"We expect the count every moment," he said stolidly. "My master is sorry to keep you waiting. He has been called away. We are to offer you lunch, excellency."

Paul assented indifferently.

"It is a peep show," he said with scorn: "first the English rogue and then you. I shall speak to the count and tell him that he has made a mistake. You should both dance in a booth—to the music of the whip."

The Russian listened without changing a muscle of his face. He was accustomed to a rôle of servility. When Paul had finished, the man set to work to clear a little table and to prepare it for luncheon. Then he disappeared once more and another quarter was struck upon the bell.

"*Sacré nom!*" said Paul, pacing the room angrily, "the servants lie better than the master. If this is the house of a diplomatist, to the devil with the twenty thousand rubles!"

"My dear fellow," cried a voice at the door, "do you know that the chair you are kicking was once the property of Napoleon?"

Paul turned and stood face to face with the intruder. A spectator would have said that the two men resembled each other as two drops of water. Both were tall and finely built; both had flaxen hair and blue eyes; both held themselves as those trained in the school of the world. If the newcomer was slightly shorter than the captain of artillery,

if his face was less sunburnt and more furrowed, that was to be set down to the burdens which the life of cities had put upon him.

"Paul!—it is you, then?"

"Feodor—my friend!"

"You have been waiting here?"

"A century!"

"The devil!—it is that rogue Demetrius again. You are hungry—*tais toi*, we shall lunch and talk afterwards! I have a thousand things to say—you a thousand things to tell. I become a boy again at sight of you."

He talked with a boy's enthusiasm, but said nothing of that great and engrossing subject which Paul desired so earnestly to broach. For the moment, indeed, they might have been students together; students enjoying such a rare day of fortune that they ate the dishes of princes, and washed them down with the wine of kings. Paul wondered, in the moments of silence, if he had, indeed, branded himself as an outcast and a traitor. For if that charge were true, how came it that he ate and drank with Feodor Talvi and was called brother by him? He could not believe in such good fortune. "He does not know," he thought; "he will not call me brother when I tell him."

The dishes were many before luncheon was done. Champagne foamed in long Venetian glasses. When the cloth was cleared, Demetrius carried cigars and liqueurs to a little bower of palms in the conservatory. Paul found himself reclining indolently upon a sofa, while the count curled himself up in a basket armchair which sleep herself might have designed. For the first time since they had met, an embarrassing interlude of silence gave the men opportunity for remembrance. Paul made up his mind that this was the time to speak, but before he could open his lips Feodor asked him a question.

"The young English lady—she is well?"

The question was astonishing, embarrassing. Paul opened his eyes very wide, for he thought it was a jest.

"Oh, she is very well!" he stammered—"that is to say—you know about her?"

The count answered sympathetically.

"I know your story, Paul, my friend. I read it in a despatch four days after you left Kronstadt."

Paul took heart.

"If you know my story, you know also that I am no traitor to Russia; you know that I am here in London to guard her secrets."

"Exactly—or how should I receive you at my house? It was all clear to me from the first. A pretty face, a clever little head, a bribe from the English government—my old friend falls in love with the pretty face and

persuades the woman to deliver up to him all the plans she has stolen. He comes here to give me those plans and to tell me that the woman may go to the devil, while he goes back to Russia."

The smile left Paul's boyish face. He stood up awkwardly against the mantel shelf.

"You do not understand," he said gravely.

"It is not that, count. There are no maps to be given up; Miss Best has none. I am convinced of it. When I left Russia it was to make sure that she did not see any of her friends—that she did not betray us. It is true that her father and mother died some years ago, but she has relations in London—the Englishman who tempted her. I did not wish her to meet those people. Judge me as you will for what is past, I have this to say, that by God's help I will never leave her side again."

Feodor, no longer the diplomatist, but the man of amatory affairs, laughed good humoredly.

"Oh!" he said, "we are still in that stage, then? It is the second stage, I think. When I was the *bel ami* of La Superbe in Paris I took the course. You begin with a bad appetite and end by buying a pistol. Convalescence dates from the moment when you present your pistol to your brother at school, and go out to dine at Voisin's. Complete recovery is to hear with equanimity that she for whom you would have died a thousand deaths has married the leader of the orchestra. Possibly, if you had stayed in Russia, you would have been well by this time; but change of air fosters these complaints. A month, even two months, may be necessary now. And pity is a factor. Send the girl back to her relations—since you know that she has brought no luggage with her—and enjoy London for a month. I can recommend nothing better."

Paul took up his cigar and lit it. His hand trembled undisguisedly. The lover creed chanted by the man of the world was a thing he had ever despised. He knew well the impossibility of convincing this dandy of a dozen cities of the reality of his love or of the nature of it. He would not try, he thought; he feared that the quivering mockery might cast a false light on the name so dear to him.

"Do not let us speak of Miss Best," he said, after a moment of silence. "You do not understand me, and I do not understand you. No man has the right to say to another, 'You shall love here or there.' If you are my friend, you will help me at home. You must tell me what they are saying there. God knows, I dare not ask myself that question! Have I any longer a name in

Russia? Is there any friend of mine to speak a word for me? These are the questions I ask myself while I lie awake at night and remember Kronstadt. God knows the night is punishment enough!"

Feodor, who disliked emotion of any kind, looked foolishly at the fire of his cigar.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, in the tone of the candid friend, "it is quite useless to excite yourself. And it would be absurd of me to tell you any lies. How can I know what they are saying at Petersburg? Am I likely to find expressions of sympathy in official documents? When a man runs away from his regiment without leave, and takes with him a young lady who has been occupied for a month or more in stealing the plans of his fortress, he must expect his friends to open their eyes. How could it be otherwise? We judge men by their deeds. As the thing stands, you, in the eyes of the authorities, share the woman's guilt. We who are your well wishers cannot stoop to help you with the expression of false hopes. That you will ever return to Kronstadt, I do not believe. The thing is out of the question. Discipline would suffer, and you would suffer. But I will not say that influence at Petersburg might not, at some distant day, restore you to the emperor's service. It depends upon yourself and upon the course you take here in London. You will not expect us to join with any enthusiasm in a scheme for your benefit so long as you talk this ridiculous nonsense about marrying the Englishwoman, and constituting yourself her protector. Oh, my dear Paul, do you not see that she is the soubrette of your opera, and that her tears are shed only while the curtain is up? By and by, she will be supping with the leading tenor, while you are back in your own country and are ready to thank Heaven that you have done with her!"

Paul bit his lip. He was within an ace of losing his temper and of quitting the house.

"It is a lie," he said doggedly; "there is no better woman breathing. If you knew her, Feodor, if you were my friend, you would not say these things. I came here thinking that you would help me. I am sorry now that I came."

The count sank deeper into the cushions of his chair.

"*Du calme, du calme!*" he cried, with the air of one who is much amused. "We are at the third stage now, and these are the symptoms. While I knew *La Superbe* I had not a friend in Paris. There was not a man whose throat I did not wish to cut. See, *mon ami*, how these diseases resemble each other. As I live, you will fight me before dinner time."

"No, indeed," replied Paul very quietly; "I cannot quarrel with you, count. If your creed of life is not mine, I do not complain of that. We will talk of it no more, for I am going home. It was a promise to her. She will be waiting. I said that I would be away an hour, and three have passed."

A shadow of anxiety crossed the count's face.

"Oh, you must not talk of going!" he exclaimed earnestly; "and you must not think me unfriendly. What has passed is nothing. We will talk of serious things presently, and you shall meet one better able to advise you than the mere diplomatist, who sees everything through the glass of office. If you think that mademoiselle will be anxious, write a little letter and the man will take it. You will find pens and ink in the library on the next floor. I am going to smoke here until you return. It would be folly to go away now—at the beginning of it."

Paul stood irresolute, but the count touched a gong at his side and the Russian servant appeared once more.

"Demetrius, show the way to the library. His excellency will give you a letter. See that it is delivered at once."

The library was a small room furnished prettily with many books, chiefly in French. Paul wrote his letter quickly—a letter of love and hope. He had met Feodor, the count was his friend still; he was waiting for another to help him to some position of honor and emolument—all this he honestly believed as he wrote it. Never for a moment did it dawn upon him that he was the victim of duplicity. He was convinced that the note would be delivered at once. He did not know Demetrius would carry it so far as the kitchen of the house and there burn it in the stove. When he returned to the conservatory, a smile of content was upon his face. It was good to have found a friend again. He determined to show a greater gratitude to the count—but the words he wished for would not come to his lips, for when he descended the stairs whom should he see with Feodor but old Bonzo himself—the Bonzo of Kronstadt, the Bonzo whose name had struck terror into his heart so often, the Man of Iron whom all feared.

The colonel sat upon a basket sofa. He wore a black frock coat with flowing skirts; his trousers were gray; his tie was a tremendous bow in the French fashion, negligee and ample. He smoked a black cigar and sipped a glass of absinth. When he saw Paul, confused and hesitating, upon the threshold of the conservatory, his little eyes twinkled merrily and he held out a great

paw as though to give the younger man confidence.

"*Le voici*," he exclaimed boisterously, "*le voici*, the renegade, the traitor, who has brought me all the way from Petersburg!"

Paul shook the outstretched hand timidly. The room seemed to dance before his eyes.

"You here, my colonel—you?" he repeated, with broken words. "You have come to London to see me?"

"If I have come to London to see you! Do I make the Cook's tour, then? Am I here to visit the Westminster Abbey? Have I the tourist's suit? Look at me—Bonzo—and ask why I come?"

He put the question in a voice of thunder—the voice Paul had heard so often on the ramparts at Kronstadt. But there was the note of jest struck with the deeper chord, and the two who listened to him laughed when he laughed.

"I should not call it a tourist's suit," said the count, surveying the tremendous proportions of the Bonzo's coat; "there is too much cloth in it. They don't make a fortune out of you, colonel—those tailors."

Bonzo nodded his head approvingly. He was a stranger to civilian dress, and his new appearance amused him.

"*Eccoli*," he said, "it is a coat for my son and for my son's son. I have worn it twice in fourteen years. It is only a barbarous people that would wear a coat like this. Sit down, my friend Paul, and see how I degrade myself for you."

He thrust a low chair forward, and Paul sat down—hoping he knew not what, afraid to remember that the Man of Iron had followed him to the land of exile.

"You are well, my colonel? You had a good passage?"

"I am very well, my son."

"You stay in London long?"

"Until I hear that a foolish young man has come to his senses again."

Paul flushed. There came upon him irresistibly the idea to appeal to this strong man's pity.

"Oh!" he said, "you do not think me guilty, colonel—you do not believe that I am a traitor to my country?"

"*Du tout, du tout*, my son—you are no traitor; you have not the brains."

Paul stopped as though one had shot him. The eloquence of pity, which had inspired him in thought, deserted him at the first word of the ironical response. As well ask mercy of the tomb as of the Man of Iron.

"It was not a question of brains," he blurted out presently. "I am not clever, my colonel, I know that; but I am no traitor to Russia."

"Pah!" said old Bonzo, a little severely, "traitors do not run off with chorus girls and then say they could not help it. You are a fool, my son; you have not the wisdom of the boy. What—when you had the woman in Alexander, when she was alone with you, when you could have made love to her all day, you bring her back here to her friends, you cut yourself off from those who love you, and then say that you did it for us—oh, it is a story for a fairy book!"

Bonzo spoke with a strong man's contempt for the folly of the child. Paul shuddered at his words. The horrible suggestion—for he knew well what the other meant—fired his blood. He could have struck the speaker on the mouth.

"Colonel," he said in a low voice, "you knew mademoiselle at Kronstadt and yet you are ready to say these things of her?"

"Certainly I am ready. Would you have me cry that she is of noble blood? Shall I raise my hat when I mention the name of Stefanovic's governess?—the daughter of an English *batushka*, a village priest at fifteen hundred rubles a year. What—a woman who played with you as I play with this leaf; who brings you to England to draw for her the maps which she had not time to draw when she was with us; who will laugh in your face presently and tell you to go to the devil—is this the one that Tolma's heir would marry? Pah! I have not the patience to speak of it."

Paul picked up a cigarette and began to roll it in his fingers. He was unable to answer such an argument. Bonzo, he made sure, would never understand him; the hope he had placed in his friends was shattered at last. They did not know Marian; they never would know her. He was still searching for his reply to the accusation when the colonel spoke again, but with less heat.

"*À la bonne heure*," he said. "I am not here to scold you. We will say good by to this day of folly, for it is done. Tomorrow you will leave London for Paris, my son. It will be the beginning of your journey to Vienna, where you will stay until this madness is forgotten. After that, we shall appeal to the emperor. His clemency may find for you some duty in the east. If you have suffered, those who love you have suffered, too. Even I—Bonzo—could I hear of this and forget that of all at Kronstadt you alone were a son to me? You shall be a son to me once more—when you have left England."

Paul stood up as the speaker continued. An undefined dread of some calamity about to overtake him prompted him to action.

"Colonel," he said, "I cannot go to Paris with you tomorrow. I cannot leave England."

Mademoiselle is waiting for me now. I thank you with all my heart for your promises, but the day for them is past. I think of Russia no more. I shall find a home here. Some day you will understand me——"

Bonzo waved his arm dramatically.

"Sit, sit," he said. "This is not a theater, Captain Paul. You are in Russia here. This house is our house. It is the emperor's house. Your English friends may come, but we shall not let them in. Be reasonable, and make up your mind that mademoiselle must wait a little longer."

Paul looked from one to the other with dazed eyes. Count Feodor had risen and stood with his back towards the window; the colonel's face was not to be read.

"I do not understand," he exclaimed excitedly. "You would not keep me here against my wish, colonel?"

Bonzo laughed ironically.

"For a few days," he said, with a gesture of indifference—"until you come to your senses, captain. Meanwhile, if mademoiselle is waiting, send another little note."

In that moment the truth flashed upon Paul. He stepped backward as though seeking a way of escape; there was the look of a hunted animal in his eyes when he turned to the master of the house.

"My God," he cried, "you would not do this, count? You have no right to do it. I must go back to my house. I tell you that she is waiting for me."

Bonzo answered him by striking a gong at his side.

"My son," he said sternly, "she will wait many days yet. It is the duty of your friends to save you from yourself."

The deep note of the gong echoed through the silent rooms of the house like an alarm. The three men, for all had risen, stood facing one another. They knew that the time for words was past. As for Bonzo, he had ceased to smile; anger and determination were to be read in his eyes; he looked around him with the air of one who has planned everything, and whose plan is to be put into execution.

"You are mad, Captain Zassulic, and we shall cure you," he repeated triumphantly. "Tomorrow we set out, but not for Vienna. The fortress of St. Peter shall be your hospital. Fool that you were, to pit your wits against mine!"

He raised his hand to point threateningly, and as at the waving of a magician's wand the conservatory was filled instantly with troopers in the uniform of the Russian service. Silently, grimly, with great strength, they fell upon the fugitive and threw him to the ground. So sudden was the attack, so

swift had been the sequence of word and of event, that Paul was a prisoner in their arms even while the thought to flee was shaping in his mind. For a moment he struck at them with the strength of ten men. Agony and despair gave him courage; the whole bitterness of life seemed to be his portion.

"Marian!" he cried—"oh, my God, let me go to her! You kill me—I suffocate—let me go to her—let me go——"

A strong arm, the arm of a giant, stifled the broken cries. The whole landing seemed to be full of men. Though the captive struck right and left, clutching at this object and at that, they carried him swiftly from the place, up and still up to the prison of the garrets. He beheld other landings and the interiors of bedrooms poorly furnished; the stairs were stairs of marble no longer; the light of the fuller day fell upon his face through a frosted dome of glass. When they flung him down at last, with blood upon his hands and torn clothes, the light was shut swiftly from his eyes. He lay in utter darkness, and he thought it the darkness of hell; for he knew that the un pitying hand of the Russian had fallen upon him even in the England for which she whom he loved had longed so earnestly.

XXIII.

MARIAN awoke from a troubled sleep when the clock of St. Martin's Church was striking a quarter past four of the morning. She had not meant to sleep at all, but weakness prevailed above her misery; and for an hour she was carried in her dreams back to Alexander and to the unforgettable horror of her cell below the sea.

When she awoke, she was still sitting in her low chair before the window; but the cold of dawn had stiffened her limbs, and the burden of the night and its weariness lay heavy upon her. Nor could she bring her mind at the first to remember why she was not in her bed, or how it came to be that she looked down upon the silent streets at such an hour. When memory helped her it was swift and terrible. She rose to her feet and opened the door of their little sitting room. Had Paul come back to her? Why did he wait? What new ill had overtaken him? God, if he should be dead!

A tortured, helpless woman, worn with suffering and doubt, she crept along the darkened passage until she stood at his bedroom door. It was wide open. She could see the bed; but no one had slept in it. Scattered here and there were the few things he had purchased since they had been in London—a pair of slippers, a little dressing case, a writ-

ing desk. A bunch of violets he had worn when shopping for her two days ago stood upon his wash stand. She took it up and kissed the faded flowers; she knelt at his bedside and prayed, a woman's prayer, that this new suffering might not come upon her.

It was strange at this time how her sense of dependence upon the man was magnified and made real to her. A year ago, the truth, that she stood alone in the world, would have been a matter of indifference to her. But that day was past. While she had no exaggerated notions of Paul's cleverness, while she knew him heart and mind, he was the one man in all the world who had been able to strike within her the sympathetic chord which is the chord of love. She had trembled when he held her in his arms. Her first waking thought had been for him; she had soothed herself to sleep with his name upon her lips. The past years of loneliness, of struggle, of poverty, seemed removed by ages from her present life. If there had come to her sometimes the reflection that this whirl of events was unreal and false, that she was deceiving herself, that the reckoning must be paid, she brushed the thought aside. She was a woman and she had learned to love.

The house was quiet with the stillness of the hour before the day. Without, the steely gray light fell upon shuttered windows and silent streets. Even great London was nodding. The gaudy ornament of gold and garish painting was now subdued and shabby; immense buildings loomed up as though the dawn had shaped them from the mists. Save for the passing carts or the rumble of a wagon on its way to market, or the fleeting figure of some ragged and homeless creature awake once more to the hopeless life, one might have looked down upon a city of the dead. Those unfortunates who had passed and repassed while the sun shone—whither had they gone to sleep? What change of fortune had they known since yesterday? Who among them would rejoice with the day? How many would know the day no more? The very emptiness of the city awed her. She was afraid of the stillness. Not one in all those millions would stand at her side to help her, would heed her cry for pity. She remembered the child, and thought of him sleeping in a house of sunshine and of flowers; but the remembrance was bitter, for her courage was broken. The old way of life was closed forever. She would go hand in hand with little Dick, but there would be tears upon her face.

Seven o'clock struck, and the sun shone upon the city. People flocked to the great railway station; cabs began to loiter by the pavements; she heard the scream of whistles

and the cry of the newsboys. It was a relief to her, this surging of the stream of life. She began to reckon with herself as she had not reckoned since she left Kronstadt. If Paul did not return during the morning, she resolved that she would go to Scotland Yard and tell his story, in so far as it could be told without the surrender of her promise. She scouted the trivial suggestions which desire to deceive herself had prompted. Taking new courage of the morning she refused to believe that her lover was dead or that an accident had overtaken him. An echo of the truth dinned in her ears. "It is the hand of his own countrymen," she thought. "He has been lured from here by a trick." And then she remembered that these things were not to be done in England. A glad pride in the might of her own country quickened her heart. "I will save him," she said; "I will go to them and learn the whole story."

Her course would have been easier if she had known Paul's intentions when he left her. It was in her mind that he had gone to the Russian embassy. She remembered that he spoke of South Audley Street, but could not recall the number of the house.

She said that she would get her breakfast and go afterwards to the embassy in quest of news. If none was to be had there, it would be time to consult with the people at Scotland Yard. True, she had given Paul her word that she would not go out alone; but the promise was made for a set of circumstances other than these. His liberty, his very life, might depend upon her breaking that promise. A great desire to be up and away at once took possession of her. It was hers now to play the strong part. Nevertheless, the hope that she might hear his step on the stair before the hour was struck again held her to the place.

"He has stayed at the count's house all night," she argued childishly; "it was necessary, and he is among friends."

At eight o'clock she dressed herself, wearing the pretty blouse that he had bought for her, and coiling up her wealth of brown hair picturesquely above her white face. She sighed often when she looked in the shabby glass, and asked herself how it came to be that a man had cast off country and friends for her sake. Very few in the world cared whether she lived or died. She did not wonder at that. Her life had been one long battle with circumstances; the smile her face had worn during the years of childhood was but the shield which cloaked the scars of mental ill and, oftentimes, of defeat. Yet here was one to stand among the multitude and to say, "Thou art the woman!" The mystery of love baffled her.

It was nine o'clock when she had finished her cup of tea and found herself ready to go out. She had but a few shillings in her pocket; their little store of gold was locked in Paul's trunk; yet she would not stop to reflect upon that new trouble which lack of money must bring to her presently. Glad to escape the confinement of the stuffy room, rejoicing that her errand was for her lover's sake, she descended the stairs with quick step; but at the street door she stood irresolute, and when she had looked about her an instant she returned hastily to her room and went to the window to watch.

A carriage drawn by a pair of magnificent gray horses had stopped before her house. She observed a footman speaking to a white haired old man, slight and slim, but with the face of an aristocrat. Instinct told her that here was one of Paul's friends. When the footman knocked at the door below she had the impulse to run down, fearing that the carriage would be driven away before she could tell Paul's friend what had happened. She was still wavering when the slut of the house entered the room, holding in her dirty fingers the card of Prince Tolma.

"It ain't for you; it's for the gentleming," she said, wiping a smut from her forehead. "I told 'em as he'd gawn out to supper and hadn't come back yet."

Marian brushed her aside and ran down the stairs with the step of a schoolgirl. Care for her own dignity was forgotten. She arrived in the street breathless and with flushed cheeks. It was in her mind that this stranger would save her lover.

"Paul is not here," she said excitedly. "He left me yesterday to visit Count Talvi, and has not returned. I fear that something has happened. He would not leave me without a word. I am Marian Best, and I have heard your name so often. If I might speak to you for a little while——"

She stood panting and expectant, while the old man regarded her with wondering eyes. Apparently the spectacle pleased him, for, of a sudden, he grunted like an animal and called to the footman:

"John, I am going to get out."

With great pomp and ceremony, after the unwrapping of rugs and laborious change of posture, the prince wormed himself from his seat.

"My dear," he said apologetically, "you must give me your hand. I am an old man—and your English wines do not love me. Is it far to mount—are there many stairs?"

Marian blushed.

"We are not rich," she said diffidently; "we feared to go to a hotel."

"*Du tout, du tout,*" said the prince, "we

must find another apartment for you. The sun up there will scorch that pretty face. *Ma foi*, we go to heaven itself!"

A friendly banister and the strong arm of the footman dragged the burden to the heights. Marian followed with a sense of relief such as she had scarce known in all her life. It was as though a strong hand had been thrust out to her from the shadows of the great city. The tone, the gesture, the kindly eyes of this old man, the easy air of command and authority—these won upon her confidence.

The prince entered the shabby little room and waddled to an armchair. He sank in it with a pathetic sigh of gratitude. Drops of sweat stood upon his bald forehead. He mopped them up with a tremendous handkerchief; his breathing was stertorous and rapid.

"It is a vapor bath," he gasped. "You shall send for a shampooer, my dear. Or if you will not do that, you shall give me a little of the red wine I see upon the buffet there."

A flask of Australian wine stood upon the sideboard. Marian half filled a tumbler and diluted the wine with soda water. She had not noticed the poverty of her surroundings before. The coming of the aristocrat, his spotless clothes, his grand air, showed them in all their nakedness.

"I am sorry," she said, moving about with girlish activity. "I fear our stairs are awful. If it had not been that I knew you were Paul's friend——"

"Tut, tut!" replied the prince, taking the tumbler in his hand, "it is a recompense to see you in the room. There is no other ornament necessary, my dear—your eyes and the sunshine. If I were a young man, I would come here every day to see you. We do not count the rungs of the ladder which leads up to paradise."

He swelled with gallantry, remembering the days which had carried him hungering for love to many a garret of old Paris. When he had emptied his tumbler and put it down, he began to speak again, leaning forward heavily upon his gold mounted cane, and staring so hard at his little hostess that her cheeks flushed crimson.

"So you are Miss Best," he said, nodding his head cunningly; "and you have brought my boy to England, and it is for you that he has forsaken his friends and turned his back upon his country. Well, my dear, I should begin by scolding you. I meant to scold you when I came here. But I am helpless, you see—so come and sit by me and we will talk a little while."

He pointed to a little stool and she obeyed

him, sitting almost at his feet. Never in her life had she met one whom she would have trusted so implicitly. Her own father, long dead, the man of dusty books and monotoned sermons, had awakened in her but pity. The fine face of this noble Russian, his soft and winning voice, his kindly gesture, inspired her to ask herself what her own life would have been if such a man had brought her into the world.

"You are very kind to me," she said simply; "it is a long time since I have found a friend. I think sometimes that I shall never find another. I cannot call Paul my friend. He is more than that. But then, he has left me here—"

Her cheeks reddened and she paused. Tolma patted her arm encouragingly.

"Do not be afraid to speak to me," he said; "I know your story, but it comes prettily from these pretty lips. You do not call Paul your friend; he is more than that—*ma foi*, I would disown him if he were not!"

"I love him," she answered, taking courage of herself; "whatever he may do here, I could not blame him. He has given up everything for me—God knows how much I regret that if it is not for his good. Yet how can a woman answer such a question? How is she to read the depths of a man's love? If you and his friends wish him to leave me, if you think it is to his interest to do so, I have no right to stand between you. It would be happiness to know that he is happy!"

Tolma moved restlessly in his chair. He had come to carry his heir from the trap into which he believed he had fallen. He had come to convince him that the woman was a charlatan, an impostor, the tool of the English government. When he hastened back from Paris it had seemed to him that his mission was the easiest in the world. He flattered himself that no man knew women as he knew them. He thought that he would find Paul with some notorious servant of the spies of Europe—a chorus girl, the wife of a *chevalier d'industrie* gone bankrupt, the partner of a baron snapping up unconsidered trifles. Ten words with her shattered that hypothesis. "She is an English lady; she is honest," he said to himself. "We shall have trouble."

"You are a pair of children," he exclaimed, cutting Marian short in her protests; "it is all a play to you—the ships and armies of Russia are your toys. And yet, like your elders, you can think of the money."

She was silent at the rebuke.

"Yes," he went on very seriously; "you can think of the money, children that you are. What you have done, mademoiselle, is a great crime toward my country. If I did not

believe the story which Paul has told me, if I did not say that there were excuses which must suffice when a woman is the offender, nothing would keep me in this room even for an hour. But I am not like those others—I know men, I know women, *vous savez*. To me they are the pieces on the board. I have seen so many put in the box—a few years more or less, and destiny will move me no more. You are young, and your life is before you. I shall see that it is a pleasant life. You will live here in your England. Paul will go with me to be my companion in Paris. I like young faces; I am lonely in age. If it rested with me alone I might make other promises for the future. But I must win a way for Paul to return to his country, and to return with honor. Do not think me harsh. I speak as the friend of you both. It cannot be otherwise; it is the only way."

Marian sat very still and white and silent. She thought herself in that instant to be abandoned of God and man. And yet she did not turn from her sacrifice.

"It is for Paul," she cried bitterly. "If there is no other way, let it be so—and God help us both!"

Tolma abhorred the spectacle of a woman distressed—unless his was the hand to wipe away the tears. The fair girlish figure at his side, so slight, so pitiful, created for him a boyhood to be lived again in an instant of thought. He drew Marian's head upon his knee to stroke the curls through which the hardly checked tears glistened.

"My child," he said gently, "if an old man could work a miracle, assuredly it should be worked today. But what would you? If we wish Paul's name again to be known in Russia, shall we not make this sacrifice gladly? While he is with you, when he is your husband, they will say, 'Ah, she loves him for what he is worth to her. She has not all the maps yet to sell to her English government, and he will make them for her. By and by she will laugh at him and find another officer of artillery and another Kronstadt.'"

Marian smiled through her tears.

"Poor Paul!" she said. "If he had to live by making maps of Kronstadt, we should starve, prince."

Tolma looked at her searchingly.

"You do not think he is clever?"

"Oh, yes, he is clever, but not in that way. He would laugh if he could hear you. I do not believe he sleeps at night for thinking that I shall tell some one the things I know. He came here at first to be quite sure that the memory he says I am cursed with should not do Kronstadt any harm. He feared I would draw the maps."

"The maps?—but you have not any maps. They were all burned—he told me so."

"He told you the truth, but you cannot burn the memory. I could draw Kronstadt now, this instant. I could place every fort and every gun. If I did not love Paul, my drawings would make me a rich woman, prince."

Tolma sat very still. He was turning over in his brain a hundred possibilities. The girl had struck every weapon from his hand. If her tale were true, she had struck also every weapon from the hands of her enemies in London.

"It may be so," he said, with the politest possible suggestion of doubt—"it may be so, my child; but who will believe a story like that?"

"I ask no one to believe it. Why should I? What have I to gain?"

She drew back from him and, rising, went and stood by the window. The sun of morning flashed upon her white face and gave threads of gold to her tumbling hair. Tolma saw the child no more; a woman, self-reliant, proud and beautiful, now answered him.

"What have I to gain?"

She repeated the question with just a *souffçon* of mockery in her tone. She did not forget that she was in England. The strong arm of her own country stood between her and the Russians.

The man, on his part, was ready to appreciate the drama of the moment and to act up to it.

"Mademoiselle," he said, struggling to his feet and posing threateningly, "you have a husband to gain."

"A husband?—oh, monsieur, you jest!"

The woman of Kronstadt spoke—the woman who had been willing, before love weakened her hand, to strike a blow at the Russian in his very holy of holies.

"You jest, prince," she said again, with the air of a grand dame; "what is more, you do not believe me."

Tolma answered her by banging the table with his cane.

"Mademoiselle," he exclaimed, "I jest so little that, if you will prove this story, I will make you Paul's wife."

It was her turn now to open her eyes in wonderment; but he continued without pause:

"Do you not see that they have taken him from you because they believe you want his secrets? Prove to them that the secrets are yours, not his, and they will move heaven and earth to shut your lips. A child would understand that. A free woman in your own country—who shall prevent your speaking

where you will? But the wife of Paul Zaslulic—will she betray Russia? *Ma foi*, the boy's eyes are better than ours now! He will cheat Bonzo yet, and I shall be there to enjoy it. And he will be the husband of a clever woman, mademoiselle. Do not contradict me. I, Tolma, say it, and I am never wrong. You shall be my daughter. You shall live in Paris with me—when you have proved the story."

Lack of breath alone put a curb upon his eloquence. Marian listened to him as she would have listened to one who spoke of miracles. It had been upon her lips to tell him of her promise to Paul, that she would keep the secrets to the day of her death; but love working in her heart silenced her. She could not shatter the cup raised so unexpectedly to her lips.

"I will prove my story when and where you will," she said, with dignity. "Give me time to get pen and ink, and I will prove it now."

Tolma raised his hand.

"Not here," he said, with the gesture of an actor; "tonight, at the house of Count Feodor. My carriage shall fetch you. Fear nothing—you have the word of Tolma."

He waddled down the stairs, calling loudly for "John." Marian stood as one in a trance; but it was a trance of joy.

XXIV.

It was the evening of the day. Three men waited in the great drawingroom of Count Talvi's house in South Audley Street. The silver clock upon the mantel shelf had just struck nine. Its ticking was the only sound to be heard.

Of the three who waited, Tolma alone was at his ease. He lounged in a great chair and smoked Russian cigarettes incessantly. A glass of chartreuse at his elbow was lifted often to his lips. There was a complacent smile upon his face, the smile of a man who has played a great card and waits for his opponents. He looked ever and anon at Bonzo, the second of the three, moving in and out of the shadows which the dim light of shaded candles cast in dark patches upon the heavy carpet. But Bonzo was unconscious of the prince's gaze. His hands were linked behind his back. He did not smoke. He paced the room restlessly. If he had eyes for anything, it was for a white sheet of paper spread out upon a writing table in the alcove of the window. There his glance rested often, as though some wonder would be wrought by an unseen hand. He feared that lines would appear upon the paper.

Count Feodor, the third man, sat upon a

sofa near the door. He had a Russian newspaper in his hand, but he did not read it. His eyes turned often toward the silver clock. He seemed to be waiting for some one who would break the silence of the room. When, at five minutes past nine, a carriage was heard at the door below, he rose with a little sigh of relief. At the same moment, Bonzo stood quite still and uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

"Ha!" he said, "they have come, then."

"You mean that *she* has come," said Tolma, with a slight emphasis for the pronoun.

"I wait and see," replied Bonzo diplomatically. "I expect nothing, prince, from a woman."

"And yet you owe everything to one, my dear colonel."

Bonzo resumed his sentry duty, but at the door he stopped suddenly. A lackey was there to announce a guest.

"Mlle. Best," cried the fellow in a loud voice.

Marian entered the room.

She wore a black French hat, becoming and unobtrusive. The cape which Paul had bought her sat well upon her young shoulders. Her gown was new and rich and in excellent taste. Tolma chuckled when he saw it, for he had caused it to be sent to her that very day. He said to himself that, gowned thus, this English girl might hold her own in any room in Europe. There was about her a dignity of presence, a sweet graciousness, which no mere childish prettiness of face could rival. She seemed born to command. Nor did she betray the fear which had dogged her steps when she set out for the house of Feodor Talvi. She had been ready to take the word of Tolma, and he would answer for her safety.

"Bravo, bravo!" he cried, struggling painfully to his feet. "I said that you would come, mademoiselle. I told them that you would not be afraid."

"Why should I be, prince?" she asked with a pretty laugh. "Am I not among friends?"

Again it was the old Marian who spoke, the Marian of carnival, the light of the governor's house.

"Certainly, you are among friends," repeated the prince, while he raised her hand to his lips with an eastern courtesy; "you have the word of Tolma."

"And the knowledge that I am in England," she said with simple pride.

Bonzo laughed harshly.

"Mademoiselle prefers the English police," he cried, with an iron gaiety—"assuredly she is among friends here."

Marian turned her great eyes upon him and looked him full in the face.

"Monsieur," she said, with a gaiety to which she had long been a stranger, "*you* have helped me to my preference."

"*Arrivons!*" exclaimed Tolma. "We are not here to write histories. What has been has been; let us forget it."

"No woman could forget Colonel Bonzo," said Marian jestingly, with a laugh—"at least, if she had shaken hands with him."

Bonzo's great face flushed angrily, but while he was still seeking a clever answer Count Feodor slipped out of the shadows.

"Colonel," he said, "we forget the business upon which Mlle. Best has been good enough to come here tonight. Is it not time for that?"

"*Sans doute*," exclaimed Tolma; "to the affairs. Why do we wait? Mademoiselle is ready, I am sure."

Marian looked from one to the other with anxious eyes. Then she perceived the table upon which the white paper was spread.

"I am quite ready," she said, though her heart began to beat quickly—"when you tell me what you wish me to do."

Bonzo advanced to the table and set it straight.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "we have been so long away from Russia that we forget our own country. You, they tell us, have a better memory. If you will make a little map upon that paper it is possible that you will have no cause to regret the trouble we shall put you to. It should be a map of Fort Constantine, mademoiselle."

He watched her as he spoke. She drew off her gloves with trembling fingers. The hour seemed supreme among all the hours of her life. If she had forgotten! If her memory failed her now! It was for Paul's sake, she said to herself again and again. It was that she might be his wife. The lights danced before her eyes. The figures of the men were blurred to her sight. She lived in a room of shadows. The white paper seemed to spread out until it became a mighty scroll upon which her own doom or her own joy was to be written. She prayed to God in her heart to help her to win her lover back.

"A map of Fort Constantine? Oh, that is easy, colonel!"

She sat at the table, guiding herself thereto with shaking fingers. Minutes passed and she could not find the pen. Tolma put it into her hand.

"Courage," he whispered. "It is for his liberty, his life; he is a prisoner in this house."

She took the pen; her hand ceased to tremble. Quickly she drew the outline of

the fort. The scarring upon the paper, the ticking of the silver clock, were the only sounds in the great drawingroom. Those who watched her breathed with an effort. The Man of Iron seen in the shadows was like a figure of bronze.

Fifteen minutes passed. The woman had forgotten where she sat. She drew upon the paper with the skill of a trained draftsman. She lived again under the shadow of the mighty fortress. Kronstadt arose above the sea of white waves. Line by line she conquered it; alone she went into the chambers of the secrets; the living death came near, but could not touch her.

"*C'est fini*," she said.

The three were about her chair now. The paper was in Bonzo's hands. Side by side with another map he laid it. For ten minutes no word escaped him. Then he drew himself up erect and delivered his judgment.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "there are few in Russia who could draw a better map than that."

She did not answer him, nor the others, as they exclaimed upon the excellence of her handiwork. Rather, she asked herself again if they had mocked her; if they had brought her to the house to charge these things against her. And while she stood, doubting and fearful, she knew not of what, the folding doors which divided the great room from a smaller one behind it were thrown open by one of the servants, and she saw that the little room was fitted up as a chapel, and that an old priest stood before a shrine upon which many candles were burning.

XXV.

PAUL heard a clock strike eight, and remembered that he had been nearly thirty hours a prisoner in Talvi's house. It seemed to him that a century of hours had sped since he kissed Marian's pretty lips and told her that he would return to her without delay. He was sure that he would never look upon her face again, would live his life alone in dishonor and in exile. The lamp which they had set in his room wounded his eyes with its garish light. He wished for darkness, that he might accustom himself to the thought of unending captivity. He did not believe that any power on earth could snatch him from the relentless hand of his own countrymen which had in treachery struck him down. They would send him to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. She whom he loved to call his little wife would look for him and look in vain. He dared not ask himself how she would face the world alone; for that thought was to be while life was,

the unanswered question, the surpassing punishment of his folly.

The room in which they had locked him was one of the garrets of the house. A dormer window opened on to a sloping roof, high above the surrounding roofs. But the window was boarded up, and iron bars, newly fixed, forbade any hope of it. He saw that Talvi must have foreseen the need of such a room when he sent the telegram. They had made up their minds to get the spy out of England at any cost; friendship would count for nothing with a Russian who believed that he was serving his country. Even if Marian went to her English friends and told them her story, he doubted that those friends could help him. False charges would be made; his extradition would be demanded by a government powerful to enforce its wishes. They would brand him as a criminal and carry him back to the unnamable horrors of the fortress of the Neva. And Marian—he clenched his hands when he remembered her. She would be standing at the window waiting for him. He pictured her to himself—the wan face, the great thoughtful eyes, the quick girlish movements, the gestures he had loved, the gold brown hair, the winning voice. He would hear that voice no more. It must be to him but a memory through eternity. The way of pilgrimage was before him still, but the hand which had been locked in his would never touch his own again.

There was a little furniture in the room, a basket chair, a shelf of books, a mahogany table, a camp bedstead. He had been there but a very short time when the Russian servant brought a lamp to permit him to see these things. He did not speak to the man, nor question him, for he knew well how little profit he would have of such a venture. When the servant was gone, he resented the light that had been left. The gable of the roof was dark and ominous above him. He moved in ghostly shadows, for they had robbed him even of the day. So still was the place that he could hear a clock ticking in the room below. No sound came up from the distant street. The roar of the city's life was as a falling of great waters heard afar.

It was near to five o'clock of the afternoon then, he remembered. Marian must have begun to ask herself what mischance had overtaken him. Rightly he could hope nothing from the friendship of a helpless girl—and yet there were moments when he hoped much. She would tell the English police that he had gone to Talvi's house. The police would begin to ask questions. It was possible that the whole of his story would be made known. And then—and then! He

dreamed even of liberty won by her. She would not rest, day or night, in her quest of the truth. She might save him yet, even from the hand of the Russian.

The weary night dragged on, but the man neither slept nor ate. The supper they had put upon his table reminded him of the short day of content he had known in London. What a gift of the joy of life it had been to sit by her side all day, to hear her morning words of greeting, her pretty good night, to hold her in his arms, and to say that therein was the place of his abiding rest. But for the thought that in some way, he knew not how, a miracle would bring her to his side even in that house of darkness, he would have lost his reason. The impulse to beat upon the door of his prison, to cry aloud for mercy, was scarce to be controlled. The thought that she would come alone empowered him to play the man. He listened for her footstep through the long watches of the terrible night, and laughed at himself for the fancy. At dawn he fell asleep, and dreamed that her arms were about his neck.

It was a quarter past nine o'clock on the evening of the second day before any message came to him from the outer world. He had eaten a little dinner, and was asking himself all the old questions when a sound upon the stair without brought him quickly to his feet, and he stood with heart aquiver, wondering who came. For a spell, brought down to earth suddenly from the gaudy clouds of dreamland, the thought lingered that it might be Marian's step. He was still laughing at himself for so foolish a notion when the door swung back upon its hinges and Count Feodor stood before him.

The count's face was flushed, for he had run up the stairs, and he was boisterous as a lad who carries good news. He had regretted with a friend's regret the indignity put upon Paul by those whom he served. He welcomed with a friend's joy that those indignities were so soon to be forgotten.

"Paul, *mon vieux*, *c'est fini!*" he gasped, while he held out both his hands to the prisoner. "You are to remain here no longer. They have discovered their mistake—they know all—they have sent for her—she is here."

Paul staggered like a drunken man.

"She is here—oh, my God!"

"It is Tolma's work," continued the count, with a child's pride of his words; "he discovered that she could make the maps. He is down stairs with her now. You are to go there. They want you—at once."

"They want me at once?" repeated the dazed man. "But look at me—my face, my hands, my beard—"

"Ivan shall see to that. He will not be ten minutes. There is no time."

Paul stood quite still. He seemed to read in that instant the moment of Talvi's words.

"For what should there be time?" he asked very quietly.

"For the priest to marry you to the little lady who knows so much about Kronstadt."

Paul reeled out into the light.

He was sobbing like a child.

XXVI.

A CANDELABRUM set before the altar in the chapel of Count Talvi's house cast a soft light upon the face of the old priest and upon the little group around him. Huge and unwieldy, like some broken pillar, was the figure of Bonzo back in the shadows. But the Man of Iron thought and planned no longer. The difficult emprise which had carried him to England was accomplished. For the aftermath he cared nothing. Kronstadt had lost a good soldier, but her secrets were safe. The clever little woman who knelt before the altar with the light of love awakened in her eyes would betray the citadel no more. All else was indifferent to the servant of the Gate. Love was the recreation of children. He had never loved.

Near to the Man of Iron sat old Tolma. There was upon his face a look of sly triumph and of elation. He had crossed wits with Bonzo of Kronstadt and had defeated him. The pretty English girl would bring sunshine into his house in Paris. Paul should become a son to him in deed and act. This strange marriage, at night, in a house of West London, appealed to an insatiable appetite for romance. He recalled the faces of all the women to whom he would willingly have given himself under like circumstances. What a roll call it was! The subjects of his *amours* would have numbered a battalion.

The remaining witness to this strangest of strange marriages was the master of the house. Count Talvi showed how much his old friend's happiness meant to him. He came often to Paul's side, he whispered words of congratulation. Hither and thither he moved with silent step, now to help the priest, now to give orders to the lackeys. He was a servant of Russia still, but this was his holiday.

The priest raised his hands to bless those whom God had joined together in the holy mystery of marriage. For one long moment Paul held his little wife's burning face in a kiss of love. Then all rose and passed to the great diningroom below.

Here lights from many electric lamps shone upon Talvi's guests. Lackeys were busy at

the tables laid for supper. It was the moment for congratulations.

"You forgive me?" cried old Bonzo, holding out both his hands to the trembling girl. "You forgive an old soldier for making you a Russian?"

Marian turned her laughing eyes to his.

"I don't know what I am or where I am," she said bewilderedly. "I cannot believe that any of you are real."

Bonzo laughed his great laugh, which filled the house with a tumultuous sound.

"*Fichtre!*" he roared. "I, Bonzo, I am not real—oh, *c'est bien drôle!* Will you not kiss me, my child, and see if I am not real?"

Tolma, waddling laboriously, put his arms round the girl's neck and kissed her on both cheeks.

"You must eat and drink, little girl," he said; "you must remember that you are the daughter of Tolma. It is ten o'clock and the train is at midnight."

"The train?" she asked wonderingly.

"Yes, the train to your Devonshire. It is there you will go, until the house in Paris is prepared for you."

"To little Dick!" she said—and the words were his reward.

* * * *

The mail rushed on toward the west. By sleeping villages, through silent towns, above dark swirling rivers, away to the gardens of England it carried the man and the woman who had suffered. But the day of suffering was forgotten.

In the corner of their carriage Paul held Marian close in his strong arms. A rug was wrapped about them. The wan light of the feeble lamp fell dimly upon their happy faces.

"It is good to rest," she said, as his arm closed about her, and she laid her pretty head upon his shoulder.

"The rest shall be forever," he answered.

THE END.

TO DIE AND LEAVE IT ALL.

ANOTHER day was hastening to its ending,

Through painted panes the level sunbeams wrought

Rich colors with the room's rich colors blending,

The while the rich man saddened at his thought:

"This mansion filled with costly treasure,

This wealth that comes at call,

This endless chain of days of pleasure

To die and leave it all!"

Another midnight now the bell was tolling,

And all unwelcome was the news it brought,

The last lap of the day's full web unrolling,

The while the student saddened at his thought:

"These books that hold such wealth of pleasure,

That line the fourfold wall;

And all man's mighty unread treasure—

To die and leave it all!"

The breath of spring, that bright immortal maiden;

The glance of summer, full of life and light;

The speech of autumn, with sweet memories laden;

The sight of winter in his robe of white:

The living pageant daily passing;

Life's pleasures great and small;

True friendship dear and love surpassing—

To die and leave it all!

For when comes death to pay that visit certain,

Whoe'er we be on whom death wills to call,

On life's unfinished play death drops the curtain,

And much or little, must we leave it all.

Hunter MacCulloch.

MRS. BLIMBER'S LITERARY EVENING.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

How the literary set of Fairtown stole a march on their prospective hostess
—A story demonstrating the truth in the poet's words anent the "best laid
schemes o' mice an' men."

WHEN Mrs. Blimber determined to invite the members of the literary class to which she belongs to come to her house for a whole evening of literary thought and discussion, topped off with salad and other refreshments—for she knows the male of her species—she realized that she was approaching an important crisis in the career of culture upon which she had embarked two years before, by leaping at one bound from Bertha M. Clay to Browning and Ibsen.

Several other members of the class had given literary evenings at their homes, with more or less success, but Mrs. Blimber, who does nothing by halves, determined that nothing should prevent her evening from being the most brilliant one of the season, and therefore she invited not only her fellow members of the literary class, but a dozen or more of the most eligible and agreeable men that the thriving city of Fairtown could boast of. Moreover, she introduced a novel element of mystery by announcing that a certain well known writer would be present and deliver an address on "The Ethics of Culture," a title which she rightly judged was meaningless enough to possess a strong attraction for the very brightest and most inquiring minds in the class. She refused to mention the name of the distinguished author, in order that they might be all the more surprised. Her dearest friend, Mrs. Brownell, however, declared that she was afraid the rest of them would have a chance to read up about the author, too, and prophesied that on the night of the reception Mrs. Blimber would show an amazing familiarity with the entire career and all the works of her invited guest.

The guests were invited for Friday evening, and on Tuesday Mrs. Blimber began to receive letters from the men whom she had invited that indicated extraordinary social and commercial activity in the town on that particular night. Charley Dayton, for example, the young man on whom all the girls fairly doted, had just taken an important case which would keep him at his office in consultation with Judge Sassafra until nearly ten o'clock. He would endeavor,

however, to "stop in" on his way home, if only to thank Mrs. Blimber for her kind invitation, and pay his compliments to her guests. John Forrest, too, would be busy that evening taking his aunt to the half past nine train and seeing that she was comfortably ensconced in the sleeping car for her long journey to New York. He would "only be too glad," though, to call on his way from the station and tell Mrs. Blimber how deeply he regretted the necessity that compelled him to decline her invitation. Three more notes of similar import came crowding in, one after another, and then the prospective hostess realized that it was the intention of the gentlemen whom she had invited to avoid the literary part of the evening and come just in time for the supper. Evidently they cared nothing for the identity of the well known author who was to be present. In fact, as she remarked to her husband with some bitterness, oysters and beer cut a great deal more ice with them than literature and their immortal souls.

However, she consoled herself with the thought that she had secured an author with whom not one member of the class except herself was really familiar, and she was sure of this because she had not heard of him herself until a fortnight before, and her recently acquired knowledge of his works was the one thing that raised her above the level intellectual plane on which they all had their literary being. She had first heard of him through the lecture bureau to which she applied for a high class entertainer, and, besides, a friend in New York had assured her that Herbert Stringem Somerville, author of "Where the Brook Babbles," was really the "coming man" in literature. Thereupon Mrs. Blimber hastily secured his services, with the understanding that the matter should be kept a secret, and immediately sat down to read his delightful book from beginning to end, and to commit certain passages in it to memory in order that she might have them ready for conversational purposes. Mrs. Brownell, coming upon her unawares in the reading room of the town library, found her thus engaged, and

suspected from the nervous rapidity with which her usually tranquil friend slipped the book under her cloak that something was up.

It is easier to stem the current of the Mississippi than the encroaching flood of Mrs. Brownell's curiosity when that devouring tide has once been aroused, and it was an easy enough matter for her to find out from the assistant librarian the name of the book that Mrs. Blimber had just taken out. The rest can be best described by quoting the words she addressed to the half dozen of her intimates whom she summoned to her house that afternoon:

"'Twon't do for Maria to try and fool me, for I know her only too durned well. Why, the very way she hustled that book out of sight the minute I came along was enough to raise my suspicions, and when I saw the name of that author—what's his name, Somerville?—I knew it was the one she had engaged to lecture to us, and was reading up about on the sly. Now, I tell you what we'll do. I've made inquiries at the book store, and I find he's got out three books beside the one in the library, and Maria's drawn that out and won't send it back, you can bet, until after the lecture. Now, we'll just put up half a dollar apiece and send down to New York for those books, so that when Maria springs that surprise of hers on us she'll find there ain't anybody in the class but what is better posted on him than she is. Meantime, don't let a soul outside the class into the secret, and don't go asking for the book at the library or in the book store, or anywhere that'll give us away. If we see Maria, we'll tell her we understand it's Howells, or Charles Dudley Warner, or Mrs. Burnett, that's going to give the lecture."

It was with a wide and generous smile of ill concealed triumph on her face that Mrs. Blimber welcomed her guests to her drawingroom on that eventful Friday evening; a smile that became intense and rosy at the moment when she led to the improvised platform the distinguished author, who had been spirited into the town late in the afternoon and had been kept by her husband in the diningroom during the arrival of the company. Mr. Somerville was introduced in a few words of eulogy, and immediately began his interesting discourse on the "Ethics of Culture." He was heartily applauded at its close, and then his hostess stationed herself beside him while the guests came surging up, with Mrs. Brownell on the crest of the wave, to be presented to him.

"Do I understand you to say," she exclaimed in honeyed tones, "that this is really the author of 'Heart Throbs'?"

"No, no," whispered Mrs. Blimber hastily; "he wrote 'Where the Brook Babbles.'"

"Well, my dear, surely we're not so benighted in Fairtown that we haven't read that. But 'Heart Throbs,' my dear Mr. Somerville, is the book that we adore, and I would advise you, Maria, if you have never heard of it, to go out and get it to-morrow morning early."

"Isn't he the man that wrote 'Sweet Thoughts at Eventide'?" whispered Mrs. Jack Craven to her hostess.

"No, he wrote 'Where the Brook Babbles,'" replied the other nervously.

"I appeal to you, Mr. Somerville," cried Mrs. Craven gaily; "Mrs. Blimber says that you didn't write 'Sweet Thoughts at Eventide,' but if you didn't I don't want to be introduced to you. So there!"

"I must acknowledge that I did," replied the guest of the evening, with an affable grin, for Mrs. Craven is decidedly good looking and coquettish, and there is no living author who has any rooted objection to the sort of flattery that proceeds from the lips of her kind.

"There, I told you so, Maria!" cried Mrs. Jack triumphantly; "but I do believe you're the only woman in the whole room who hasn't read that lovely book from beginning to end. We're not very literary here in Fairtown, Mr. Somerville, but I assure you we're not so far behind the times but what we've read nearly everything that you've written. If you can stop in at my house to-morrow morning before you go away, I'll promise to have three lovely girls to meet you, and every one of them just dying to tell you how much they think of you."

Then Mrs. Brownell and Mrs. Craven were swept aside by the throng that had been waiting to tell Mr. Somerville how much they liked "Pearly Tears," and to ask poor, mortified Mrs. Blimber how she could possibly have read "Where the Brook Babbles" without going out and getting everything else that had been written by the same author.

The climax was reached just as the guests were departing, when Sam, the bright young colored boy who drives and runs errands for Mrs. Brownell, and had been smuggled into the hall by his mistress under the pretense that he had come to bring her an umbrella, fixed his round, rolling eyes on Mr. Somerville and then inquired innocently of his mistress, of course in the hearing of Mrs. Blimber, if that was "really the gemman dat wrote dat 'Pearly Tear' book dat was so great."

It was immediately after this that the guests melted away, and Mrs. Blimber was left alone with her great grief.

THE STAGE

THE SATELLITES' TRIUMPH.

We present portraits this month of two leading women who, during the past season, have appeared in plays that have enabled them to eclipse the stars themselves in winning popular favor. Isabel Irving's delicately toned rendering of the *Comtesse* in "A Marriage of Convenience," was conceded to be the conspicuously successful characterization in that John Drew production.

That she looked the part made it not one whit the easier to play; the rather it called for a still deeper sinking of the artist's own identity to satisfy the greater things an audience would expect. And these Miss Irving gave in lavish abundance, establishing beyond doubt her right to the post vacated by Maude Adams.

Isabel Irving is a native of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and comes of a family who,



VIRGINIA HARNED IN "THE ADVENTURES OF LADY URSULA."

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

until she herself entered the profession, were quite unconnected with the theater. Beginning her career with Rosina Vokes, she soon passed to Daly's, where she remained until she joined the Lyceum stock as leading

Sothorn. It is taken in the disguise assumed for the name part of "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," the new comedy written by Anthony Hope, and which was produced with great success in Philadelphia last December.



PHOEBE DAVIS, OF THE "WAY DOWN EAST" COMPANY.

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

woman, succeeding Georgia Cayvan. She is a woman whose purposes are all intensely earnest, and, off the stage, is less like an actress than almost any other member of the profession. Her taste runs to books, of which she has a notable collection in her summer home, close to Rahway, New Jersey.

The other portrait is that of Virginia Harned, wife and leading woman of E. H.

Miss Harned carries the weight of the piece, which is being reserved for the opening of Mr. Sothorn's next New York engagement at the Lyceum, in the autumn.

Like Miss Irving, Virginia Harned was leading woman at this house (during the Sothorn seasons) for two years or more, and, another case of similarity, first came under notice through association with Rosina



ISABEL IRVING.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Vokes, but in the latter case merely by imitating her style. Her initial hit in original work was in "The Dancing Girl," and of course her creation of *Trilby* is not yet forgotten. Miss Harned was born in Boston, but

her husband, Joseph R. Grismer, who, though he has no part in "Way Down East," is a guiding spirit in its presentation.

It is more than a decade now since she made her début at the California Theater. Pass-



ROSE COGHLAN AS "LADY JANET" IN "THE WHITE HEATHER."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

in her early youth lived for several years in Virginia.

CALIFORNIA TO THE FRONT AGAIN.

In Phoebe Davies, leading woman of "Way Down East," we have another of the vast throng of California girls who have risen to prominence on the stage. She belongs to one of the oldest families in San Francisco, and counts herself as especially fortunate in having always played in the company with

ing from that house to the Baldwin, Miss Davies laid the foundation for an all around equipment by impersonating a different character every week, sometimes two or three within that period, and now and then, in an excess of enthusiasm, "doubling" in the same evening. In this way she has shifted from *Rosalind* to *M'liss*, from *Camille* to *Hazel Kirke*, and through it all has rejoiced in almost invariably playing opposite to her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Grismer are favorites in society. Their previous long stay in the metropolis was some four years ago, when "The New South" had its extended run at the Broadway. In "Way Down East" she is the

throughout the all season run of the piece in New York. Her brother Charles' new play, "The Royal Box," is acknowledged by all to be entitled to place among the half dozen distinct hits of the year, and in his company



GERTRUDE COGHLAN, OF "THE ROYAL BOX" COMPANY.

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

"woman with a past" whom Burr McIntosh, as the stern farmer, turns from his home.

THE COGHLANS.

This name is once more prominent—as it has been so many times hitherto—in American dramatic offerings. Rose Coghlan, taking the leading part in "The White Heather" for the first few weeks, made such a hit as *Lady Janet Maclintock*, that she was induced to remain

is his daughter Gertrude, appearing briefly as *Juliet* in the play scene of the fourth act.

The Coghlands do not come of theatrical people, but their father was of that profession located just next door—journalism. He was Francis Coghlan; he started the Continental guides bearing his name, and was a friend of Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, and Charles Reade. Charles became a lawyer, but marrying an actress, took up the stage, an example soon

after imitated by his sister, who made her first appearance at Greenwich, Scotland, as one of the witches in "Macbeth." She did not burn the broth, nor did she set the river on

Her first success here was at Wallack's—destined to win for her so many laurels thereafter—where she played in the one act comedy now prominent in the Kendals' re-



EDWIN ARDEN AS "SIR JOHN OXON" IN "A LADY OF QUALITY."

From a photograph by Fredericks, New York.

fire with her genius in this uncanny rôle, her first hit being reserved for London in 1870, when she was seventeen, where, at the Court Theater, she appeared as *Tilly Price* in "Nicholas Nickleby." Then she supported Toole and Adelaide Neilson, and after that "Dundreary" Sothorn induced her to come to America.

pertory, "A Happy Pair." Returning to England two years later, she was associated with two notably long runs—as *Viola* in "Twelfth Night," for two hundred nights, at the Princess' Theater, Manchester, and as *Lady Manden* in "All for Her," for four hundred nights, at the St. James', London. Meantime Charles had come to America, in



MARIE BURROUGHS, OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" COMPANY.

From a photograph by Aimé Dupont, New York.

response to an offer from Augustin Daly, and Wallack soon had the sister back again.

Then came her electrifying hit as *Stephanie* in "Forget Me Not," played opposite to Osmond Tearle's *Horace Welby*. From that time on Rose Coghlan remained leading lady at Wallack's, which meant reigning favorite with metropolitan theater goers, until the disbandment of the stock company. In the great all star production of "Hamlet," at the Metropolitan Opera House, May 21, 1888, given as a testimonial to Lester Wallack, on the occasion of his retirement from the stage, Miss Coghlan was the *Player Queen*.

The parts in which she has gained the greatest favor with the public are undoubtedly

Stephanie in "Forget Me Not," and *Zicka* in "Diplomacy." Her own favorite, we believe, is *Suzanne* in "A Scrap of Paper." Her ideal of personal enjoyment is a cross country gallop on a horse which few could manage, and she regards the stage as the only calling that pays women well for their services.

Miss Coghlan has been married for some years to John T. Sullivan, who, when "The White Heather" goes on the road, is to have the leading part created here by Frank Carlyle.

ANGLOMANIA IN STAGELAND.

Nobody will deny that Charles Frohman is the most enterprising of our American



ETHEL BARRYMORE, OF HENRY IRVING'S COMPANY.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

managers. And he deserves the high position he has attained, by winning it through sheer pluck and perseverance. But we all have our weaknesses, and no doubt those that afflict men on whom the sun of publicity shines with rare effulgence seem more pitiable because of their conspicuousness. And Frohman's is his Anglomaniac.

He was seized by it last summer when "Secret Service" made its great London hit. After raging with more or less virulence all winter, in the shape of flaring announcements on his theater side walls and programs to the effect that he was also of "the Duke of York's, London"—which inaugurated his management, by the way, with a flat failure—the attack culminated in the mingling of the British and American colors in the Empire auditorium in the early spring just before his departure for London, where he was hoping to make fresh conquests.

Far be it from MUNSEY's to deplore the unity of nations already so closely knit in language and mutual good will as England and America, but excess of feeling in this respect is apt to awaken suspicions when there is business at the bottom of it.

The sensation of the winter season in London theatricals was Beerbohm Tree's "Julius Caesar," the first success his new house, Her Majesty's, has had. The production of "Much Ado About Nothing," at the St. James, was another Shakspeare offering that drew money to the box office.

Henry Irving's chagrin over the failure of "Peter the Great" was acute, for it was only natural that he should have desired much from such an ambitious work of his own son. We give another portrait of Ethel Barrymore, who is not to marry young Irving after all. She played *Euphrosine* in the ill fated drama, but it is not to be assumed that the speedy withdrawal of the piece was the cause of the severed engagement.

PLAYERS IN THE "BRIER BUSH."

Chicago has set the seal of its approval upon two important plays which are to be submitted to New York's verdict in the autumn—"Nathan Hale" and "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." The last named was to have been produced in the metropolis in February, but owing to the difficulty of obtaining a suitable theater, other arrangements were made, and this latest offering in the way of a dramatization of a popular novel (or rather of two or three of them) became the Easter attraction at McVicker's. The piece has a superb cast, headed by J. H. Stoddart, who in *Lachlan Campbell* has added a magnificent portrayal to his gallery of creations.

Kate Carnegie is enacted by Marie Burroughs, who is to be congratulated on choosing so worthy a vehicle in which to return to a vocation from which she has for so long a time been absent. It will be remembered that she shared with Willard the triumphs achieved by the original presentation of Barrie's "Professor's Love Story." Miss Burroughs is still another of the California girls who have won distinction in the theater. Her mother, Mrs. Farrington, is said to have been one of the belles of the Golden Gate city.

Mr. Mansfield has at last brought forward "The First Violin." The New York critics scored him roundly for it, but as the public crowded the theater and never failed to enjoy his German interpolations—which caused these same critics their most unhappy moments—it is quite probable that this most autocratic of players will be more rigid than ever in keeping to the even tenor of his way. Nothing so convinces a man of his own infallibility as success.

Try to whistle "Unchain the Dogs of War" just after you have whistled the "El Capitan March" and you will be confronted with a very pretty feat in musical memory. It is apparent that Sousa has modeled "The Bride Elect" very closely after his first great operatic success, and indeed he could not have a better model. Although he has made no mistake in going back to Mr. Klein as the librettist for "The Charlatan," his forthcoming venture, there is much that is enjoyable in "The Bride Elect." The "Cake Walk," in act second, possesses a threefold charm—novelty and sightliness set to a tune-ful air.

Edwin Arden, the *Sir John Oxon* of "A Lady of Quality," is a Virginian by birth. His first appearance was made in Chicago, in 1882, as *Tyrrel* in "Richard III." Then he came to New York to replace Henry Miller as *Herbert* in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," in the Mallory days of the Madison Square Theater, but he is most widely known as a star, having traveled for six years with his own company in "Eagle's Nest," following which he was for two seasons with Crane. At this writing he is leading man with the new stock company at the Harlem Columbus Theater.

It is announced, by the way, that, beginning with next autumn, Julia Arthur will confine herself to Shaksperian rôles.

London appears to be the only city that cares for "La Poupée." Its original run in

Paris was not a lengthy one, and even with all Mr. Daly could do for the opera on its revival at his theater this spring, it speedily gave way to the ever popular "Circus Girl." Perhaps if the public could be induced to attend more than one performance of "La Poupée," it would grow to enjoy it, for some of the music is very taking, and the story, when analyzed, has really an engaging turn to it. But, taken as a whole, the piece lacks the go and swing of "The Geisha" and "The Circus Girl."

Virginia Earl never looked prettier than as the doll, and she succeeded admirably in making a staccato impersonation realistic without suffering it to become monotonous. But then Miss Earl is all the while accomplishing the seemingly impossible by making each new creation more fetching than the last.

* * * *

Were the leading rôle enacted by any one but Mrs. Fiske, the critics who have raved over "A Bit of Old Chelsea" would recognize that curtain raiser for what it is—a strained combination of hackneyed situations true to no life but that which exists between book covers. A more unfortunate selection for a companion piece to "Love Will Find the Way" could not well have been chosen. When two plays make up an evening's bill we have come to expect dramas in strong contrast with each other. To be sure, in the two under consideration the central figure is essentially different in each, but there are small similarities of background that force themselves unpleasantly upon the spectator's notice.

General complaint is made as to the inability of the public to hear what Mrs. Fiske says in certain portions of her scenes. No matter how deeply absorbed an artist may be in her characterization, if she persistently turns her back on the footlights and simply allows realism to have full swing, forgetting that she is not performing merely for her own pleasure, she makes a serious mistake. People do not go to the theater to assist at a performance which they do not catch.

* * * *

With any other man than Crane in the name part, "His Honor the Mayor" would not rise above the level of an ordinary farce comedy, such as might be used as a stop gap after a failure while a new piece was in rehearsal. The first act is a long time in settling down to business. The authors appear to have been undecided as to just which thread of the plot to follow. But once well under way, and with Mr. Crane's admirable company to infuse the dash and "go" this style of drama calls for, this "mere trifle,"

put forward in the supplementary season, at once stamped itself a success.

Of course, Crane will not add to his artistic reputation thereby, but in returning to the lighter work with which he was at first wholly identified he gives great pleasure to a host of admirers, and when he can have such plays as "A Virginia Courtship" as a *pièce de résistance* he may well afford, now and then, to frolic for an evening. The last act is by far the best, and is well worth waiting for. Annie Irish does splendid work in it, and her final exit after hurling a wordy thunderbolt at each of her associates is strikingly novel. Percy Haswell looks particularly pretty, and is in every way worthy of the prize she captures at the end of the performance.

* * * *

Unanimous opinion votes the first act of "The Moth and the Flame" the best of the three, but this by no means implies that the interest of the play falls off as the story is unfolded. Indeed, there is an episode in the last act—the comments made about the wedding presents—which is as good as anything in the piece. Mr. Fitch, however, has made the mistake of trying to save too much of his original one act play "Harvest," from which "The Moth and the Flame" has been expanded. The scene at the interrupted marriage service should be much quickened, regardless of whether it would cut the act below the ordinary limits or not. An audience is far less likely to find fault with an act that is too short than with a scene that is too long. Another weakness in the play is the awkwardness in getting rid of Mr. Kelcey, the villain, at the close. The best that can be said for it is that it is bungling.

For the rest, it is no wonder "The Moth and the Flame" has caught on at the Lyceum. It is just such a reflex of the society life best known to the patrons of this fashionable theater as ought to result in a succession of crowded houses until warm weather intervenes.

A delightful feature of this Kelcey-Shannon organization is the acting of Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, who plays opposite her husband, the old time favorite, W. J. Le Moyne. Mrs. Le Moyne has long delighted audiences by her readings, but she has simply taken the town by storm with her splendid work in the rôle of the divorcée in Mr. Fitch's play. It is her first part since she left Mr. Palmer's company some years ago, when, soon after she began her career, he asked her to play an old woman. Rather than do this she accepted the alternative of quitting the boards, and the furore she has created as *Mrs. Lorrimer* has shown the public what they have been missing all this time.

STORIETTES

SIDE TRACKED AT BANFF.

AN old fashioned idea still in vogue with certain people is that Satan finds employment for all idle hands; on close investigation, however, Cupid would be found to be an even more ubiquitous taskmaster than his satanic majesty. Occasionally the two form a close partnership, and then the result is tragic, but as a rule the little god of love works on ordinary, commonplace lines. His tasks are easy, too, as, for instance, in this case, when his employees simply had to press the button and he did the rest.

The west bound express on the Canadian Pacific was side tracked at Banff waiting for the east bound train. Lattimer Tracy, a kodak enthusiast in the first stages of the disease, had photographed every attractive bit from Montreal to Banff. His rolls of film would have made a fairly complete panorama of this most picturesque of all transcontinental lines, with occasional lapses, of course, when night had interfered with his labors. From the back platform, from the steps of his own car, and from the observation smoker, he had "shot" the flying landscape. From early dawn until the last faint light of the lingering northern twilight had faded away he had labored.

At Banff he was standing on the last platform of the train, and had jotted down his photographic memoranda of snow crowned Inglismaldie, of Peechee's dominating cone, with a distant glimpse of the beautiful hotel nestling on the mountainside. He was feeling well pleased with his work, for these last views were superb, and if they could be successfully developed would doubtless prove a source of pride to him.

A shrill whistle, an oncoming roar, and the express thundered past on the main track. As it slowed up at the station Tracy's train moved on, but not before he had indelibly fixed on the film of his kodak a glimpse of the back platform of the passing train. He raised his head and saw, vaguely, a girl bending over a kodak focused, apparently, on him, but before she looked up his car had rounded a curve and she was lost to view.

Tracy returned to New York after several weeks, and one of his first acts was to develop his "views." With the luck of the ordinary amateur, a few of them were good, but most of them were bad. Hoary old Sir Donald had diminished his crest into the eye of the kodak to such an extent that he

was hardly distinguishable from the low lying hills that border Lake Superior, while glaciers, lakes and rivers, redwoods and farm lands, were hopelessly confused. Only one view was sharp and clear. Framed by the doorway of a sleeper, a young girl looked straight from the plate into Tracy's eyes.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "what a beauty! She must be the Banff girl."

The Banff girl she was and the Banff girl she remained for days, weeks, and even months. Tracy printed her off and she was charming; in a blue print she was beautiful, and blue prints are crucial tests of beauty; on carbon paper she was exquisite, and with each experimental printing her image penetrated deeper and deeper into Tracy's heart. At last he enlarged her; or, not quite at last, for the crowning point of his folly was to frame her in silver and install her on his dressing table as mistress of his heart and possessions. There she stood for several weeks, returning his glances—not in kind, perhaps, but in number—and known to him only by the prosaic name of the "Banff girl." Then, one evening, she was christened, and it was in this wise:

Jack Seymour ran up to Tracy's rooms to communicate some bit of personal information; wandering idly about the room, he saw the photograph, picked it up, glanced at it carelessly, then put it down. "Good photograph," he said; "amateur, of course. I didn't know you knew Edith so well. She's a jolly girl, isn't she?"

"N-no—y-yes," stammered Tracy. Edith! and here was a man who knew her! But what a fool he would look to ask the name of a girl whose photograph was enshrined in the privacy of his dressing table! In a moment more Seymour was gone. Tracy felt a mad impulse to rush after him and ask who, what, and where "Edith" was, but pride held him back, and the next day Seymour sailed for Egypt.

By this time Edith's photographic presentment filled Lattimer Tracy's life, and the entire world was merely a dense veil hiding her from him. He went to every dance and dinner, he even haunted teas, hoping that he might find her. Once he was invited to a dinner to meet "My cousin, Miss Edith Bainbridge of Victoria." His heart beat with an overwhelming joy as he read the words. At last she would be his! He entirely ignored all intermediate steps of acquaintance, intimacy, proposal, and accept-

ance. He gazed at his photograph with rapt adoration. "Mine, mine, mine!" he cried, and the sweet eyes smiled back at him from under the wind swept hair.

When he stood before his hostess that night his face was white and his voice hoarse with emotion.

"Edith, Miss Bainbridge, Mr. Tracy." The words were spoken and Tracy turned to meet *her*. Alas! this Edith was not his Edith, but only an elderly Scotch spinster. Tracy never knew how he lived through that evening, but when he returned to his room and his Edith, he was more hopelessly her slave than ever. "I will find you some time," he cried passionately, "in spite of the world and fate!" The world and fate, be it understood, were represented by his hostess and her innocent cousin.

The winter drew to a close, and Tracy was growing hopeless. Should he start out in quest of her, he asked himself? But what a hopeless quest! Should he follow Seymour and ask, as incidentally as possible, his Edith's name? But to brand himself an idiot in Seymour's eyes was distasteful in the extreme.

It was Saturday, and Tracy was on his way to an afternoon reception. No hope of finding Edith led him thither, but one of his friends had asked him to help her to entertain her guests. He waited for a moment in the antechamber, realizing from the voices that only girls were in the adjoining room. Then he heard a name that made his heart stand still.

"Don't tell me, Edith Seymour, that you have worn his picture ever since."

"Yes, I have. You can call it silly if you like, but of all the kodaks that I took, from Yokohama to Montreal, his was the only one that came out. Of course there was a fate in that. Could any one doubt it? It's in this very locket now, and I'll wear it until I meet him. I know I will some time, I'm absolutely positive of that."

"How romantic!"

"But show it to us."

"I wonder if you ever will see him."

"I'll wager you don't."

"What will you say to him?"

"No, I won't. Of course, I will," Miss Seymour answered to all these exclamations. "And I'll say—"

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Tracy? I didn't hear you come in," exclaimed the hostess. "It's awfully good of you to come so early. You know every one here, don't you? Oh, no—Miss Seymour, I want you to know Mr. Tracy. She's Jack Seymour's cousin from Montreal, you know. You've heard him speak of his cousin Edith a thousand times, haven't you?"

The words flowed on in a melodious murmur. Tracy heard none of them. Her hand was in his and—well, of course Cupid was on hand to complete the task he had commenced on the side track at Banff.

Kathryn Jarboe.

SURSUM CORDA!

THE ceremonies were over, the flowers were fading, and Decoration Day was drawing to a close. The crowds who had thronged the paths of the National Cemetery were fast disappearing, and the train just leaving the little station was filled to its utmost capacity.

In one of the cars an elderly man of imposing presence, wearing the uniform and badge of the Grand Army, and a young army officer, whose face was a youthful counterpart of the other's, sat side by side.

Just before the train pulled out a woman passed down the aisle. The worn face gave pathetic evidence of past beauty, and the rusty garments of bygone elegance, while the tiny empty basket she carried proclaimed her accomplished errand. She glanced wistfully from side to side, but every seat was occupied. The young officer rose, and with a bow proffered his own.

She gave him a grateful glance and a gentle "Thank you," as she slipped into the desired haven.

The elder man glanced at her casually, then more intently, and finally, leaning toward her, said in a low tone, "Laura!"

The woman started, and half rose from her seat. "John, is it really you?" she gasped. They gazed at each other in silence, shocked at the changes time had wrought.

"I thought you were dead—at Wilson's Creek. They told me—"

"I left part there," replied the man, glancing down at his empty sleeve. She shrank back a little, noticing it for the first time, and her eyes grew wide and dark.

"It seems but yesterday," she said; "the longing and suspense and pain—"

"And yet you could send me away."

"Ah, I was angry! You were on the wrong side—"

"The other side," he corrected her, with a faint smile. She acknowledged the correction with a smile still fainter.

"The winning side—and my heart was sore; but I thought it would break, afterwards."

"Yes, yes; I know!" he sighed.

"I have scattered my roses every year, thinking that some might fall on your resting place. In those old days when life was hard to bear it eased the pain to think so."

"And now?"

"And now," she continued, with a tremulous smile on the faded face that unconsciously belied her words—"now the pain and anger are gone, with the love that gave them birth. There remain only ashes."

Suddenly she leaned forward with tense features and parted lips. The young officer was coming down the aisle. Something in the swinging step, the carriage of the shoulders, and the handsome boyish face, stirred her heart.

"Almost home, father," he called cheerfully.

There was a trace of awkwardness and embarrassment in the elder man's manner as he turned to his companion. "Allow me to introduce my—my son, Lieutenant Keith." He drew himself up and squared his shoulders, all embarrassment lost in fatherly pride. "Jack, Miss Hollywood is a very old friend."

She looked up into the smiling face bending over her, and her words came slowly: "I used to know your father when he was about your age. You are very like him—very like."

The lights of the city were all around them, the train was slowing up, and people were gathering up their wraps and bundles. Turning to the elder man with sudden resolution, "I am going back to my old home tomorrow," she said, lingering on the words with tender longing. "It is not likely that we shall meet again. Let me wish you good by now, and God bless you—and yours."

For a moment their hands were clasped; then she flitted through the crowd and was lost to sight.

"Who is the old party, father?" inquired the young officer carelessly.

"Old!" He roused himself with a deep sigh. "Well, I suppose she *is* old; but when I knew and—in Kentucky she was the toast of two counties!"

Through the crowded station a woman made her way. "It is wrong, wicked," she murmured and her eyes grew dim; "but I wish—yes, I almost wish that he had died instead!"

N. L. Pritchard.

THREE'S A CROWD.

MARJORY, BROWN, and I were sitting in the garden. Marjory's garden is a very pretty place—flowers, trees, birds, and all that sort of thing, you know. I rather thought that Brown was a blot on the landscape, although some people think him good looking. What I wanted was to be alone with Marjory. I had something to say to her. I had an idea that that was what Brown wanted, too. Telepathy? No, apprehension.

I felt rather ill at ease. So did Brown. Marjory looked perfectly lovely. She always does. Marjory has the prettiest brown hair and eyes you ever saw. When she looks at a fellow he feels as if there's just one fellow on earth—himself; and just one girl—Marjory. I have been in love with her since the tender age of ten. It was a case of love at first sight—on my part. I had on knickerbockers and she short dresses. She wanted the apple I had; and she got it. It has been the same way ever since.

But, to go back to the garden, there we were under the apple tree. I, fidgeting, wishing Brown would go; Brown, fidgeting, wishing I would go; Marjory, serene as the morning itself. Brown was saying something about spring. He went in for literature and all that sort of thing at college. I wish I had now. Still, I made the team. Well, Brown said something about spring.

"Spring—king—ring—sing—sling," I murmured.

Marjory looked at me reprovingly.

"Let the prosaic say what they will," went on Brown, "spring, with her flowers, her birds, her blue skies, and her green trees, is ever delightful."

"Ya'as," said I; "ever delightful—with her slush and overshoes, her influenza and porous plasters, her house cleaning and spring chickens."

"I have no doubt that Mr. Marmaduke thinks more of spring chickens than he does of spring beauties," retorted Brown witheringly.

"Well, I don't know," I returned airily. "The chickens are good to eat, you know. Spring poets, for instance—well, they're only good to kill."

Brown glared. His poem in one of our leading magazines was raved over by the feminine portion of our neighborhood.

"I am afraid you have a sordid soul, Mr. Marmaduke," said Marjory sweetly.

Brown looked more cheerful.

"It is delightful to find a congenial soul—a kindred spirit, might I say?" he murmured to Marjory.

I snorted derisively.

"Isn't that a jolly looking robin in the apple tree," said Marjory demurely. "He looks so perfectly contented."

"If you'd only make me as contented, Marjory," I murmured; but she didn't hear me.

"Isn't the red of his breast striking, against the leaves?" chimed in Brown.

"He'd look better in a pie," I said brutally. Didn't mean it at all, you know. I was just out of sorts on account of that ass, Brown.

"Oh, Mr. Marmaduke, you can't mean it! It—it's cruel!" said Marjory indignantly.

I felt small, and I started to explain.

"Well—I——"

"Just what one could expect from a gross materialist like Marmaduke. The spring chicken and the spring robin, one and inseparable, now and forever," jeered Brown.

I could have killed him cheerfully. I reached for my hat.

"I'll see——" I began.

"What do you think of the new woman agitation, Mr. Marmaduke?" said Marjory sweetly. "I have been studying it a good deal lately. It's quite interesting. I am reading a book by Susan B. Doakes, of Kansas. Such a strong book!"

"Why—er—I think it is a good thing," I said hastily. "It'll teach women to be—er—broader minded and all that sort of thing." Confound it! Who wants to talk about the new woman agitation?

Then she asked Brown. He is a better talker than I, and he spoke up right away.

"Of course, it's rather a complicated question, Miss Marjory"—he had the nerve to call her "Miss Marjory"—"but don't you think that the so called 'new woman' movement will have a bad effect? Won't it rob us of the womanly woman like our mothers? What man wants is not strong minded woman, not progressive woman, but loving woman, tender woman." He looked hard at Marjory. "Don't you think that under the new régime woman will acquire masculinity to a great extent?"

I dare say his answer was more intelligent and coherent than mine.

"I don't know," said Marjory doubtfully. "There's a paragraph in the book about that very point. I'll get it. It's on the——"

"Mayn't I get it?" asked Brown eagerly.

"Well, I would like to convert you, Mr. Brown." There was sweet emphasis on the "you." "It's on the library table."

He started up the walk. Marjory looked at me. I looked at Marjory. Then Marjory looked at the toe of her shoe.

"Acquire masculinity, indeed!" she said.

She looked at me again. I guess I quite lost my head. Any way, I took her hand.

"Oh, Marjory, dear Marjory," I said, "do acquire masculinity! Acquire it to a great extent. I am six feet two. I—ah—want to be acquired. I—oh—er—oh, darling!"

The robin in the apple tree was singing sweetly when Brown came down the garden walk with the book in his hand. He saw what was up immediately. He took out his watch.

"I—ah—have an engagement this morning—er—about a horse. I'm late now. Good morning!"

Poor devil, he looked terribly cut up!

* * * * *

Marjory has just told me that she sent him after the book on purpose.

Brown's not a half bad fellow, after all. Guess I'll ask him to be my best man.

Howard Shedd.

OLD GLORY.

"My country, 'tis of thee," Ralph hummed in the pause that followed his announcement.

"My country, 'tisn't," interrupted Edith hotly. "Oh, Ralph, what have you to do with this silly old war! I can't let you go."

"But, my dear girl, it's——"

"It isn't a crusade. It's hysteria. It's jingoism. It's a play to the gallery."

"Those are phrases. When a man's country calls for him, and there is no reason he shouldn't go——"

"There is a reason, when he is engaged to be married to such a nice girl." Her tone had grown pathetic. "I suppose I'm horrid, but I don't love my country one thousandth part as much as I love you. In the Civil War, the women always said, 'Go, my boy; I'd be the last to keep you,' with a smile on their lips, and were dreadfully noble about it. Maybe we've degenerated, or maybe it's just me. I don't love honor more, or anything else. I love you."

"But, Edy dear, there's such a thing as duty. When your country has been pretty good to you——"

"Well, I've been good to you, too, and one's country is such a far off, abstract thing. Oh, I know I'm not appearing well! The way to be truly admirable is to wish you had three sweethearts, so that you could give them all for your country. I'm small and selfish, and I don't blame you if you are disgusted with me. I deserve it. You can break with me altogether, and I won't make a move to keep you." And in proof of this, she clasped both arms tightly around his neck. Ralph looked troubled, but his affection evidently survived the confession.

"I'll tell you," he said presently. "Walk down to the recruiting office with me, any way. Then, if you still feel this way, I will put off enlisting until the next call for volunteers. Will that do?"

Edith reflected that the government might not need a second supply, and agreed.

"I know how I ought to feel about it," she said later, a little wistfully. "I can appreciate patriotism, I know how beautiful and splendid it is. Only I just can't feel it, and I've got to be honest."

The street in front of the recruiting office was solid with men, while women and children fringed the edges of the crowd. Every one who went in the door and every one who came out was cheered, and commented on with the jovial irony in which the American clothes his enthusiasm.

"Wear your colors, lady—only ten cents, all silk!" shrieked a small vender, crowding his tray of badges under Edith's eyes.

"No, no," she exclaimed impatiently.

"Sorry I ain't got no Spanish colors to sell ye, if ye don't like these," he said, with cheerful impertinence.

Edith pretended not to hear, but she winced more than she would have confessed at the thrust. You may deny your patriotism yourself, but you don't care to have street boys deny it for you.

A double cheer went up for a young six footer who passed, blushing, through the door that led to glory, and a woman turned to Edith with a beaming smile.

"Ain't it just beautiful?" she said. "Uncle Sam don't have to speak more'n once when he wants his boys. They just fall over themselves to help him out."

"But war is so dreadful," returned Edith, with a sudden longing to have some one else on her side. Ralph was talking with a knot of men.

"Well, I'd as soon end by a bullet as a bacteria," said the woman stoutly. "Dying this way, you've done something, anyhow. It's marching down the front steps a little early, instead of sneaking out by the back stoop later."

"Oh, but if you had people belonging to you going, you wouldn't feel that way!" Edith spoke half imploringly. Every one seemed to be against her.

"Lord love you!—two sons and a brother," was the brisk answer.

The girl turned away, metaphorically pressing her fingers in her ears.

"She can't care as I do," she said to herself. "Any way, I might let my sons go. But Ralph!" Her eyes filled with sudden tears, and she caught her breath sharply as a roar of "Good boy, Billy!" saluted a fresh recruit. The young fellow, flushed and triumphant, made his way through the crowd to an older man, who was watching him sourly.

"They took you, did they?" was his greeting. The younger nodded. "Well, you know what I think of you—going off to fight for a lot of measly niggers. What do you get for it—thirteen dollars a month and yellow fever?" The boy's face darkened, but he made no answer as they walked away.

Edith laid her fingers on Ralph's arm.

"Wouldn't you like to hit him?" she said. "How could he wet blanket the poor fellow so. No one has a right—" She checked herself guiltily, with a quick glance at Ralph's face. If he saw any inconsistency in her words, he was too wise to betray it.

"Well, well, Edith! Down here to enlist?" said a voice behind her.

"Oh, captain, don't!" she exclaimed, turning to an elderly man of military outlines. "I'm all against it. I think it's wicked! Everybody is patriotic but me, yet surely some of them must feel as I do. I'm all at sea. I can't let Ralph go."

"You can't help it, my child. A man's country is a rival that will cut out his sweetheart every time, if he's worth his salt. You'll catch the fire, and then you'll be glad of it. Didn't I go through it all in '61?"

"But I don't want the fire. I don't believe in the war," said Edith desperately.

"Neither do I, but I'm going if they'll take me. I've just about one fight left in me, and I want to have it out." The words, spoken with a laugh, thrilled Edith in spite of herself. She took her fingers out of her ears, for the first time since Ralph had made his announcement.

"I don't see how you can fight for a cause unless your heart is in it," she said, but there was no conviction in her voice.

"If your country wants you, never mind why. Don't sit at home and tell her she ought not to have run herself into that fix. Pitch in and pull her out—and then scold her, if you like. You've a right to your opinion, but she has a right to your fist!" The elderly soldier glowed with enthusiasm, and the men around clapped their approval. Edith lifted her head and drew a deep breath. Her heart was beating excitedly.

A movement in the crowd made her look up. A window high above them had been opened, and from it was thrust a flag—not the brand new, glaring stars and stripes, such as decorated the office below, but a soiled and faded emblem, ragged on the edges, darkly stained and slit with black edged wounds. As it shook itself out above their heads, the harsh reality of war against the brilliant ideal of its untried fellow below, a momentary hush fell on the crowd. Then the hats came off, and the feeling that had welled up broke out in the shout that thrills as no other human sound can, the shout that means "our country!" The significant odor of powder and the call of fifes seemed to vibrate from the torn folds as Old Glory swung itself free and streamed above their heads in its tattered magnificence. Edith caught Ralph by the arm,

her face uplifted, and knew that something had been born within her which nothing could conquer or kill.

Up went the voices as the hats had gone—"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" echoing down the city street, Ralph and Edith shouting with the rest. The song left them looking straight into each other's eyes.

A flippant voice jarred against their ears: "What a lot of fuss over an old rag!" It was foolish, girl bravado, but Edith wheeled upon the speaker like an insulted goddess of liberty.

"You don't deserve to have a country," she said, with blazing eyes. "That 'rag' is worth a million human beings; it's greater than any city, or all of them put together. It means the nation!" Then she turned to the man beside her. "Go and enlist, Ralph. I want you to be among the first," she said.

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

PEMBERTON'S WIFE.

PEMBERTON was wandering through the South as a book agent when he met Nannie Richards. She was standing in a peach orchard. Perhaps it was the peach blossoms, perhaps it was the pretty face, or it may have been the dimity gown, which caused Pemberton to fall in love with the girl. He talked to her about the merits of his book. The girl had never seen any one so handsome before, and she had never listened to any one who discoursed in such mellifluous tones. Pemberton remained for a few days in the neighborhood and wrote a sonnet about peach blossoms and somebody in dimity who stood beneath them. The girl capitulated, and they were married.

Pemberton had no definite idea of what he intended to do in life. He thought that he would be willing to settle down in a clerkship. He found at the end of three years that the thirst for learning was strong within him. His head was full of unrealized ideals.

"I know how you feel," said Nannie one day. "You think that if you had not married me that you might have gone to college. Me and the baby drag you down. Now, there is no use in your saying no, Jim. I know I ain't worthy of you, but—"

"Am not," said Pemberton. "Don't say 'ain't.'"

The Pembertons had little money when they came to Horicon University. Pemberton tutored two or three youngsters in the preparatory department. He also wrote a sonnet which he sold to one of the magazines. Upon the strength of this he considered himself a literary genius.

"I am so proud of you," said Nannie when he showed the verses to her. "You will be a great poet some day, Jim. Then, when our ship comes in, I think we can afford to have a—*an* upright piano."

"Your biscuits were a little sad this morning," responded Pemberton.

The year went by and the summer vacation came. The Pembertons decided to remain in Horicon. Moving away would have been an expensive experiment. An ambitious young educator, with the assistance of several students, organized the Horicon University Summer School.

Then it was that Pemberton's wife, who for weeks had been evolving a plan of action, took a decisive step. She appeared, with books under her arm, as a student in the summer school. She knew no more than the veriest "Prep," yet such earnestness of purpose, and such determination to learn, the instructors at Horicon have never known.

For three weeks Nannie Pemberton walked every day to the institution on the hill. Then she was seen no more in the recitation rooms of the old college.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I find that the baby takes all my time."

The next day Pemberton appeared upon the scene. He attended the summer school for the rest of the term as a special student. It could not be expected that a genius should devote himself to the care of a baby, that his wife might get an education.

The new college year opened. A look of discontent seemed to have settled upon Pemberton's face. He grew daily more abstracted in his manner.

"Jim," said his wife one afternoon, as she came into his study with her little, parboiled hands behind her, "you don't seem to be happy. You've got your mind sot on something."

"Sit down," answered Pemberton, and there was such condescension in his tone that the woman blushed for joy. "The fact is, Anna, I feel that Horicon is too small a place for me. I am determined to bring before the world a new American School of Literature. I can do it best from the classic shades where Longfellow walked and the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' held gentle sway. I wish to go to Harvard."

"And you will, Jim," said his wife, as she went reverently away.

The poet nodded and did not even tell her that her grammar was faulty. That afternoon, as far as the baby and soapsuds would permit, Pemberton's wife spent in thought. The more she meditated, the more convinced was she that she had not done her full duty by her husband. She was sure

that she might easily work several more hours out of the twenty four than she had been doing. She blamed herself for not noticing before that Horicon was too small a place for his genius.

She went to a tailor shop that very afternoon and brought home a large, square looking package. All through the winter term Pemberton's wife toiled every night until after midnight sewing upon coats and trousers.

"Making clothes for Arthur," she always answered when Pemberton took his mind off his new American School of Literature long enough to ask her what she was doing.

While Pemberton lived in cloudland, a bank account in his wife's name was steadily growing. The man did not notice, as others did, that the bloom had left his wife's cheeks and that her form was bent and shrunken. All the time he could take from his study and from his tutoring was given to perfecting his great poem.

"I am not so sure," he said, "that it will be recognized in my lifetime. It is, I fear, too far in advance of the time for that. But of one thing I am certain, and that is, it will bring me posthumous fame."

"I'll help you get it, Jim," said his wife.

A widow of one of the missionaries, who made Horicon her home and had nothing to do especially, buttonholed Pemberton one morning, and told him he was not doing his duty by his wife.

"You ought to get her out in society more," she said.

That is the reason that the little woman, much against her will, found herself at the next reception of Pemberton's class. She realized that her hands had become coarse and red, and that her dress did not fit. She was glad to shrink back into a corner. She was thinking of the time when Jim would have the kind of fame with the long adjective, and she should be so happy, when she heard some one mention her husband's name.

She was so far back in the corner that the two young women who were talking did not see her.

"When his turn came to give a quotation in the German class this morning," the girl with the spectacles was saying, "he proceeded to air his domestic affairs. He rolled up his eyes and quoted from Schiller's 'Song of the Bell':

"The passion is short and the regret is long."

"Being, as I take it," commented the girl with the yellow hair, "a public announcement of the fact that he is tired of his wife."

The widows of the missionaries and the relicts of the ministers, who dwell about that seat of Christian learning known as Horicon, heard a day or so later that Pemberton's child was ill from scarlet fever. The house was quarantined and Pemberton was penned up with his books and his epic poem. The little woman no longer bent over the washtub, and the packages ceased to go to and from the house to the tailor shop.

The carriage of a physician was seen before the door of the little cottage many times a day. The medical man had been sent by the missionary widows. The news spread through the college community that in spite of all that had been done, Pemberton's wife was "very low."

She had taken the disease from her boy. The forces of her life seemed spent.

"Her constitution has been undermined by overwork and lack of sleep," said the physician.

"She has a broken heart," he might have said, had he only known.

Even the great epic poem, which was the corner stone of the new American School of Literature, was deserted. Pemberton, face to face with the reality of life, knelt by his wife's bedside and between sobs, prayed that she might be spared to him.

There came a day when Pemberton's wife felt that the end of all had come.

"Jim," she said, "I hain't forgotten about Harvard and that fame with the long name that you wanted so bad. Unbeknownst to you, I've been saving money. There ought to be enough to get through a year at Harvard, allowing that it costs twice as much as it does here. Never mind about the baby. My folks has agreed to take care of him. Good by, Jim, and God bless you."

"Don't Nan!" moaned the man as he clutched his wife's thin white hand. "Can't you see that you are killing me? Come back! For God's sake, come back!"

* * *

Pemberton was busy in his grocery store out in Iowa the other day, when he saw his own hand writing on a sheet of paper which he was wrapping about a box of axle grease.

"Hello, Nan!" he said to a bright faced woman who had just come in. "Did you see that farmer who just went out? He's the custodian of the last remnant of the School of American Literature."

"You hadn't oughter give up your ideals, Jim, really you oughtn't," said Pemberton's wife, as she looked with tender reproach into her husband's eyes.

John Walker Harrington.

LITERARY CHAT

"MARCHING WITH GOMEZ."

Modesty is, perhaps, a characteristic of all war correspondents, at least of those who have actually been to the front in Cuba, instead of at Key West, for instance. Certainly it is one of the very evident qualities of Mr. Grover Flint. Possibly it was due to Mr. Flint's modesty, possibly to that hazy and unperceptive atmosphere which so often envelopes the occupant of an editorial chair—at any rate, whatever the cause may have been, this gentleman's reputation among his associates on the metropolitan daily with which he was for some time connected, was not that of a writer. A common remark among his fellow craftsmen at that time, when discussing the qualities of the lately returned war correspondent, was, "What a pity that Flint can't write!"

So much for the opinion of associate experts, for Mr. Flint's "Marching with Gomez" is one of the very best and most interesting of the recent contributions to literature about Cuba. The book—made up from field notes, taken during some four months of the spring and summer of 1896 as war correspondent with the insurgent forces—is very fascinating reading. Mr. Flint's style is so clear, so simple, and so picturesque, his appreciation of dramatic values so keen, and his artistic feeling so evident, that one follows the narrative of his experiences with unabated interest to the end. His felicity of expression is really admirable, and he gets "atmospheres," no matter whether it be of the interior of a mountain workshop, a desolated province, a guerrilla hanging, or a moving column of ragged soldiers, the infantry of "Free Cuba."

Banks of clouds obscured the moon, and cool showers blew in from the sea, as we zigzagged by *guarda rayas* (aisles for marking sections and carrying off cut cane) in the canefields, and through the tall moist grass of the pastures, up a hilly trail into the forest. Sometimes as we passed a clearing and the shadowy outline of a peasant's hut, dogs awoke and bayed until we were out of hearing. Once, as we splashed through a deep pool, a great white bird arose and floated, spirit-like, into the night ahead of us. We rode silently for perhaps an hour, slipping about in the mud on up grades, and trotting when our path offered a level, until a sharp challenge, "*Alto! Quien va?*" ("Halt! Who goes?") brought us to a stop. "Cuba," shouted the captain.

"*Avanza uno!*" ("Advance one!") came from the mysterious sentry in the bush. Then

our captain jogged forward a dozen paces with the password, and called for us to follow.

That is Mr. Flint's account of his introduction into a "permanent" Cuban camp, and is but a bit, taken at random, out of the many picturesque descriptions with which the volume abounds.

Mr. Flint did not find the insurgents doing very much of anything, except to harass the Spanish forces wherever found—a skirmish, with as much damage to the Spaniards as possible, and then a retreat with the least possible loss to the Cubans. The battle of Saratoga, which the author describes, was really more of a pitched retreat than a pitched battle—the Spaniards doing the retreating; and this is the only engagement in his experiences which the author dignifies by the name of battle. It is this lack of aggressive warfare on the part of the insurgents to which Mr. T. R. Dawley, another war correspondent, so strongly objected. Mr. Flint makes no comments, but his narrative seems to show that the harassing policy was carried on in a judicious style, and later events have seemed to prove its effectiveness.

One inference is evident from this war correspondent's personal observations of the Spaniards under engagement, and that is that our own troops would have little difficulty in "licking them out of sight." On the other hand, their behavior under fire is very probably due more to the inefficiency, and perhaps cowardice, of their commanders, than to any lack of fighting spirit in the Spanish soldier.

"Atrocities," says Mr. Flint, "committed by the Spanish guerrillas about Cienfuegos have been of such medieval ghastliness that no one ever believed them, and reports of them are handled gingerly by news editors." And he devotes a chapter to "Typical Atrocities," describing what he himself saw of the victims of the Olayita massacre, which took place at the plantation of M. Duarte, a French citizen. The *reconcentrado* feature of the Spanish policy is not touched upon in this book. It had not been adopted at the time of Mr. Flint's visit.

As to annexation, a question which may come up in Cuba's future history, Mr. Flint says:

Gomez, as a practical soldier, did not venture to speculate on Cuba's future in detail. It was looking forward enough for him to see Cuba

under her own flag and government. Neither of these men (Gomez and Hernandez) approved of any scheme of annexation to the United States, or saw any conclusion of the war short of absolute independence. * * * * I have stated that no fighting Cuban I ever met favored annexation, nor have I seen a fighting Cuban who distrusted Cuba's ability to govern herself peacefully.

Scarcely until almost the closing paragraph is there a hint of the real danger to a war correspondent, should he be found among the insurgent forces. Escaping from Cuba, when his work was over, in an open whale boat, on a gusty night, almost from under the guns of Nuevitas harbor, "we all of us," says Mr. Flint, "had seen enough of Spanish methods to know what it meant to be captured, and that the authorities would not be anxious for a repetition of the lingering Competitor trial. If a cruiser or gunboat were to overhaul us, we knew we should be either run down or quietly shot."

Mr. Flint's literary style impresses the reader almost as forcibly as do the more or less stirring incidents of which he writes; and the book is illustrated, and very well illustrated, by the author's own hand. Yet not long ago, when newspaper editors were scurrying about in search of literary celebrities and noted artists as war correspondents, the author of "Marching with Gomez," after all his experiences in the field, was quietly holding down an editorial chair on one of the very dailies most rabid in the search.

THE STORY OF RACHEL.

One of the most interesting books of this day has just been published in Paris. It is the story of the great Rachel, by the widow of the man who took the little gamin, the child of the Jew Félix, and polished her into the greatest artist in France.

The book is a contradiction to the wail we hear from some quarters that talent is not appreciated. Samson heard of this Jewish child of twelve, sought her out, and begged her to come to him. He even offered to give her father a pension on condition that he would keep his daughter out of the common theaters. He followed her even when she went there; he procured her engagements to appear in drawingrooms, and finally got her a place at the Comédie Française. She had the characteristics of her race in a tremendous degree. The great spirit of tragedy, which seems to be marked in some lines on the face of every Jew, was incarnate in her. She had all the poetic and artistic heritage of her race, and with it she had an inordinate love of money. She would learn every great rôle. In fifteen years she created twenty six. She would bargain for her

appearances with the shrewdness of a money lender. She had in her a fire which she did not understand, but which she was intelligent enough to use as the valuable gift it was. It was like something apart from herself.

HARVARD VIVISECTED.

When one picks up a volume of college stories, one has in mind a definite picture of what is coming. One foresees an assemblage of splendid, light hearted young fellows who call one another "old man" and talk an intricate, humorous patois; an atmosphere of sturdy good fellowship, of youth and loyalty and glorified intimacy; stunning seniors, irresponsible freshmen, and a few grinds staked out in the corners by way of contrast. The college publication and orations join the post graduate fiction in encouraging this popular ideal of a heart to heart relationship that binds all students into a happy band dancing around a benign Alma Mater.

Before one has read three pages of C. M. Flandrau's "Harvard Episodes," one realizes that this childish illusion is about to be wiped out. We are to see Harvard, not as an apotheosis of duck trousers and boyish charm, but as it really is, a community as graded and intricate as the world it is drawn from. A man in every way a gentleman may go there and at the end of two years find himself still as far aloof from the college world as he was the first day. In the world outside, a lawyer does not necessarily extend warm and immediate friendship to all other men in the same profession. In like manner, the fact of studentship at the same institution does not warrant precipitate intimacy. As one of Mr. Flandrau's characters puts it:

"It's about as sensible to suppose that your fellow students are going to take any notice of you, as it would be to expect people you had never met to lean out of their front windows and ask you to dinner if you were to stroll down the avenue some fine evening."

Mr. Flandrau's picture of Harvard life is daringly honest. He is not afraid to handle the word "society," or to betray what a power it is in college life. He gives us Harvard, not as we should choose to have it, but as it most assuredly is. At the same time he gives us a handful of strong, well told stories, subtle as well as bold, and free from all the forced funniness that has surrounded the undergraduate in fiction.

EXTERMINATED WORDS.

There are certain words which have grown so worn and battered in the service of American letters that there is nothing to do but to

grant them honorable retirement. They have been of value in their time, but every spark of vital meaning has been crushed out of them by overuse, until now their appearance throws a shabby, hackneyed air over all their surroundings.

One of the most fagged and unexpressive is the term "Bohemian." This was originally such a significant word that everybody wanted it; and all the little writers fell upon it and stripped it, so that it now lies shapeless and meaningless in the ditch of journalism. Every girl who cooks on a gas stove and dispenses with a chaperon calls herself a Bohemian. A man may win the title by a bad collar and a worse poem. Those who are economizing in apartments cover the lack of order in their meals and comfort in their living with the same convenient term, and all to whom the door of the social world is closed shriek "we Bohemians" over the wall to show that they would not enter if they could. From an expression that held a volume of meaning between its first and last letters, it has become a cheap catch word, applied to such a varied list of subjects that all its descriptive value is gone.

Another of these done to death words is "Cupid." Every ten cent poet has borrowed the myth for his versery (with the inevitable "stupid" for a rhyme) until by association it has gained the tawdry aspect of a last year's paper valentine. Writers, recognizing that the epithet was outworn, but liking the symbol, have tried to freshen it up as "the blind boy," "the little god who," etc., but these have failed to revive the lost charm. Cupid is hopelessly déclassé, and he who is to write freshly of love must invent a new symbolism.

There are dozens of other words, nouns and adjectives and adverbs, that are being rapidly spoiled by indiscriminate handling. "Dainty" and "quaint," in spite of their usefulness, have already succumbed to intemperate usage. "Atmosphere" must go soon, unless something is done to protect it. Nothing but a game law system will save our best and most significant words from being exterminated.

THE BIBLE MADE OVER.

It is natural that many people should resent the Polychrome Bible. Having grown up with the phrases of the old version in their ears, they find the new wording cold and comparatively meaningless. The old sacredness seems gone. It is like going back to one's home and finding it completely altered, with strangers living in it. The changes may be all for the better, but the nameless charm that has grown out of affection and long habit is gone. Therefore it

is very hard to be just to the new translation, however one may admire its historical object. We have to remember that what is now our standard was once resented as an innovation.

Yet, allowing for prejudice, there seems to be often a distinct loss of dignity in the new wording. "This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts," is a sonorous line, beautifully simple. Its new equivalent sounds trivial beside it—"This also from Jhvh proceeds." We have a Latin verb instead of the universally preferred Saxon, inversion to mar the sincerity, and a swinging dactyl instead of solemn spondees. If we are to more than coldly admit the value of this new version, we must be caught in babyhood and trained up on it.

COLLECTING AS AN INVESTMENT.

"If I were to begin life over again," said a collector of long experience, "I would hoard everything in the way of a book, pamphlet, periodical, or letter that came into my possession, even if I had to hire a warehouse in which to store the accumulation. If I lived to the age of three score and ten I should reap the benefit of my thrift; if not, my descendants would."

Questioned closely in regard to his meaning, the old collector continued: "In my opinion, the fad for collecting all sorts of odds and ends is simply in its infancy in this country, and yet it has attained proportions that no one could have predicted when I was a boy. In those days we used to collect postage stamps. I can well remember when a postage stamp album of the kind that every collector possesses nowadays was a rarity, and happy the boy who could call one his own. Half a dollar was an enormous price to pay for a single stamp then, and I do not remember that any one more than sixteen years of age ever thought of collecting them. A short time ago I met one of my old school boy friends, who asked me what had become of my stamp collection, and I was literally unable to tell him. Then he remarked that he had come across his own a short time before, while rummaging through some old, forgotten books and papers, and had sold it for eight hundred dollars.

"Soon afterwards I took some old letters, belonging to different members of my family, to an autograph dealer, and was amazed to find that certain comparatively insignificant names had a higher value in his eyes than those of some of the most famous men in history. He accounted for this by saying that people would naturally preserve every scrap of writing signed by one prominently before the public, and would take no

pains to preserve ordinary letters. This would make it very difficult for the collector of half a century later, who might be very anxious to obtain certain more or less obscure autographs in order to complete some particular collection, like that of the signers of the Declaration, or the members of the Continental Congress."

There is reason in the words of this old collector, and no one who is familiar with the high prices paid for odd numbers of old pamphlets, or rare editions of famous books, would think of disputing them. In this connection it may be said that at a recent London book sale Bernard Quaritch, the original publisher of Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," paid more than a hundred dollars for a copy of the first edition, which he himself had printed in 1859, and had disposed of, with great difficulty, at the rate of one penny apiece.

Another recent sale that has attracted the attention of book lovers was that of a first edition of Burns, in the original paper covers and uncut, which brought more than twenty eight hundred dollars at auction in Edinburgh. And yet, less than thirty years ago, this same volume was advertised in the Scotch newspapers and disposed of for about thirty one dollars to a Mr. G. B. Simpson, a collector, who immediately paid ten dollars for a morocco case in which to preserve his treasure.

A BOHEMIAN POET AND PALMIST.

E. Heron Allen has lately placed on the literary market a version of some of the poems of Omar Khayyam. This is a venture into a dangerous field, but some critics have warmly praised his work, which has at least served to bring once more into notice a man who achieved a certain sort of fame in America, as well as in England, about a decade ago. At that time Allen enjoyed a remarkable vogue as a palm reader, and when he came to this country his studio was thronged with women of fashion who gladly paid him five dollars to have their future unfolded.

From New York he went to Chicago and other large American cities, and so widely were his soothsayings discussed that in a very short time he accumulated about five thousand dollars, with which he enjoyed himself royally. When that was gone, he settled down to the more commonplace work of a writer for newspapers and reader of manuscript for a publishing house. For a year or more he was a well known figure in Bohemian circles in New York. He was extremely kind to Selina Delaro, the actress, who had been a friend to him in the hour of his need, and was constant in his devotion

to her during the long period of her last illness. The two had been in the habit of dining every night at a certain table in a cheap Sixth avenue restaurant greatly affected at the time by writers, artists, and actors; and after her death her chair always remained empty by tacit agreement. No one of the regular habitués of the place ever thought of occupying it.

Mr. Allen is remembered to this day as one of the few foreigners of his class who experienced the ups and downs of New York life and went away without leaving a trail of unpaid debts.

CONDENSED LITERATURE.

The book review is the dog biscuit of modern literature. It contains all the essential parts in a compact form, and will sustain intellectual existence for an indefinite period. A man can swallow fifteen reviews while he would be mastering one book, and so has fifteen chances of appearing intelligent instead of one chance of really being so.

To read a book and have a real, true opinion about it requires a distinct mental effort; and so, when one can buy a ready made opinion of fair quality with any paper or magazine, why should one bother to turn several hundred leaves and laboriously work out a home made opinion? The one he buys is probably the better article, and furnishes all the phrases necessary to literary conversation. And that is what one reads for—to show that one has read.

To be sure, one misses the individual flavor of the book, and the pleasure of the personal contact with the author. Moreover, every particle of matter so gained is used specifically and definitely, so that there is nothing left over to assimilate into one's general being and increase that elusive quality known as cultivation. But after all, we have little time for things in general, if we are to be well up in things in particular. One must choose between a showy but shallow mental existence and a deep but inconspicuous mental life.

Before choosing, it would be well to offer a dog a dog biscuit and an old fashioned mutton chop, and see which he takes. Animals often show surprising intelligence.

First editions of Rudyard Kipling's earlier books have a rising value, and Mr. Kipling himself seems to be a bull in the market. An English bookseller, whose shop is in Brighton, says that some months ago the Anglo Indian author walked in and inquired:

"Got any first editions of my books?"

The tradesman replied that he had not.

"Well, if you come across any, send them to my address, will you?"

This happened last summer, when Mr. Kipling was staying at Rottingdean, a tiny village that runs down to the sea at a gap in the white chalk cliffs of the Sussex coast. His near neighbor was Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who has built a studio there. The chief attraction of the place, probably, is the fact that it is five miles from a railroad.

* * * *

Every now and then some wiseacre grave-ly asserts that the American comic papers are far inferior to *Punch*, and would have no success whatever were they published in Great Britain. As a matter of fact, an enormous quantity of American humorous matter is republished in England, two or three periodicals in London being made up entirely of *Life*, *Puck* and *Judge* matter, which they arrange to receive from the publishers of those papers in the form of advance sheets, sent weekly to them. On the other hand, very few of *Punch's* jokes enjoy currency in this country. This condition of things indicates that there is a certain demand for our native humorous products in the British markets, and very little demand here for theirs.

* * * *

Once upon a time, so runs the story, there was a man in London who had ventured upon various publishing schemes with but poor success, and was beginning to despair of ever making a fortune, when, by chance, he bethought himself of a huge scrapbook which his wife had compiled of various literary odds and ends that had en-chained her fancy. She called her scrap-book "Titbits," and it occurred to her husband that such odds and ends, published in periodical form, might interest other people as well as his wife. The result of this meditation on his part was the appearance of a little penny paper called "Titbits" which proved so popular and gained such a wide circulation that its proprietor felt encouraged to place other literary ventures on the market, and it was not long before he became known as the publisher of a number of extremely popular penny periodicals. He is now a millionaire many times over and a baronet, while his wife, whose scrapbook proved the corner stone of their prosperity, finds her reward in the title of Lady Newnes.

* * * *

We hear so often of the great sums earned by a few successful books that many people have a vague idea that authorship is a royal road to riches. They do not realize that these much advertised volumes are the rarest of rare exceptions; that most books do not

pay expenses; and that an unknown author's first work has not one chance in fifty of doing so.

Hear the testimony of a man whose books are known and read throughout the civilized world. "During the first twelve years of my literary life," Herbert Spencer recently said, "every one of my books failed to pay for its paper, print and advertising. For many years after, they failed to pay my small living expenses—every one of them left me poorer."

Mr. Spencer could not induce any publisher to accept his first volume, "Social Statics." He issued seven hundred and fifty copies at his own expense, and it took him fourteen years to sell them. In those fourteen years the financial result of his work was a net loss of six thousand dollars. In the next ten years he was able to make this loss good. That is to say that after fourteen years of literary apprenticeship a man who is deservedly ranked as one of the geniuses of the age was able to earn six hundred dollars a year with his pen!

* * * *

Zola is not the first prominent author to suffer the penalty of the law, and if he writes a book within prison walls it will not be a new thing in literary annals. "The Pilgrim's Progress," which John Bunyan wrote during his twelve years in Bedford jail, is the most famous precedent; but there are others. Richard Lovelace, whose "To Althea, from Prison" is one of the classics of the English language, published "Lucasta" while held prisoner by the victorious Roundheads.

William O'Brien, the Irish author and politician, has been prosecuted several times on charges of sedition and libel, and one of his novels, "When We Were Boys," was written in prison. The late Edmund Yates was sentenced to four months' incarceration for a libel on Lord Lonsdale published in his paper, the *World*, but he was released after four weeks in jail.

When Tom Paine published "The Rights of Man" his bold utterances were so distasteful to George III's government that he was prosecuted and convicted, but before being sentenced he escaped to France. His enemies were so bitter that a man whose only offense was that of selling the pro-scribed book was condemned to fourteen years' transportation. Paine was imprisoned later, but for another reason. He was warmly welcomed by the revolutionists in France, and elected to the convention; but when he dared to oppose one of Robespierre's projects, the champion of liberty was promptly sent to jail, where he remained for nearly a year.

ETCHINGS

FOLLY AND FOOLS.

FOOLS rush in—and often come out millionaires.

When a man realizes what a fool he is, it is sometimes the first dawning of intelligence.

The thought that it is not pleasant to have fools around has never yet led any of us to take our departure.

Few productions of nature can equal the fool that a wise man can make of himself.

When we think what idiots we've made of ourselves, we generally console ourselves with the reflection that we must be remarkably shrewd to discover it.

The man that has never committed a folly is like a river that has either dried up or is about to overflow its banks.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," may be a very wise adage, but the sole effect it has upon most of us is to convince us that if we could only once get rich, we'd never again be poor.

H. C. Boulton.

A NEW VERSION OF SOME OLD VERSES.

(With acknowledgments to the "other" poet.)

OH, say not woman's heart is caught

With every idle pleasure!

Ah, no! 'Tis only when she learns

Golf's name; it wanders never;

Deep in her heart that passion grows—

In spite of cyclones, rains, and snows,

She golfs, and golfs forever!

Ogden Ward.

HOLDING THE SKEIN.

WHEN Madge and I were sweethearts, in the winters long ago,

We used to trace the future in the fire's ruddy glow.

The pictures are forgotten, but the memories remain

Of Madge the yarn a winding, and I—I held the skein.

I watched her nimble fingers with their tips as red as wine,

And if the yarn grew tangled—why, it wasn't fault of mine,

For I was building castles where my little queen should reign,

While Madge the yarn was winding, and I—I held the skein.

Demure as any nun was she, this little queen of mine,

'Twas plain that I should be the oak, and she the clinging vine;

She bent to every whim of mine, and ne'er did she complain

In those days when she wound the yarn, and I—I held the skein.

But since we now are married, and our children clamber round,

And find the fire pictures that so long ago we found,

And now that there's a frock to mend and little socks to darn,

She winds me round her finger as she used to do the yarn.

Roy Farrell Greene.

SYLVIA IN THE SPRINGTIME.

VOICE of the youth of the year,

Wren song and thrush song and cuckoo note clear!

Melody's core, the articulate soul of the Spring—

Oh, to hear Sylvia sing!

Flower of the youth of the year,

Bell of the hyacinth, daffodil spear!

Day dream of beauty and veriest vision of grace—

Oh, to see Sylvia's face!

Clinton Scollard.

IN A GARDEN OLD.

THE hollyhocks grew prim and tall

Along the sunny garden wall,

And wore a staid and stately air,

But none with Polly could compare—

Sweet Polly among the flowers.

The roses nodded by the walk,

Heads touching as when lover's talk,

Though sweet they were, and fair to see,

Polly was sweeter far to me—

Sweet Polly among the flowers.

Though lavender and thyme both grew

Along the walk, and, gemmed with dew,

A tangled border of grass pinks,

Yet Polly was more sweet, methinks—

Sweet Polly among the flowers.

And fragrant lilies, white and fair,

Poured out their subtle incense there,

But hung their heads with very shame

And envy when sweet Polly came—

Sweet Polly among the flowers.

The four o'clocks oped wide their eyes
To greet her with a glad surprise,
And not a garden flower but knew
That one as fair as she ne'er grew—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.

And though long years have come and flown,
And left the garden walks o'ergrown
With briars, weeds, and tangled grass,
In visions still she seems to pass—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.

For of all scenes of bygone days,
Untouched yet by oblivion's haze,
Is that old garden, trim and fair,
And Polly waiting for me there—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.

Henry Cleveland Wood.

FORESHADOWED.

OUT from a frame with silver rim
That glints and gleams in the lamplight dim,
Looks the face of a maiden fair,
With eyes that follow me all about,
And a smile—the most adorable pout—
And a comb set high in her hair.

I saw it first, that radiant face,
Shrined in a dull photographer's case,
And straightway, then and there,
I fell in love with the witching wile
Of the tender eyes, the sunny smile,
And the Spanish comb in her hair.

So, though she smiles from my mantel shelf,
Among my treasures of rook and delf,
And brightens my fire shine,
I haven't a notion of what's her name,
Or where's her home, or whence she came,
For only her shadow is mine.

But I'm half inclined to believe it fate,
And that somewhere, some time, soon or late
I shall meet her face to face—
And then, if the sun caught half the truth,
I shall tell my story and beg, forsooth,
That she reign in her shadow's place!

Laura Berteaux Bell.

EIGHTEEN.

TODAY she is eighteen—oh, joy bells, ring
gaily!

Ring out for the flower of her grace;
Her lips are the petals of newly blown blossoms,

The whitest white rose is her face.

And violets are dreaming beneath the dark
lashes

Of eyes that are looking afar;
Yes, violets are dreaming in that gentle radi-
ance

That shines like the light in a star.

Oh, glory of golden hair, royally crowning,
Shines fair o'er her beautiful face!
And, slender young throat, like the stem of a
blossom,

What gave thee this exquisite grace!

Oh, lily bud hand, lying gently unfolded,
Asleep in thine own fragile calm,
Go hide thee away ere some too happy lover
Be stealing the dew of thy palm!

A tilt of her head, see, her dear face uplifting,
And now all her fair thoughts are given—
Some love frightened message sent down by the
angels,

And sweet with aroma of heaven.

And e'en should I whisper her fair name so
gently,

'Twould ruffle the down of her wings,
'Twould snap the fair cord of her weaving
and dreaming,

And thinking of far away things.

And if I should tell her I love her, I love her,
Her wings would unfurl with a start;
For more than the charms of the humanly
sweet is

The Kingdom of God in her heart!

Bettie Garland.

MY LITTLE CLOCK.

A LITTLE clock I have within
Keeps perfect time for me,
Dependent on no calendar
Nor tides of moon or sea.

It does not mark the silly hours,
But what of that reck I?
All time is wrong; some minutes drag,
Some days in seconds fly.

It has a system quite its own,
And ticks for me to hear
Whether another little clock
Is far away or near.

I feel the tiny pendulum
Go throbbing to and fro;
Sometimes 'tis like to run away,
Sometimes 'tis faint and slow.

And when it ticks so loud and fast
It drowns the whole world out,
Oh, then I know that other clock
Is near, beyond a doubt!

But when I scarce believe it goes,
So faint its time beats are,
The slow, dark minutes crawl like snails—
That clock is very far;

And if that other should run down,
My little clock, I know,
Would faint—and faint—and fainter tick,
Then gently cease to go.

Abbie Farwell Brown.